



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

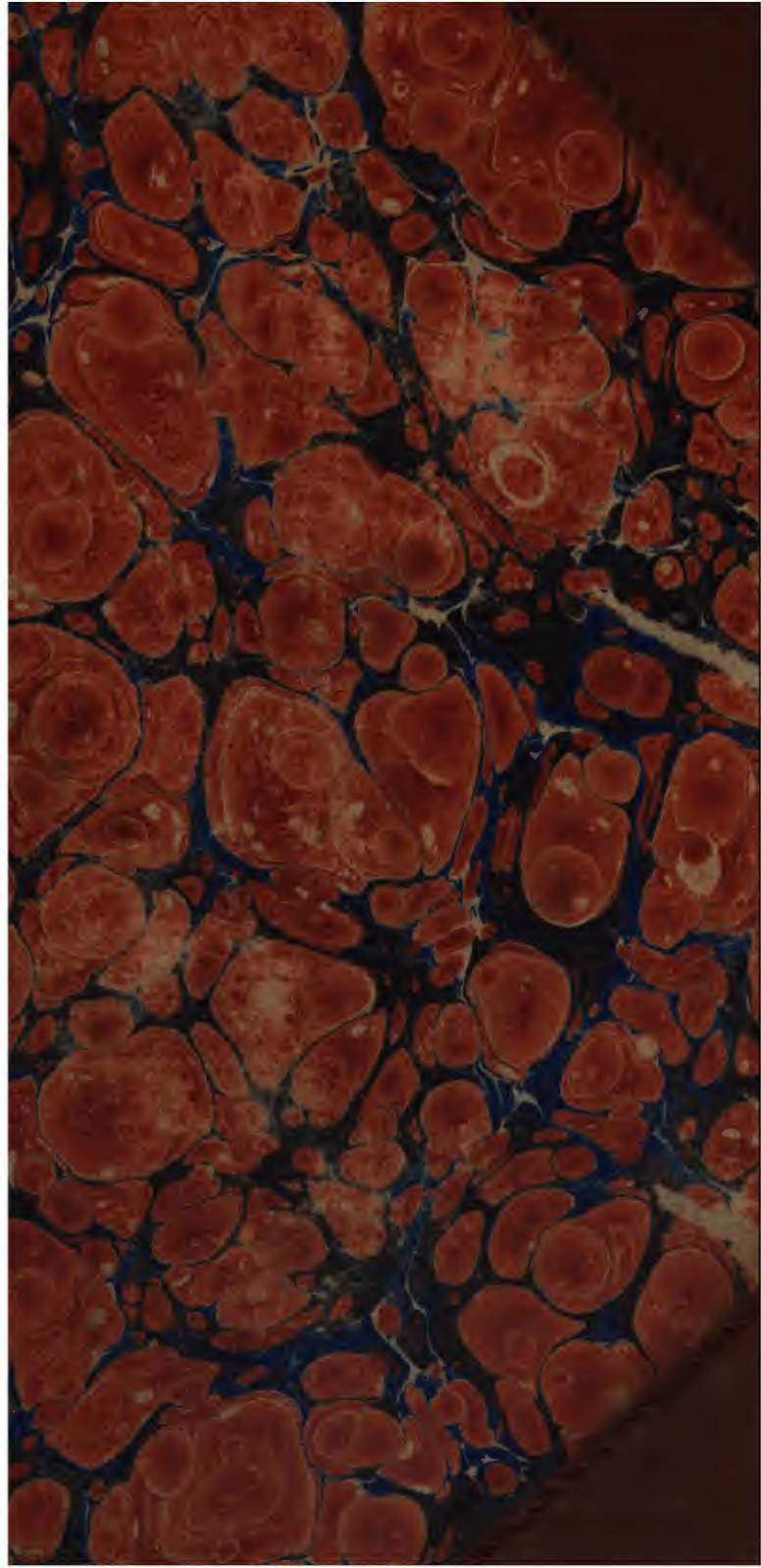
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Per. 24785 e. $\frac{46}{25.9}$

INDEPENDENT ORDER.—MANCHESTER UNITY.

THE
ODD FELLOWS'
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

AUTHOR OF

“RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERY,” “A VOICE FROM THE TOWN,”
AND “THE WANDERING ANGEL.”

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.—Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for like true friends, they will never fail us—never cease to instruct—never cloy.

VOL. IX.

FROM JANUARY, 1846, TO OCTOBER, 1847.

New Series.

MANCHESTER:

PUBLISHED BY THE G.M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS AT THE BOARD
ROOM, No. 8, AYTOUN STREET, PORTLAND STREET.

PRINTED BY MARK WARDLE, FENNEL STREET.

1847.



P R E F A C E .

THE NINTH VOLUME of the Magazine having arrived at its termination, the duty devolves upon us of saying a few words on the subject. The impossibility of pleasing all is a truism universally admitted, but we may at least claim for ourselves an earnest and anxious desire to please the many. Our readers are the only judges whether that desire has been successfully carried into effect or not. We have been officially connected with the Magazine for upwards of six years, and during that time it may naturally be expected that we have become tolerably familiar with the difficulties as well as the pleasures of editing a publication principally designed for and belonging to the industrious portion of the community. We may have unintentionally given pain to amiable but unpractised writers, when we have found ourselves compelled to abstain from publishing their productions, and we may, on the other hand, have seemed not over fastidious in admitting to our pages articles requiring polish and maturity of thought. We have always endeavoured to decline unacceptable articles with as little offence to the authors as possible, and we plead guilty to having occasionally inserted productions which were not entirely faultless. Our wish has been to encourage a love of literature amongst the members of the Order, and we have been disposed to look with a favourable eye on the attempts of young writers. We have always had to bear in mind that we depended upon gratuitous labours, and that our correspondents were placed upon a very different footing to those who receive ample remuneration for their literary exertions. With different resources our matter might be of superior quality, though many articles grace our pages which would do honour to the most costly periodicals of the time, and we cannot thank sufficiently those tried and talented friends, who have so undeviatingly exhibited a disinterested willingness to aid us in our undertaking. Our contemporaries in the Order, who appear more frequently, have relieved us in great part from dwelling on temporary events, but we trust that no Number of the Magazine has appeared which does not contain something worthy the consideration and remembrance of the reader. The future must speak for itself, though we venture to express a confident hope that the experience of the past will be manifested in the improved matter and arrangements of our forthcoming volume.

CONTENTS.

Prose.

	Page.		Page
Arrest	38	Memoir of Robert Glass	169
A. M. C. for 1846	114	„ John Bolton Rogerson ..	225
Adventure	300	„ James Roe	281
Bedford Fair	13	Messenger Bird	68
Benefit Societies	269	Maid Marian	97
Bertrand and Julia	82	Marriages 56, 112, 168, 224, 280, 336	392, 442
Bloomfield and his Latter Days	346	Magician	124
Claud Hylton, the Hunchback	35	My Grandmother's Tale	126
Coralie, the Embroideress	206	Moon in Lord Rosse's Telescope, ..	173
Calamities of Ireland	283	Mountain Stream,	288
Charity	350	My Second Bear Hunt	323
Circumstantial Evidence	422	Natives of South Australia	100
Directors and the Order	3	National Education, and the Li- berty of the Press }	217
Day with the Indians of North } America	26	National Education, and the Pro- gress of Oddfellowship.. }	236
Death Bride,	48	Nature and Music	305
Destiny of Cornelia,	95	On the Advancement of Knowledge and Civilization	156, 185
Deaths, 56, 112, 168, 224, 280, 336, 392	442	Oddfellowship in the West Indian } Islands	383
Death in Life	416	On the Nutritive Qualities of } the Bread now in Use .. }	431
Edgar Verney 9, 61, 174, 231, 286, 341		Pages for the Many, 52, 106, 163, 222	272, 333, 388, 437
Eccentric Family,	43	Presentations, 55, 112, 168, 224, 280	336, 391, 442
Elk Runners	103	Perfectability of our Species	147
England; or, Country Thoughts ...	302	Present Aspects of Oddfellowship ..	170
Elymas the Sorcerer	426	Passages in an Emigrant's Life ...	241
Force of Truth	40	Phemie's Walk	369
Gamester	80	Reminiscences of a Somnambulist ..	265
Grand Soiree at Leeds	227	St. Lawrence	73
History of the Order	65	Shane Fadh's Wedding	179
Harvest Home	409	True Friend	142
Inquiry into the Effects of Adver- sity on the Efforts of Genius } ..	17	Tradition of the Peak	267
Incidents of Travel	361	Unlucky Man	313, 353, 397
Influence of Woman on Society	4:3	Voyage to Quebec	129
Keeping May-Day	385	What will be done at Bristol?	59
Legend of Manchester, 86, 137, 199, 256		What is the Manchester Unity? ...	337
Lady Montgomery	196	Why is there no Portrait in the } Magazine?	407
Legalization of the Order	393		
Literary Notices	240, 296, 387		
Low Life Above Stairs	306		
Memoir of Henry Ratcliffe	1		
„ William Candelet	57		
„ John Dickinson	113		

Poetry.

	Page		Page
Alas! that we should die	8	Nobleman's Feast	93
Address	308	Ode to Erin	122
Ballad,	46	On a Baby Sleeping ..	127
Christmas Musings	234	Poet	213
Country Walk	352	Remembrance	128
Clerke Rycharde and Mayd Margaret	368	Sonnet to ———	12
Death of the Hare	255	Sonnets to the Poet Chatterton	39
Death of Mary Queen of Scots	421	Spirit's Song	42
Exile's Musings	79	Stanzas for Music	63
Early Flowers	193	Sorrow of Ianthe	136
Epicedium	429	Suicide	162
Falling Leaves	34	Song of a Mountaineer	304
Felon's Grave	435	To My Infant Son	105
Gipsey Girl	352	To Death	179
Hans Euler	51	Truth	264
Irish Boy's Farewell to Home	24	Temptation	374
Lay for the Printer,	6	Unforgotten Things	312
Lines on the Death of Major So- } merset	123	Uncle Tum	320
Lines to a Poet	173	Village Festival	150
Last Fond Look	298	Voyage of Life	267
Land of my Fathers	311	Victoria's Highland Welcome	409
Marie	205	Voice of Memory	272
Memory of Burns	302	Well of Kashan	84
Maid of Colmonel	345	Widow to her Daughter	271
Neglected Genius	15	Year's Promise	99



Henry Rakcliffe A. Prov. S. M.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JANUARY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1846.

MEMOIR OF HENRY RATCLIFFE, P. PROV. G. M.

It is really gratifying to picture truly the life of a good and benevolent man; and what is more pleasing is the personal knowledge of the sterling qualities of the subject of this memoir. The task of writing the biography of an individual is at all times calculated to embarrass the mind of the writer, as it is obvious he is indebted to some one for his information, or his personal acquaintance with the individual in question is the basis of his remarks. The latter, we are proud to state, is our case, and it would be very irksome were we to enumerate every worthy act of the individual under our pen. The various progressive steps he has taken in the cause of Odd Fellowship need no other embellishment, and we shall proceed at once with our narrative.

The subject of this memoir is the eldest brother of our worthy corresponding secretary, and was born at Tyldesley, on the 4th of November, 1808. On the opening of the Traveller's Home Lodge, on the 7th of December, 1833, he was initiated a member of the Order. He took an inferior office on the night of his entrance, and continued to serve his Lodge in the different capacities until he had gone through every office connected with it, in such style, correctness, and urbanity, that his Lodge appreciated his services by presenting him with a silver medal, as a tribute of their esteem. During the time he was fulfilling the various offices in his Lodge, the attention, punctuality, and readiness with which he discharged his duties, soon pointed him out for a more responsible situation, and on the 25th of June, 1836, he was elected to the office of G. M. of the District, which, with the offices of his Lodge, few men have passed with more credit to themselves and advantage to the Institution. The Chowbent District, at that time, did not number above 300 members, all of whom were of the working-class; still good-will and friendship were manifested one to another. The majority of the members were not possessed of time or talent to detect the evils or abuses that are so liable to creep into the Institution, and such was the case in the Chowbent District, until detected by the subject of this memoir, who, immediately after taking office, found the District business had not been conducted in the style he had been accustomed to practice in his Lodge, and by his attention and perseverance he soon got rid of the evil, and protected the District from further imposition. He terminated his official career as G. M., in the strictest confidence and esteem of the whole District.

During the interval in which he held no office in the District, his unremitting attention to the interest of the Institution was called upon as often as if he had been in office; he devoted a great portion of time in attending committees, and auditing accounts, and whatever business was brought before the committee other than the preliminaries of the District, he was sure to be referred to, and his decision invariably gave satisfaction, even to the parties who were opposed.

VOL. 9—No. 1—A.

Notwithstanding his usefulness in the District, and his willingness to render every advice to his succeeding officers, he was unanimously elected to the office of C. S., in June, 1839, although at that time he was serving the office of N. G. of a Lodge newly opened, called the Castle on the Hill Lodge. In this way he continued to serve both Lodge and District for many years, daily gaining the confidence and good opinion of all who knew him. The members of the Utilis Lodge, although no more interested in his services than the rest of the Lodges in the District, unanimously agreed to present him with a silver snuff box, as a token of the high opinion they held of him in that Lodge. His incessant labours in the duties of C. S. were faithfully discharged year after year, until he was solicited to accept the office of Assistant Secretary, at the Board Room, which compelled him to resign his office of District Secretary at the next election, and the auditors of his accounts, on his retirement, spoke to the following effect:—

"We, the undersigned, having examined the books and accounts of P. P. C. S. Henry Ratcliffe, are happy to certify to their correctness, and express our high opinion of his services as C. S. of the District. The duties of the situation have been discharged by him for a period of six years, in a manner which reflects the highest credit upon himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the Lodges with which he has been connected. We are not acquainted with any who do not express their regret at his resignation of the office, and when we consider how seldom individuals who occupy public stations escape the ill-will and malicious observations of some with whom the just discharge of their duty brings them in collision; we deem it a high tribute to the character of P. P. C. S. Henry Ratcliffe, to be able to say that he has won the golden opinions of all. We bid a reluctant adieu to our subject, not because it is exhausted, but from a fear that the expression of our sincere respect may be regarded by some who are not acquainted with the individual, as excessive adulation. We trust we have not overrated, but underdrawn, the character of our friend and brother.

Signed,

P. V. WILLIAM DAVIS.
P. G. WILLIAM SMITH.
N. G. JAMES PARTINGTON."

About twelve months previous to his engagement at the Board Room, he was presented by the District with a gold watch and chain, as a testimony of their opinion of his services. The ready and cordial manner in which the call for some public expression of approbation of his usefulness was responded to at a time when the neighbourhood was suffering severely from the depression of trade, shows the deep appreciation which was universally entertained of his gratuitous labours. He did not confine his services to his Lodge or District alone; he had the whole Institution at heart, and his capabilities and talent were always in use. He was appointed to attend the Rochdale A. M. C., leaving his own private business under every disadvantage and inconvenience to attend that meeting. From that time business prevented him from attending the annual meetings until the Isle of Man A. M. C., when he was again elected, and at that meeting he was chosen one of the Appeal Committee, which continued until the Newcastle-upon-Tyne A. M. C.

P. P. G. M. Henry Ratcliffe has always been a working member of the Order, and whether in or out of office, he has acted upon the principle of conciliation, endeavouring to make a friend of every one. His constant study was the welfare of his District; his name was always at the head of any subscriptions where benevolence and charity has wanted his aid; he has used every endeavour for the establishment of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and is at present one of its trustees.

In conclusion, we think the few observations we have made, with the above plain statement of facts, will speak sufficiently for him. He has been the parent of his District, and we take our leave of him by wishing him all the happiness and success he merits. His comparative elevation in life is purely the result of talent, united to persevering industry, and is alike creditable to himself, and the discernment of his patrons, for he is an Odd Fellow both in principle and practice.

A P. G.

THE DIRECTORS AND THE ORDER.

SINCE the publication of our last number the Directors have issued their promised Address to the members of the Order, and have stated fairly and impartially their views and opinions on the all-engrossing question of finance. The document is ably written, and abounds with calm and dispassionate argument. The Directors have not in the slightest degree blinked the question, but have exhibited it in all its bearings, so that every individual in the Institution might have an opportunity of understanding the subject on which he was asked for an opinion. Whilst the Address is well-written, and the language terse and appropriate, there is a clear and homely familiarity about it which prevents it from being misunderstood by those who labour for their daily bread, and have neither time nor inclination to search for truth when it is involved in a labyrinth of far-fetched words, or overlaid with a profusion of high-sounding phrases. It has been the trick of the agitators to foment discord in the ranks of the Institution by means of the most bombastic and absurd appeals to the passions of the members. One unacquainted with some of the men who have thus tried to serve their own purposes and practise on the simplicity of their dupes, by means of exaggerated tirades and furious denunciations, would believe that Odd Fellows were the most persecuted and ill-used mass of individuals that had ever banded themselves together. To hear the eloquence of these patriotic labourers in the vineyard, it might be thought that they were animated and urged on by the same fiery and impetuous torrent which rushed through the veins of Bruce when he addressed his army at Bannock-Burn. They seem to have taken the words which Burns has assigned to the patriot king as their model, and appear actually to writhe under "oppression's woes and pains" and "servile chains"—their "dearest veins" are to be drained in the cause of their wronged brethren, and usurpers and tyrants are to be scattered like chaff by these men, who would fain appear as though their every blow dealt liberty. Alas! how different is the reality of the case. Instead of being martyrs in a good cause, it is themselves who would immolate victims on the shrine of their own insatiate ambition, and recklessly drag into ruin all those who are weak enough to listen to and believe them. The gate is barred against themselves, and it is their supreme delight to drag others from the fold. Under the good old system of things, when men need only be told to be convinced, such persons as these might have held sway, but unluckily for themselves their day has gone by, and, unlike other favoured individuals, they have had the misfortune of being born behind and not in advance of their generation.

The Directors are using every effort to remove the film which has hitherto obstructed the vision of the members, and to give them an opportunity of gazing upon the broad and unclouded day of truth. A new era has commenced amongst us, and the way we are now treading must, sooner or later, conduct us to an abiding-place of prosperity. No great good was ever yet effected without great personal sacrifices having been made by those who attempted to carry it out, and the financial pioneers of our Institution could not expect to be made exceptions to the rule, or if they had such expectations, we need not say that they were grievously disappointed. It requires no small degree of moral courage to persevere amidst the opposition of a portion of those for whose sole good you are labouring, but it is fortunate for us that we have now in office

gentlemen who have the requisite amount of fortitude and determination to carry out the measures intended for the general weal, and who possess, in conjunction with firmness, the mental requirements to place their sentiments and opinions before the general body, backed by the necessary amount of sound reason.

It is not our intention, in this article, to discuss the merits of either No. 1 or No. 2 Scale, but those who have the interest of the Institution really at heart will do well to give the Directors' arguments in favour of No. 1 a careful and attentive perusal, in order that a rational and candid decision may be arrived at upon this great question. One thing is certain that the unprejudiced mind must necessarily be struck with the vast discrepancy which exists between the temperate and reasoning style of the Directors and the inflammatory and dogmatical one assumed by their opponents. The great point of the agitators has been to infuse into their hearers the idea that the Directors were the framers instead of the administrators of the laws of the Order, when those at all acquainted with the mode in which business is transacted at our Annual Committees must be cognizant of the fact that the most important of the resolutions are passed before the Directors for the ensuing year are appointed, consequently the present Executive body had no more voice or influence in carrying the financial scheme into effect than was possessed by any of the members who were appointed delegates to the Glasgow A. M. C. We speak here of the influence which might be the result of their position as in connexion with the government of the Society, for the influence of superior talents and information always must and will have its due share of weight in all well-regulated deliberative assemblies. The present Directors were chosen by the free and voluntary act of a majority of the members assembled to represent their different Districts, and the leading opinions which they professed were known to those who supported them before they were elected. They had expressed themselves without disguise or sinister motives on each question, financial or otherwise, as it came before the meeting, and they were singled out from the mass as men whose labours were calculated to serve the cause in which they were enlisted. And here a striking contrast presents itself to the manner in which the Directors of the Order were formerly appointed, when compared with the mode now adopted in selecting the Executive body. When the Directors were appointed exclusively from the Manchester District any Lodge in the District might nominate a party as a candidate for the office, and the names of the individuals so distinguished were, as a matter of form, printed and circulated in the Quarterly Reports of the Order. This list was, however, of little service to the deputies assembled at the A. M. C., and, when called upon to give their votes, they had nothing to guide them but a string of names of men with whom they were for the most part entirely unacquainted. The parties were elected whether present or absent, and thus, without reference to ability, and without knowing anything of the persons of the candidates, Directors were placed in office, simply because they resided in the locality of Manchester. So little were the deputies interested in the matter that papers inscribed with the names of the individuals proposed were thrown promiscuously together, and the first drawn were those who were declared to be elected. It must at once be evident that from this system it was quite a thing of chance whether the Directors were in any way fitted for their office or not, and too often the

chance fell upon those who possessed none of the requisites for the high duties they were called upon to discharge. Many were absolute nonentities, and had it not been that the Corresponding Secretary was eminently qualified for his situation, and had a thorough knowledge of the machinery of the Institution, it would of late years either have retrograded or become involved in such confusion as would have defied the exertions of the most energetic to have extricated it from the numerous difficulties which would have gathered about it. Now that full scope is given for the representatives of the Order to choose from the whole of the Districts, the influx of enlightened opinions brought into conjunction has been such as to bewilder the weak vision of those of the old school, who did not care to trouble themselves with looking beyond the present, and who were satisfied if the resources at their command were sufficient to meet the exigencies of the day. The prompt and decisive steps which the new Directory took on all occasions of vital emergency, and the extended policy which governed their actions were startling and disagreeable to the "lights of other days," and in consequence the seeds of opposition were sown and grew rapidly in the Manchester District, and the men who had hitherto trumpeted themselves forth as sticklers for the laws were the first to break them and set themselves up in opposition to those who were appointed by the highest tribunal to see that they were properly administered. Pope never penned a truer line than when he said "Envy does merit as its shade pursue," and the Directors who are now in office are living examples of the truth of the axiom.

Let us inquire for a moment how these tyrants and usurpers of power (as they are termed) have acted in the execution of the trusts reposed in them by the Glasgow A. M. C. It has been the custom, on former occasions, for the Directors to be either passive and let the law take its course, or to adopt such stringent measures for its enforcement as to leave the malcontents no alternative but to obey or secede from the Order. One of these courses might have been adopted by the present Directory, and a great amount of trouble and anxiety might in this way have been avoided. But they did not shrink from the trust or responsibility which had devolved upon them when they agreed to accept office, and they declined to act upon the limited information which had been brought forward at Glasgow. They found that the late Board of Directors had been misled by a passage in the Registrar General's Report in proposing two rates of payment for the same benefit. At many personal sacrifices they prosecuted their researches and discovered that the agricultural and manufacturing Districts were in a similar position, or nearly so, and that the claim of exemption from a fair and equitable rate of contribution was no more valid with one class than the other. They, therefore, lost no time in endeavouring to remedy the error which had been committed, and, as a temporary arrangement, allowed Lodges to choose which of the two Scales they would adopt for the regulation of their financial affairs. To the Directors personally it could be a matter of no moment whether Lodges paid sixpence or one penny to ensure a certain amount of benefit, but they felt that the general body looked to them for advice and support in the hour of difficulty, and they did not shrink, however unpleasant and onerous the task, from doing all they could to diffuse abroad such information as they were able to collect for the purpose of instructing their brethren on the important question at issue. In furtherance of their object, all available documents have been consulted on the subject, and

days and nights of toilsome inquiries have been spent in the cause by some of the leading members of the Executive body. No pecuniary motives urged them on, and the only ultimate reward they looked forward to was such as could be furnished by their own conscientious approval. How were their exertions received by the agitators? The shafts of ridicule were aimed at them, but these glanced harmlessly aside, and deterred them not. Private character was assailed and misrepresented in the most odious and disgusting forms, but this availed not. Motives of the most sordid and fraudulent nature were assigned to them, but this mode of attack was equally ineffective with the others. They have gone on with their deliberations and inquiries, and the result has been their recommendation, in the Address issued by the Directors, of Scale No. 1. They support their recommendation by sound argument and powerful reasoning, and, having done so, they leave it with the members of the Order to express their opinions by their votes as to which scale shall be adopted. Can anything be fairer and more satisfactory than such a mode of procedure? Every member of the Society can now say what steps he thinks ought to be taken for the good of all—every member can now state his own views upon the financial question—every voice may be raised either in assent or dissent, and the decisions of all will be recorded and have their due weight. It must not be said that the universal body is thwarted and checked in its progress by a section emanating from one locality. There is little doubt but what the next A. M. C. will be ruled in their enactments by the general voice, and, when the sense of the whole community is taken in the way proposed (and we know of none better) we believe there will be few hardy enough to assert that the majority shall not have the ascendant over the minority.

A LAY FOR THE PRINTER.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

Author of "*Hours with the Muses*."

Who will deny the dignity of that enduring toil
That penetrates earth's treasure-glooms, and ploughs her sunny soil?
That flings the shuttle, plies the hammer, guides the spinning wheel,
Moulds into shape the rugged ore, and bends the stubborn steel?
That hews the mountain's rocky heart, piles the patrician dome,
Leans to some lone and lowly craft beneath a lowlier home?
And who will say that my employ hath not the power to bless,
Or scorn the humble hand that wields the wonder-working Press?

With ready finger, skilful eye, and proudly-cheerful heart,
I link those potent signs that make the magic of my art;
Till word by word, and line by line, expands the goodly book
Wherein a myriad eyes, ere long, with eager souls will look.
The lightning wit, the thunder truth, the tempest passion there,
The touching tones of poesy, the lesson pure and fair—
Stand forth upon the cleanly page, receive their outward dress,
And to inspire an anxious world teem glowing from the Press!

What were the Poet's vision-life, his rapture-moods of mind?
 His Godward aspirations, and his yearnings undefined?
 His thoughts that drop like precious balm in many a kindred breast,
 His graceful fancies, and his feelings gloriously expressed?
 What were his sentiments that make the hopeful spirit strong,
 His fervent language for the Right, his fiery 'gainst the wrong —
 What were they to a nation's soul — the multitude's — unless
 They sprang in thrice ten thousand streams triumphant from the Press?

The star-seer — honour to his name — with art-assisted sight
 May travel 'mid the pathless heavens, and trace their founts of light;
 May weigh the planet, watch the comet, pierce those realms that be,
 Of suns that cluster thick as sands by Wonder's boundless sea —
 May mark with quick exalted joy some nameless orb arise
 To shine a lawful denizen of earth's familiar skies;
 But these sublime and silent toils how few could know or guess,
 Save through the tongue that faileth not, the ever-voiceful Press?

The student of the universe, the searcher of its laws,
 Whose soul mounts, link by link, the chain that leads to God the cause;
 Who reads the old world's history in wond'rous things that lay
 'Tomb'd i' the rock-veins and the seas ere man assumed his sway;
 Who grasps the subtle elements and bows them to his will,
 Tracks the deep mysteries of mind, a nobler knowledge still;
 Who adds to human peace and power, makes human darkness less, —
 What warms, applauds, and cheers him on? His own inspiring Press!

A proud preserver of the past, it gives us o'er again
 A Tully's golden tide of speech, a Homer's stirring strain;
 Reflects the glory of old Greece, Rome's stern heroic state,
 And tells us how they sank beneath the shocks of Time and fate;
 Virgilian grace, Horatian wit, it keeps for us in store,
 And every classic dream is fresh and lovely as of yore: —
 How had these treasures been consigned to "dumb forgetfulness"
 But for the mirror of great things, the recreating Press!

The Press! 'tis Freedom's myriad-voice re-echoed loud and long;
 The Poet's world-wide utterance of high and hopeful song;
 A trump that blows the barriers down where fear and falsehood lie;
 A lever lifting yearning hearts still nearer to the sky;
 In good men's hands it multiplies God's oracles of grace,
 And puts them in a thousand tongues to glad the human race.
 Oh! Christian truth! Oh! Christian love! — twin fires that burn to bless!
 What holier spirit than your own to purify the Press.

And yet it is an evil thing, when wicked men combine
 To use it for some selfish end — some fierce or dark design;
 Who through it pour their poison-creeds, their principles of strife,
 To cripple, darken, and degrade, the social forms of life!
 Oh! ye of strong and upright minds, from such unhallowed things
 Defend the mighty instrument whence peaceful knowledge springs;
 Make it the bulwark of all right, the engine of redress,
 The altar of our country's hopes, a chainless, stainless Press!

ALAS! THAT WE SHOULD DIE!

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

ALAS! that we should Die!

Leave the fair earth, and all the flowers upspringing,
Sunshine, and starlight, and the happy day,
Lose the glad chorus of the wild birds winging
In their free rapture to the cloudless sky,
And *Die* to be *forgot in our decay!*

Alas! that we should Die!

That death should strike the young in the first morning
Of their fresh innocence, and rend the ties
That clasp around the blossoms—stern the warning;
When the young buds before us wither'd lie—
We have not Abraham's faith, *we* mourn the sacrifice.

Alas! that we should Die!

That the cold darkness of the grave should cover
The emanations of the beautiful;
Blight the rose garland of the bride and lover,
And to the trumpet note of victory,
Strike the young warrior's ear for ever dull!

Alas! that we should Die!

And the glad senses lose their thrilling power,
The melody of language soothe no more
The delicate ear, no more the blest light shower
Its thousand hues upon the raptur'd eye,
And each voluptuous pleasure's charm be o'er.

Alas! that we should Die!

That the proud energies of thought and feeling—
Star-crown'd imagination's glorious reign—
The brilliant eloquence like light revealing,
The wealth that in the mind's bright chambers lie,
Are meteors of the night pursued in vain!

Alas! that we should Die!

That from the poet's heart at once should perish,
The aspirations that are half divine;
The bright intelligence that seeks to cherish,
All thoughts that are sublime and pure and high—
That death should desecrate so rich a shrine!

OH! BLEST THAT WE SHOULD DIE!

And bear those glorious offerings of our being,
Up to the foot of the Eternal Throne!
The untarnish'd gifts of the ALL-WISE, ALL SEEING;
Youth, beauty, genius, yield without a sigh,
Ere earth has shadows on their radiance thrown!

OH! BLEST THAT WE SHOULD DIE!

Weep not for those that win that golden portal,
With all their jewel crowns, nor stain'd nor dim;
All that they triumph'd in is now immortal,
No blight shall on the deathless roses lie,
Nor hush the seraph host's eternal hymn!

Let us not fear to Die?

The grave is but a path to life eternal,
All human knowledge, waves upon the shore,—
The spring of paradise is ever vernal,
The fount of glory is for ever nigh
And wisdom, power, and bliss, are ours for evermore.

Leeds.

EDGAR VERNEY:

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

True fiction hath in it a higher end
 Than fact; it is the possible compared
 With what is merely positive, and gives
 To the conceptive soul an inner world,
 A higher, ampler, Heaven than that wherein
 The nations sun themselves.

FESTUS, BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

CHAPTER I.

Man who man would be,
 Must rule the empire of himself; in it
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne
 On vanquished will.

SHELLEY.

I AM now about to write a history of my life—that life which has been such a tissue of wild and guilty acts, that my details will almost assume the appearance of a mass of incongruities thrown together by a diseased brain. I am aware of this. I know that some scenes and passages in my narrative will be censured as improbable. The reader will find it difficult to believe that so depraved a specimen of human nature should ever have had existence save in the brain of the writer. Would it were so! I have no wish to impute to myself virtues or vices to which I have not a claim. I would willingly forget the past, but it is beyond my power to do so, and I write because I have the hope that my vices may produce virtues, as medicine is extracted from poison.

My family was respectable, and possessed a small estate, which had been for some time back inherited by my ancestors. My parents were economical, and their annual receipt of rents enabled them, without the aid of commerce, to appear well in the eyes of the world. I was a twin-child, but my brother saw the light a few moments earlier than myself, and thus by law was regarded as the elder. From my birth I was self-willed and violent. My brother's disposition was different. As we grew up our dissimilarity became still more apparent. I was dark as a raven, my brother fair as a girl—I was irritable and revengeful, my brother placid and forgiving. I might have been his senior by many years, for I exercised a control over him, and exacted his obedience to my wishes as though he were a child and I had arrived at maturity. His gentle and unrepining spirit bore my tyranny and ill-humour without a murmur. If this perversity of disposition had been properly corrected in my early years, it might perhaps in a great measure have been eradicated, or at least I might have been induced to struggle with and partially curb it; but it too often happens that the faults of children are pardoned and sometimes encouraged, merely because they serve to amuse their ill-judging and weak parents. The authors of my being were quiet and inoffensive people, amiable, but incapable of strong and decisive measures. I might have been a changeling, an alien to their blood, I was so unlike them. I had a sister, an only sister, younger than myself—Rosalie—I write her name, and the hand that writes it withers not—I think of her, and the thought blasts not my brain—a demon dares to record the name of the angel he hath destroyed, and yet is permitted to exist! I said I had a sister, an only sister—well—she was good and beautiful—I will not attempt further description. She was the sole being who attempted to reason with me on the necessity of endeavouring to check my passions. She pointed out to me the fatal results which might proceed from their unlimited indulgence, and I listened with patience—a fiend would have listened—to the calm language of truth flowing from the purity of a sinless heart. I listened, repented, vowed to struggle with and conquer my passions, and then—sinned again. It seemed as though my heart were a well of foul and baleful poison, from which a thousand serpents might have drawn their venom. The most trivial thing would rouse me into madness.

Myself and brother were educated at a school in our own neighbourhood. The scholars were principally boarders, boys from the city, destined to a commercial life. Amongst these was the son of an old schoolfellow of my father's. Theirs was one of

VOL. 9—No. 1—B.

the few town-families with whom we kept up an intimacy. Edmund Young had spent one or two of the vacations at our house, and my sister had paid a visit of two or three month's duration to his parents in the city. He had a sister, between whom and my own, during their short acquaintance, a girlish friendship had sprung up. They maintained a correspondence, the outpouring of young and innocent souls. I had seen some of the letters of Lilius Young, and they spoke of one whom sin had never blighted, of a being whose gaiety had as yet been undimmed by sorrow. There was one thing which I loved beyond all others—music. I quarrelled with all my schoolfellows except Edmund Young. In my moments of fury I avoided his presence. He was in possession of an accomplishment which afforded me pleasure. He played exquisitely on the flute. I would sit and listen to his breathings until my very soul seemed to pass away and mingle with the melody. Music had the power of giving to me a new creation. I became "a bodiless existence, born and dying with the blest sounds that made me." I was like some untaught child of the wilderness becoming acquainted with its divine powers for the first time—the sounds appeared to my bewildered imagination as having an actual, tangible existence—I stretched forth my hand as though I could have grasped them—my breath became short and thick—I sobbed convulsively, and then, burying my face in my hands, I would weep like an infant. The musician was well acquainted with my malignant and ungovernable temper. He knew how much I was hated by his companions, and he pitied me. He seldom refused to obey my calls for the exertion of his skill; others ridiculed and laughed at my absurd devotedness, as they termed it, to the science of sweet sounds—he ridiculed me not—he carefully avoided reasoning with me on the subject, or condemning my folly—he was fearful of giving me the slightest pain. I saw this, but I was not grateful. I regarded him as I did the instrument he played upon, merely as the tool of my pleasure—friendship or gratitude I knew nothing of.

My memory was strong as were my passions. I had no need of laborious application. What I once read, and read with attention, I seldom forgot. Will it be believed that, gifted as I was with so retentive a mind, my advancement in learning was slow, at least in such learning as was taught at the school. I could not brook the idea of studying an imposed task. My lessons I despised, and cast them aside without deigning to read them. This entailed upon me continual punishments. I cared not for the pain they inflicted, but the disgrace sunk into my soul. Disdaining to utter a single sound that might betray my sufferings, I violently clenched my teeth, and muttered vengeance on the inflictor. The master I deemed a tyrant whom I should have been justified in slaying. After any of these punishments, the moment I could escape I fled away to gloom and solitude, howling execrations, every vein burning and swelling as though torrents of molten lead were coursing through me. I would rend the branches from the trees—I would fling myself on the grass, and tear it up by the roots in the impotence of my rage; then I would plunge into the stream, and buffet the billows with mad and rapid strokes, until weak and exhausted by my exertions I was obliged to throw myself on the bank, where I would sit knawing my flesh in the agony of helplessness.

I was in my seventeenth year, and was to leave school next vacation. An incident, however, occurred which caused me to quit it sooner. Edmund Young had been playing a favourite old and plaintive ditty, and I had been listening with my wonted emotion. The strain had ceased, and tears were chasing each other down my cheeks, when suddenly I was aroused from my dream by the sound of boisterous laughter. I started up, and dashing aside the branches of the arbour in which I was sitting, I saw a boy, who had long been an object of my particular aversion, almost convulsed with laughter at the strange gestures I had made use of during the continuance of the air. This was enough. I rushed out with flashing eyes, and limbs quivering with rage. The offender fled, and I pursued him. He ran with rapidity, but I was strong and muscular, and soon overtook him, on the point of dropping with fatigue. I seized him by the throat—he resisted, but his feeble efforts availed him naught against my sinewy grasp. I cast him to the ground, and then spurned him with my foot. I kicked him, stamped upon him, struck his face with my heel until the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and then left him stretched upon the earth in a state of insensibility. I was glad to think of the effects of my cruelty, and flushed with the joy of triumphing over an enemy I returned home. My victim was found covered with gore. An inquiry took place, and I was discovered to be the author of the mischief. I did not attempt to deny it—I did

not seek an excuse to palliate my conduct—the deed was done—I felt no compunction, and cared not for the consequences. A general cry of indignation followed the discovery. The master did not punish me by corporeal chastisement. No punishment which he could inflict was thought to be commensurate with my crime, and by his sentence, and the universal voice of the schoolfellows, I was expelled the school.

I returned to my parents, preceded by a letter explaining the cause of my dismissal. Parents are ever anxious to view the conduct of their offspring on the most favourable side, and, though my offence elicited manifestations of disapprobation, the master was believed to have extenuated the provocation and exaggerated the injury. This was the view my poor father and mother took of the matter—my sister's was different. She saw in it but the dawning of my crimes, the first of a long list of guilty acts, some destined to be far more fatal.

CHAPTER II.

Upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously.

BYRON.

It was shortly after my expulsion from school that Lilius Young came on a visit to my sister. If ever a face were created which revealed at once its owner's soul it was her's. Not a feature but what teemed with expression: when sad, the moist eye, the trembling lip, and the blanched cheek, spoke her sorrow more eloquently than a thousand words. She smiled, and you saw sadness pass away like a cloud chased by the brightness of the sun. I loved her—I became for a time an altered being—I would sit gazing on her fine countenance motionless as a statue, until her eye caught mine, and she turned away with crimsoned cheek from the ardency of my gaze. I listened to her low voice—I watched each movement of her graceful form, as though a deity were speaking and moving in my presence. If she praised a flower I saw in it a hundred charms undiscovered before—if she but touched an object, however worthless, it became hallowed in my sight. I was sick with the intensity of my passion. For a time I feared to speak of my suit or even entertain the hope that I might gain the affections of Lilius Young. A few days were sufficient to conquer my dread, and I took a favourable opportunity to pour my secret in her ear. I prosecuted my passion with all the ardour of my disposition. My sister seconded my suit, for she augured from it the happiest results, and I was soon gratified by ascertaining that I had wooed successfully.

Jealousy is said to be a proof of love. With some it may be so, but it is often the offspring of selfishness, of a nature envious of all happiness save its own—of capricious and narrow-minded beings who are discontented only because she whom they profess to regard, and whose welfare they pretend to be anxious to promote, tastes of joy and gives way to innocent mirth at other moments than those brief intervals when they are willing to dispense it by their presence. A smile, a look, a kind word, bestowed on another by Lilius Young, kindled in me a train of stormy emotions. I would leave the room and endeavour to stifle the feelings which agitated me—I would recall the assurances she had given me of her love, and strive to reason myself into calmness—all was in vain. That another could make glad that heart she had vowed was wholly mine—that another should meet the eloquence of those eyes which ought to gaze on me alone—that another should raise a smile on those lips which I had pressed—the thought stung me to madness.

The term assigned for the stay of Lilius had long expired. A day for her return was often fixed, and as often protracted. At length an urgent letter from her parents obliged her to prepare for departure. We parted. I cannot paint the anguish which rent my bosom at our separation, and her ashy lips and trembling utterance told the agony of her soul as she spoke her last farewell. She was gone, and existence seemed a blank to me.

I was returning home one night soon after the departure of Lilius Young. The season was the beginning of summer, and a glorious flood of moonlight overspread every object. Not a sound was to be heard save the low murmur of the wind through the trees, and so radiant and beautiful did everything seem that I could have deemed heaven was using earth for its mirror. I stood motionless, struck by the quiet and holy aspect

of the scene. A sensation of melancholy and disgust for myself came upon me, and I felt as though I were the sole dark and unlovely thing that defaced the landscape. I was young in years, but already steeped in sin, and bitter thoughts, such as I have often since felt—but, oh, a hundredfold in bitterness—gathered about my heart. It has ever been thus with me, that remorse was the keenest, that my conscience was the most stinging when the scene was the brightest. In dark woods—in murky nights—amid howling blasts—on the waves of the ocean, when in its stormiest moods, I have felt no compunctious visitings. Outward nature has then seemed to correspond and be in unison with my inward spirit. When the sun has been pouring down streams of splendour—when rivers have been sparkling, birds singing, flowers beautifying the earth and odouring the breeze—when merry voices have rang in my ears, and joy hath been everywhere, then hath my misery been the deepest. The sun's rays have seemed streaks of arrowy fire hurled at my defenceless head—the rivers have been transformed into sulphureous lakes—the flowers have appeared like reproachful eyes, and the songs of birds, and merry voices, have pierced my brain like the screeches of torturing demons. Now I was transfixed to the spot, and gazed around thinking on the past, and musing on what I saw. The branches were holding forth blushing blossoms—buds were sleeping at my feet, and all spoke of that approaching season when Nature scatters fragrance, loveliness, and plenty over the earth. I contrasted my own spring with that which was now before me, and reflected that as yet I had germinated little but noisome and poisonous weeds, which would hereafter, in all probability, produce nauseous deformity and blight. My meditations were interrupted. A stone, thrown by a strong hand, rattled through the branches, and fell harmless at my feet. I took it up—it was a destructive missile, and evidently meant to work mischief upon me. I immediately began to search around quickly and vigorously, but no one was to be seen. It was a slight circumstance, and I mention it but as the forerunner of a series of annoyances proceeding from the same source, which have been a bane to my existence, coming upon me at times and in places where I could least calculate upon them. Not being able to effect a discovery, and the train of thought into which I had fallen being broken, I hastily resumed my journey, and soon reached my father's house.

Countess of Wilton Lodge. Manchester District.

(To be continued.)

SONNET TO ———

WRITTEN IN THE WINTER OF 1844.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

LADY, as now I write, the snow-flakes beat,
 With eddying whirl, against my window pane,
 But wintry weather cannot chill the strain
 With which, in friendly warmth, thy worth I greet.
 Thy hours of life have only reached their spring,
 And love and hope twine flowers around thy heart;
 O may joy's roses bear for thee no sting,
 And sorrow's blight be from thy fate apart.
 A fellow-wanderer in the fields where fame
 Oft lures its votaries with illusive spell,
 Hath breathed, sweet lady, blessings on thy name—
 He loves thee truly, and will guard thee well.
 Peace to ye both!—my fervent prayers ascend
 That blissful spirits may your steps attend.

BEDFORD FAIR.

BY JAMES WYATT.

WHAT a surprising place is this same Bedford, particularly when it exhibits such a splendid fair as is held for two days at Michaelmas. On the first day it is quite a carnival;—every face looks gay and fair-like, except that constitutionally-gloomy mutton-pie-man with the square smoking tin. He never looks merry, nor do we believe that he can look merry. We recollect once to have seen him make an effort to smile when he won four tosses running of one of the pupils of the Harpur School, but this effort was of so spasmodic a character, that the charcoal fire in his tin appeared to have a livid hue, and the very pies themselves were almost rent asunder in their top-crusts. The unmoved philosopher appears time after time with the same cold, bilious expression;—fair after fair sees him with precisely the same bright tin repository of luxury, and the same kind of little perked, steaming, one-hole-on-the-top, delicious pies. He exchanges few words with his customers, and, indeed, seldom deigns to address a word to any person which is not immediately connected with his profession. It is a matter of wonder how so saturnine a personage can command so smart a connection in his trade; for our part the very pies would choke us were we to essay to taste them. How can so naturally repulsive a personage attract custom? Why, let us look to the customers, and see if any fresh light can be thrown on the subject; watch them for a minute as the steam from the tin is wafted round the corner by the same nor'-wester that conveys the vibration of his "all hot—toss or buy." Up comes a young gentleman, penny in hand, who, judging from his costume of fustian doublet, a deal too long in the sleeves, waistcoat of yellow, spotted with red, and corduroy continuations, must be an agriculturist. The quality of a knight was known by his crest; so with this caste, and also the purpose of his visit to the fair, at least the ostensible purpose. In his beaver he bears a true-lover's-knot of whip cord, a symbol unknown to our friends of the metropolis, and which often excites enquiry. It means that the wearer considers himself competent to drive team for any farmer who may choose to hire him "while next Michaelmas, 'cos he don't stay again." And as he "don't stay again" with his late employer, he visits the statute fair that he may meet with another master. Walking about in the fair has given him an appetite, and the steam from the tin has tempted him; the penny is laid on the tin, a little crisp pie is produced, the pie-man tucks his thumb-nail through the upper crust to enable him to pour in a drop of gravy from the little tin with an elbow spout. Oh! with what a relish does the pastry vanish. What would Vitellius of old have given for such an appetite? But, hold! here comes another customer, what is he? Judging from his quick eye and roguish expression, second-best jacket worn threadbare at the elbows, trowsers ditto at the knees, beside being tight and exceedingly out-grown, we cannot err in pronouncing him to be one of the pupils of the Harpur Schools. More sophisticated in these mutton-pie luxuries than the last customer, he tempts the fickle goddess, and tries his luck at a toss. Up goes the half-penny; "Man!" says the pie-man; "It's a woman," says the youth, and as he takes the pie thus earned at half-price, he puts it under his short jacket and looks cunningly round the corner to see if either of the masters be looking towards him.

Leaving the pie-man to continue his profitable scheme, let us next examine the wares that are exhibited on the stall opposite. Sponge-cakes, Queen's-cakes, college-cakes, and cakes in all their respective varieties, with a multitude of buns and Bergami pears, lolly-pops and spiced ginger-bread nuts. These are all very delightful, but pray what is the meaning of that large mysterious-looking earthen pan so carefully covered with brown paper, and that pile of saucers, with a heap of spoons? Oh, look to the other side of the stall and the mystery is unravelled. That little boy and his sister have been treated by their grandmother to some of the contents of the brown pan, which, upon our inquisitive examination, prove to be baked pears! Many times and oft have we in our earlier days parted with our last halfpenny for a saucer full of these baked pears, and felt no envy towards the king himself, except that he had so much money that he could have baked pears all day long, whilst we were obliged to put up with a periodical saucer full. And then the little Delf saucer with the blue sprig pattern and pewter spoon, seemed much more appropriate than the china and silver with which kind friends would indulge us in the holidays and upon high-day visits. At Bedford, however,

unlike other places, baked pears are not generally known by that term, but are called "Wardens," and although the name may, perchance, appear strange to the new visitor to the town, it will soon become familiar, particularly if the visit be about Michaelmas time. As soon as the month of September sets in, and throughout the winter quarter, these articles are hawked about by a number of boys, who rouse the dreary shopmen down the High Street, by bawling at the highest pitch of voice, the following chaste *morceau* :—

Smoking hot,
Piping hot,
Who knows what?
I am got
In my pot :
Hot bak'd wardens.
All hot! all hot! all hot!

The precise origin of the term *warden* is still merged in obscurity, although several laudable attempts have been made to rescue it by a respected committee of antiquaries. A keen investigation has been made, and progress has been reported. It appears that the term has been in use for ages, "from the time whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary." This was the collective opinion of the body, and the several members then gave their individual opinions as to the origin of the term. Several of them were highly scientific, and exhibited great powers of penetration, and each gentleman's opinion was different from his neighbour's. Sundry consultations were held, but the only further unanimous opinion they came to was, that in the archives of the borough there appeared no record of the corporation ever having made a grant of the title. We have not room to record the various opinions of the learned antiquaries, which we regret, but will give two of the most plausible. The first is, "that baked or stewed pears were invented and used as a great luxury by the prior and monks of Warden, an ancient monastery a few miles distant." The other and most feasible is, "that a man named Warden, residing in an adjacent village, grew great quantities of these pears, and for many years regularly attended Bedford fair and market to dispose of them."

After this digression we will again return to the fair. St. Paul's Square is nearly filled by that ancient attendant at fairs, "Scowton's Pavilion," which is attracting especial notice. Whilst Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon are sitting cheek by jowl cracking jokes and walnuts, the Emperor of Tartary, in a splendid costume of glazed cambric and spangles, promenades in front of the stage, reminding the public that "the Players, the Players, the *London Players*" have arrived, and earnestly entreating them to embrace this opportunity of witnessing "the most wonderful performances ever offered to public notice, comprising the 'Mountain Torrent, or the White Spirit of the Waters,' 'Timour the Tartar,' 'The Bloody Turret, or the Fiend in anguish,' after which a Pantomime will be introduced, together with a variety of comic singing and other entertainments; the whole to conclude with the laughable farce of 'Hookem Snivy, or the Milkmaid's Mistake.'" Such an extraordinary bill of fare of course attracts multitudes to the boxes, pit, and gallery, which look all alike, except for the name. Whilst the interior is undergoing the process of filling, some grand performances are exhibited to the spectators, "free, gratis, for nothing." Several personages attired most magnificently with long trains, borne by unhappy-looking children wearing scanty frocks, promenade the stage to show how the thing was done by the Queen and her Ministers at the Coronation. This being concluded, the important personages relieve their attendants by flinging the trains across their own shoulders and walking off the stage quite like "common people," having sunk all their royal and aristocratic dignity with the last bar of "See the conquering hero comes!" and the band immediately strike off with one of Paine's "First set;" and four gentlemen, with the like compliment of ladies, go through the several figures, presenting a most singular appearance. Harlequin swings the Spectre of the Waters, Clown performs the *dos à dos* with the Empress of Hungary, Tim Bobbin the *chassèz*, with a fac simile of Taglioni, a Highland Chief the ladies' chain with the Hottentot Venus. At the finish of the last figure the two latter join the money-taker in discussing the merits of a pot of Newland and Pestell's fourpenny. The manager then calls out, "All in and begin," and the musicians, with the rest of the company, dive under the green baize partition, and the performances commence. Here we will leave them, feeling quite unable to do justice to them, and walk to the little opening at the back of the Cross Keys, from whence shouts, long and loud, proceed.

There is Mr. Childs, the jovial, timber-legged proprietor of the swing boats, standing on a little platform, turning the handle and causing four car-loads of little fellows to mount in the air twenty times for a half-penny. A little beyond this there is a lovely treat for the juveniles in the shape of the roundabouts. This is by far the most attractive affair. The frame contains six wooden horses for young gentlemen, and two chariots, two railway carriages, and two steam-boats for young ladies, and as they whirl round and round, they shout, blow trumpets, and whistle most tremendously; but the noisiest of the very noisy is that chubby green-coat boy with the tin horn, astride the piebald horse bearing the name of "Alexander" on his neck. Among the passengers in the chariots we recognise our two little friends, the rosy-cheeked boy and his little sister whom we noticed eating baked warden at the stall. Their good-natured grandmother, bless her good kind heart, has given them another treat, and stands hard by resting on her umbrella, watching their gladsome faces as they whirl round so merrily.

Higher up the town inspiring strains of martial music fall upon the ear; they come from the recruiting party who are enlisting the "sons of the soil" in her Majesty's service. Three sergeants march in front with drawn swords, *real swords*, which the countrymen and their maidens true, look upon with astonishment; and Sally clings ten times tighter to Thomas's arm lest he should be seized with the martial mania that is so rapidly spreading through the fair. Following the sergeant, march three corporals bringing up the rear of awkward squads, who miss the step, and what with heels loaded with hob nails, and heads with beer, they march in most approved confusion. Pointing to the streamers of ribbon flying from their straw hats, they look to their mates that are passing, and try to tempt them into the same bright prospect of earning laurels and glory, and becoming brilliant successors of Wellington. The drum and fife come after, and strike up most fiercely. One tall sun-burnt ploughman has been so captivated with the bright scenes pictured by the sergeant, that he has eagerly accepted the shilling and the ribbons, and flourishing his ground-ash stick in the air, fancies himself already at *Chayney*, cutting down the pig-tailed natives and pocketing their *sicæ* silver. A short young girl with a flushed face and terror in her eye, hangs round him and tries to drag him away; but with him it is "honour before love," and so heedless is he of the preference of his former peaceful lot, that he drags himself away and chaunts out—

Drums is beating, colours flying,
March, brave boys, there's no denying,
Ev-e-ry man with a musket an his shoulder,
Loaded wi' ball and primed wi' powder.
Darling fare-well, my darling gal,
There's no retreating — darling farewell.

The crowd closes round, the poor girl is shut out, and in a corner behind a cart she pours out her bitter tears:—What can have come to Reuben that he should have left her and 'listed for a sojer. How could he have drank so much beer? Bitterly will he lament his folly on the morrow. How different are the feelings of the villagers at the Bull and the Robin Hood, dancing to the tunes scraped by the gipsy fiddlers. How happy and hot they all look; but what the dance is we cannot tell. It is something of a double reel, with a little fandango, a bit of a fling, and a great deal of stamping. Happy people!

The dance is finished, and we will leave them to the enjoyment of the next, and conclude by wishing them all "good places at service" and many happy meetings at Bedford Statty.

Maiden Queen Lodge, Bedford.

NEGLECTED GENIUS.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

No! not in vain has heaven bestowed

The gift of poesy;

Tho' all unhonor'd be thy lyre,

By earthly praise or fee.

Humble and rude perchance thy lot,
 Unmark'd, unknown thy name,
 And songs that thrill thy secret heart,
 Perish without their fame.
 And thou may'st struggle with the world,
 Amid the common throng,
 And bear uncheer'd the common lot
 Of toil, and grief, and wrong.
 No heart may echo back thy thoughts,
 No ear regard thy lay,
 And all thy bright aspirings fade
 With life itself away.
 But deep within thy soul is hid
 A talisman divine;
 The jewelled orient cannot boast
 A treasure like to thine.
 A ray of that immortal light
 Which sinless Eden knew,
 Has left its glory on thy heart,
 Its visions to imbue.
 The spirit of the beautiful
 Is smiling by thy side,
 An angel pilgrim evermore
 The poet's steps to guide.
 A cloud, a pebble, or a leaf,
 Aye, even the simplest weed
 Seems blent with marvel and with joy
 No other eye can heed.
 Link'd with each bright intelligence
 That haunts us tho' unseen,
 Thy thoughts sublimed and purified
 Spring from the rude, the mean,
 And sordid thralls of earth to share
 A transport undefined,
 Snatched like Promethean light from heaven,
 The sovereignty of mind.
 Then chafe not, fret not that thy lays
 Die on the common ear,
 Their music has an echo heard
 Within a brighter sphere.
 The unheeded wild flowers idly crush'd
 Amid the vernal rain,
 Give up their perfume to HIS THRONE
 Who form'd them not in vain.
 And not one pure or glorious thought
 The poet's heart may frame,
 But is an incense offering
 To the Eternal name.
 Within its prison house of clay
 The undying spirit soars,
 Wing'd by those bright aspirings which
 Impassion'd Genius pours
 Still upwards to the source of light,
 And may we ever dare
 To trust the glory veil'd on earth,
 May shine unshadow'd there!

Leeds, 1845.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF ADVERSITY ON THE EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head."—SHAKESPEARE.

No one can contemplate the history of men of genius without being struck with the melancholy conviction that calamity is the badge of almost all their tribe. Every page of their biography teems with a recital of their sufferings and their wrongs, their struggles for distinction, their continued efforts to escape from penury and neglect. What are the causes for this infirmity of noble minds? Is it that the literary character is more susceptible to misfortune than others—that the "genus irritabile" makes them thin-skinned and sensitive, and that thus ordinary evils are borne with less fortitude and rendered more conspicuous, in this delicate class? All of these reasons have been assigned, and with truth, in the majority of cases. Experience, however, teaches us that the wayward child of genius too often spurns the beaten track of wealth, and wanders erratic through the mazes of his own creative fancy; ignorant of the every-day use of riches, he does not seek the acquirement of them, even as the means, much less as the end, of his existence, and reckons not of "the tide which leads to fortune." The wares with which he deals suit not the common market; the supply often precedes the demand, yea, by a whole age, and the unfortunate producer, after languishing in obscurity, leaves the harvest of his genius to be reaped by posterity. But sad as at first sight is such a picture, a closer view reveals a brighter aspect. There are consolations for genius which the learned only know. Not only do these children of inspiration revel in the charms of their own creation, but they feel a foretaste of that fame which is their eventual inheritance, and, piercing the veil which obscures the future from common eyes, they look through a long vista of coming glory, and become insensible to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." We need not, however, pause to admire how genial is the ray which genius sheds over adversity. Our wonder will be more excited, and our observation better rewarded, at beholding the radiance of that beam, not alone unquenched amid the deep gloom of poverty and distress, but delighting to play where the night of adversity is longest and darkest, seeming as it were to kindle into greater brilliance at every fresh blast of frowning fortune. An inquiry into the history of genius will prove this to be something more than a poetical figure. It would almost appear, from the numberless examples which such a record furnishes, that there is a power in adversity itself peculiarly favourable to the developement of genius, and that the brilliant emanations of mind which delight us in the poet, the philosopher, and the painter, are not merely coincident with, but often owe their exhibition to, the adverse circumstances which have operated upon them in the character of a stimulus. Like a flower which yields up its fragrance more copiously the more we crush it—so does true genius seem to flow the more freely the more it is trampled on, and rises from every fresh struggle with renewed strength and impulse.

To illustrate the truth of these observations it may suffice to enumerate a few among the many who have battled through poverty and misfortune in their ascent to fame and distinction. Johnson, Goldsmith, Franklin, Otway, Bloomfield, Burns, Ferguson, Gifford, Ben Jonson, Thomson, yea, the mighty *Shakspere himself*, with Massillon, Fletcher, Rousseau, Dryden, and others, rose amid the most humble avocations. Ariosto, Cervantes, Corneille, Cowley, Collins, Chatterton, Spinoza, Spenser, and Tasso, were mostly cradled in poverty, and continued struggling with adversity to the end of their existence. "The son of a sword maker, a potter, and tax gatherer, were the greatest of the orators, the most majestic of the poets, and the most graceful of the satirists of antiquity, viz: Demosthenes, Virgil, and Horace."* Many of these were, doubtless, stimulated by necessity to give the effusions of their genius to the world; others owed their greatness to their high aspirations after fame, and to the unquenchable desire to lift themselves out of obscurity into eminence and distinction. Had such men been nursed in luxury, had wealth been their early portion, or had they at once enjoyed power and patronage, it is not inconsistent with experience to believe that the moving impulses of their genius would have been wanting, and that the world

*D'Israeli.

18 AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF ADVERSITY.

might have been deprived of their greatest efforts. * "To connect," says an acute writer, "great fortune with great genius, creates one of those powerful but unhappy alliances, when the one party must necessarily act contrary to the interests of the other;" and he further adds, "there is a poverty which confers independence, it is indeed the first step to genius." The temptations of wealth have often exerted a fatal effect in repressing the ardour for intellectual pursuits, to a degree greater than did ever the obstructions of indigence. Indolence is too often the result of rich possessions, and from the haunts of splendour, from the circle of rank and fashion, genius turns indignantly away, to seek in solitude and comparative obscurity a more genial element for the development of its powers. Burns, so often quoted as the persecuted child of the muses, would perhaps have lost all his bright enthusiasm of song had he breathed long the enervating atmosphere of rank and fashion. Hear his own confession on his entrance into Edinburgh. "I feel," says he, "that the glare and intoxication of a city destroys that habit of self-communication so necessary to the efforts of genius." Congreve is said to have written nothing when he was enjoying affluence, for his works were chiefly composed before his twenty-sixth year. The genius of Steele appears never to have been so pure, nor so ardent, as at that period when he forfeited an estate and enlisted as a soldier. It was while on guard, in this capacity, that he wrote a play called the "Funeral," and an essay of considerable merit, entitled "The Christian Hero." Robert Dodsley also composed the best of his works under apparently the most adverse circumstances. He was employed in the menial occupation of a footman when he wrote an excellent play called the "Toy Shop," and a poem which, in allusion to his situation, he entitles the "Muse in Livery." The enervating effects of prosperity are well illustrated by the example of Bishop Watson, who gave up his pursuits on chemistry the instant he obtained their limited reward; and the laboratory closed when the professorship was instituted. He tells us that "he preferred his larches to his laurels." Wilkes formed splendid ideas of the performance of some literary work, for which he might be supposed to have possessed ample capabilities. "Warmed by a literary love, he intended to enlarge the edition of Churchill, and to write a history of England, but his office of Chamberlain, and his possession of affluence, led to his leading the life of a voluptuary."† Thomson was so poor when he first came to London that he had not even the means of purchasing a pair of shoes, and sold a portion of his great work, "The Seasons," to supply his necessities. Had he basked in prosperity, would his genius equally have exhibited itself? Another passage in his history furnishes a ready answer to the question. Behold him subsequently living in ease and affluence—no effusion flows from his pen—his poetic labours are at once suspended,—nor was it until he lost his place by the death of the Chancellor Talbot that he resumed his literary occupations; and, asked by the Prince of Wales the state of his affairs, he answered "that they were in a more poetical position than formerly." It was the conviction that an absence from prosperous scenes facilitates the contemplations of genius that led Des Cartes to hire an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter at Paris, where he passed two years in study, unknown to his associates. The advantages of solitude had, doubtless, a charm in this humble choice—a condition which the child of adversity by birth inherits, and which genius in high places sighs in vain for. Adam Smith withdrew himself from his friends, and was unheard of for ten years, during which period he laid in those vast stores of knowledge, and planned that great work which has immortalised him. Cumberland wrote his "West Indian" in an unfurnished apartment of a small farm house, where he had sought a quiet seclusion from the mansions of the great. St. Pierre's celebrated work, the "Studies of Nature," was composed in a garret, "And here," says the author, "amid profound solitude, and a most enchanting horizon, I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasures of my life." A small room in an obscure house was selected by Addison for the composition of one of his best plays. The foregoing examples are not cited so much as instances of adversity, but rather as collateral evidence of the facilities which are possessed by men of genius in pursuing their inquiries, when they are in a state which resembles adversity, viz: in solitude, unknown, uncared for, and unsurrounded by the luxuries and even the comforts of life. The great Verulam often complained of the disturbances of his public life, and rejoiced in the occasional retirement he stole from public affairs. Lord Clarendon cultivated in three several

* D. Parnell.

† Ibid.

retirements, the Spanish, French, and Italian literature. Horne Tooke's celebrated work, the "*Diversions of Purley*," bears the name of the spot at which, during the period of its composition, he secluded himself; and Cicero likewise has given the names of his villas to the works which he wrote there. Cardinal Polignac was long prevented by his public occupations from producing a work; at length, one entitled "*Anti Lucretius*" was written during two long exiles, which afforded him the leisure he coveted. So impressed indeed with the advantages of seclusion have some great men appeared to be, so resolutely have they sought to shun the blandishments of society, that they have even sacrificed wealth to descend to that humble level from which others more commonly seek to rise. Thus Sophocles, absorbed in his devotion to the muses, became so indifferent to the acquirement of wealth, and so careless of his property, that he was thrown into prison under the imputation of neglecting his family. When, however, he brought forward a tragedy recently composed, his judges at once acquitted him, and no longer wondered that the possession of wealth should only prove an incumbrance to one whose mental treasures so much abounded. The Abbe Cottin is likewise said to have incurred the *unhappiness* of inheriting a large fortune. Having resolved to make over the entire bulk of it to one of his heirs, his other relations brought the learned Cottin into court under the accusation of madness. The judges allowed the accused to address them from the sermons he preached, which they found so replete with good sense, sound reason, and erudition, that they declared they themselves would be amenable to the imputations of madness, did they condemn a man of letters who was desirous of escaping from a fortune, which had only served to interrupt his studies. Alfieri is similarly recorded to have given up his estates to his sister in order not to be distracted in the management of them from his poetical studies. It is related of Barry, the celebrated Irish artist, that, finding himself a constant haunter of taverns, he imagined that his expenditure of time was occasioned by his having money, and, to put an end to the conflict, he threw the little he possessed at once into the Liffy. These anecdotes are not only interesting in themselves but serve to shew how inimical is sometimes the possession of wealth to the free developement of literary excellence—how the busy scenes of public life, and the seductive pleasures of society, tend to trammel the minds of great men, proving fatal to profound meditation and that "loneliness and raciness of thought" which are essential to the successful efforts of true genius. We may also, from these instances, be reconciled to some of the ills which genius is heir to, and in some instances rejoice at the sweet uses of adversity. Let us now turn to a source of deeper solitude, a seclusion more profound than neglected poverty creates. but from the darkness of which the electric spark of genius is all the more brightly evolved. Let us contemplate exile and imprisonment, which have been the frequent fate of the learned in all ages, and we shall find the indomitable mind remain free, while its earthly tenement is captive; for, under such circumstances, the spirit of genius delights to rove unfettered and take a wider range, as if in mockery of the chains which bind the body. Hence, to men of letters,

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage."

It is observed by D'Israeli, that "Imprisonment, so far from disturbing the man of letters in the progress of his studies, has unquestionably greatly promoted them." Let us glance at a few illustrations of the truth of this remark. The name of Sir Walter Raleigh suggests itself as an eminent example. During an imprisonment of eleven years, his untiring energy, shut out from the sphere of its wonted display, found vent in the busy employment of his pen, whence resulted that stupendous effort of his genius, his *History of the World*, a work which will ever remain as a monument of his literary industry, and of the resources which calamity can create for the man of learning. Grotius, the celebrated Dutch philosopher, did not spend unemployed the period of his imprisonment; it was there he wrote several of his compositions, and planned the erudite work which immortalises him. It was during a long banishment among the barbarians inhabiting the shores of the Black Sea, that Ovid relieved the tedium of exile by some of those rich effusions of his genius which make him remembered by posterity. The great work of the immortal Cervantes was first designed, and the early part written, whilst the poet was in captivity in Barbary. Our own Bunyan's scarcely less celebrated *Pilgrims' Progress*, occupied the genius of its author while he was confined in Bedford

20 AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF ADVERSITY.

gaol. Simon Ockley, a learned student of oriental literature, wrote his celebrated work, the "History of the Saracens," in two volumes, in Cambridge gaol. "I have, at last," he writes, "found leisure in my confinement to finish my history, which I might have hoped for in vain in my perplexed circumstances." Boethius, when in prison, deprived of all access to books, sought consolation in the contemplation of philosophy, and a most erudite work, thus entitled, bears testimony to the vast mental resources he possessed for such a purpose. Buchanan, the elegant historian of Scotland, when imprisoned at Coimbra, in Portugal, produced his celebrated Latin version of the Psalms, as a task of penance, which had been imposed on him. *Fleta*, a well known law production, was, as its name implies, written in the Fleet, where also Howell, author of "Familiar Letters," composed many talented works. The learned Selden occupied the solitude and leisure which captivity afforded, to give to the world some of the rich stores of his mind. The poetical genius of Tasso, when confined in a monastery at Ferrara, under the imputation of madness, found vent in some of the best of his minor productions; and perchance in the dim seclusion of his lonely cell, the imagination of the poet created those glorious scenes which adorn his subsequent works. The Bastille is distinguished for other causes than those of the many victims of cruelty it has enclosed; among the eminent men of which it has been the receptacle may be mentioned Voltaire, who composed a celebrated tragedy during his imprisonment. In the same place, an eminent writer produced, in thirty-two volumes, a French translation of the Bible. De Foe, George Withers, Sir William Davenant, and Robert Heron, alike suffered captivity, and employed the leisure it afforded in writing; the last name (Heron) died in Newgate, and in the midst of his distresses and privations was so elevated by genius as to entitle his last work the "Comfort of Life." But perhaps the most interesting because the most important use resulting from imprisonment, displays itself in the instance of the Marquis of Worcester, who, when a state prisoner in the Tower, made the first discovery of the powers of steam. It was amid the solitude to which he was condemned that his mind, feeling itself free and unrestrained, took that wide and profitable excursion into the regions of science, of which his work entitled the *Century of Inventions* is the glorious result. The fact that this celebrated effort of his genius and industry contains hints of many subsequent discoveries in science and the arts, is a proof of the originality of the author's mind, and leads us almost to rejoice at the opportunity his captivity afforded him of giving his talents such uninterrupted scope.

Let us pass now from this form of adversity to another calamity, apparently of the most inconsolable nature, and under which a few of the most illustrious of our kind have laboured. It is the loss of sight; an evil, however, which so far from deadening the efforts of genius, has been the means of facilitating and strengthening them; for deplorable as is such a privation to ordinary mortals, to the chosen and inspired few it has frequently been the cause of developing new and unthought of powers, and has led to a concentration of other faculties, amply atoning for the loss of that one. The inward light burns as it were with a condensed and stronger brilliancy, when knowledge at "one entrance is quite shut out," and from the unexplored storehouse of his mind the sightless genius pours forth the hidden treasures which had long been garnered there. Our immortal Milton wrote, or rather dictated, his *Paradise Lost* after his blindness, when dismissed from all official appointment, and when, to use his own words, "he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues, while darkness and danger encompassed him round." Amid such adverse circumstances did his daring genius take its noblest flight. How advantageous, perhaps, to the loneliness of his thoughts and the concentration of his powers was it, that

"So thick a drop serene had quenched his orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled."

To such a calamity, perchance, we owe it that this first-born son of fame, shut out from the external world, drew from the rich well of his own deep mind these priceless gems which, strung, not like pearls at random, but with a master hand, have formed an immortal wreath of glory. The blindness of Homer, a kindred spirit, failed to depress the genius of the noble bard, whose muse flowed currently as ever. Galileo, too, dictated his elements of algebra during this state. But a more remarkable illustration exists in the case of Saunderson, who lost his sight when only one year old, and from the leisure he enjoyed for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge,

became the most eminent mathematician of his time. This abstruse science would, indeed, seem to require that peculiar concentration of mental power which the loss of sight so signally favors; hence, the celebrated elements of Euler were composed during the blindness of that distinguished man, and under the same keen affliction Dr. Moyes, another mathematician, developed his superior capacity. The town of Manchester has given birth to a celebrated blind genius named Joan Metcalf, familiarly known as blind Jack. He was distinguished for his knowledge of the construction of roads, many of which he projected and improved. Music is another faculty which has been successfully cultivated by the blind. John Stanley, an eminent organist, was blind from his birth; and the Rev. Dr. Blacklock lost his sight when two months old. The latter distinguished himself in many branches of literature and the arts, especially as a poet and musician. It will be remembered that Miss Williams, the companion of Johnson, was deprived of sight, and her literary acquirements were by no means insignificant. The resources of which man is capable, during the loss of some essential faculty, are no where more signally exhibited than in the instance of Holford, the blind traveller; and the authenticity of his narrative derives a peculiar charm from the very method which this privation obliged him to adopt in seeking information. Instead of consulting books, he gleaned from the inhabitants themselves of the various places he visited, such a history of their manners and institutions as is at once graphic and original, eliciting at the same time the impressions of those who were his teachers. It were easy to shew, by numerous examples, that the shifts to which genius has been put, under some physical defects, have led to the happiest results, furnishing them a stimulus to pursue their inquiries in some new and unexplored channel in which their ingenuity has afterward signally displayed itself. Thus the toes have been used instead of hands, and the left hand in place of the right, as in the instance of Rugendas, a celebrated painter. There are privations, however, of another kind than the loss of a corporeal faculty, whose effects have been similar in eliciting the powers of genius. The absence of the ordinary means of acquiring information which poverty occasions, while it throws the mind on its own resources, at the same time enables it to escape from the injurious restraints of a forced or mechanical education, trammelled by which, the man of original powers might have been urged out of the bent of useful inquiry and have lost those ennobling impulses which he derives in his conquest over difficulties. The want of costly instruments necessary to illustrate his views by experiment, suggests to the philosopher some ingenious expedient which not only supplies the place of the implements beyond his reach, but taxing ingenuity, and exercising mechanical skill, confers upon the hardy student a new and an inventive faculty. It is recorded that Herschell, the great astronomer, being, perhaps fortunately, unable to purchase a telescope, was led to construct one himself, so much more potent in its powers, that probably to this we owe the important discoveries he made among the heavenly bodies, which might else have remained invisible to mortal ken. So Ferguson, failing through poverty to obtain books on his favourite studies, was led unaided to pursue his original inquiries. He ingeniously constructed the apparatus necessary for experiment, and hence arrived at a knowledge of the laws of mechanics before he was aware that any work existed on the subject. Had he at once gained, through books, the information he sought, that habit of patient and persevering research which characterised his successful career might never have been acquired. The want of any elementary treatise on the science he prosecuted rendered it indispensable for him to tread every step of the way, and led to an originality of thought which alone constitutes the essence of true genius. His method of ascertaining the relative position of the stars by means of a thread strung with beads, is another striking instance of the ingenuity of Ferguson, and proves how ready are the expedients which necessity supplies. The apparatus which Sir Humphrey Davy first used in his experiments were likewise of the most simple nature, and the occasional failure which the want of more complicated machinery occasioned, served but to tax the ingenious mind of the philosopher, and send him into some new path of invention and discovery, which as often resulted in the most brilliant success. Scheele is another example of the use of expedients; and it is said of Tycho Brahe, that for a long time he had no other instruments than a pair of compasses to assist him in his learned investigations. The great Pascal, in his youth, worked mathematical problems on the floor of his apartment with a bit of coal; and Benjamin West, the celebrated painter, having originally used no other implements than red and black ink, formed his first

22 AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF ADVERSITY.

brush out of the tail of his cat. The most interesting example, however, of this kind is related of Gifford, the eminent poet and critic. In his youth he was apprenticed to a shoe maker, and, anxious to obtain a knowledge of algebra, he got possession, by stealth, of a work on this subject which had been lent to his master's son, and, having conned it diligently, he worked his problems, for want of pen, ink, and paper, on a piece of leather, by means of his awl. In allusion to this circumstance there are the following observations in that excellent work, "*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*," "Perhaps," says the author, "such men have been all the better for experiencing these difficulties, for so encountered and subdued, they not only whet ingenuity, but strengthen a man's whole intellectual and moral character, and fit him for the struggles and achievements in after life, from which other spirits, less hardily trained, turn away in despair." "It is a mistake," says D'Israeli, "to deplore the want of means which men of genius have laboured under, thus rendering their education incomplete. Study, after all, proves only an instrument in the hands of such men; if they had enjoyed other facilities it might have been the end of their exertions, and thus their original thoughts, and the results of their unassisted and unbiassed observations, would have been still-born." The truth of these remarks is confirmed by the fact that some of the greatest men have been self-educated, while many of the most ingenious have been altogether illiterate. Thus John Hunter, being the youngest of a large family, had his education almost neglected; his aspiring mind spurned the base employment to which his family would have humbled him, and to the ill-treatment of his master, a joiner, to whom he was a short time bound, we probably owe his determination to seek a higher sphere for the development of his genius. In the dissecting room of his brother, to whom he flew for protection, and amid the scientific apparatus which there surrounded him, he pursued those original inquiries which have added so much to our physiological knowledge.

The history of Benjamin Franklin is too familiar to require detail here. To his unaided efforts at self-education, and to the struggles he encountered and overcame, we owe the persevering energy, the original thoughts and philosophical attainments which characterise the creations of his mind. We have already mentioned Ferguson as an instance of genius, developing itself by the unassisted aid of its own powers. The whole history of this great man furnishes an instructive lesson. His father was a day labourer, and was in the habit himself of teaching his children to read. James, the future philosopher, used secretly to listen to the instructions given to his elder brother, and gaining the assistance of an old woman in the neighbourhood, acquired the capacity of reading without his father suspecting him of such a knowledge, and which indeed he did not detect till he saw his son with a book in his hand. The same habit of relying on his own resources characterized him throughout life, and no doubt conducted to his ultimate greatness. The celebrated Linnæus, to the hardships he underwent in the pursuit of his studies, doubtless owed that close acquaintance with natural history which a laborious investigation had procured him. He is said by his biographer to have peregrinated on foot with a stylus, a magnifying glass, and a basket for plants, sharing the rustic meal of the humblest peasant, and contenting himself with the meanest couch. The historian, Stowe, travelled on foot throughout the country to collect antiquarian lore, supported alone by his zeal for learning, and deriving an impulse from the very difficulties which obstructed him. As a proof of the unprofitable nature of such a pursuit, so far as pecuniary reward is concerned, it is interesting to record that, after forty-five years spent in setting forth the chronicles of England, James I. granted to the historian license to collect alms for one year in his dominions. William Simpson, the mathematician, is another instance of the ardour with which genius pursues its studies amid the most abject poverty. He was originally a poor weaver, and, being driven from home, sought refuge with a humble widow, where he commenced to practise the occult sciences. An accident is said to have turned him out of a path which might have been inglorious; he raised a spirit which so frightened a girl as to create a popular prejudice against him. He fled to another town thirty miles off, where he resumed his weaving in the day, and taught a school at night; amid the cares and vexations of poverty he studied mathematics, in which he afterwards made such progress as ultimately secured to him fame and independence.

One fact contained in the last example, viz: the accident which changed the pursuits and subsequent fortunes of Simpson, deserves particular regard in relation to the valuable uses of adversity. Many familiar instances are on record; one or two may, however suffice.

John Ogilby, the translator of Homer, and Virgil, &c., was originally a dancing master, but having met with an accident which disabled him, he turned his attention to poetry and the classics, in which path he eminently distinguished himself. Quintus Matsys, a Dutch painter, was originally a blacksmith, but having injured himself by the pursuit of his laborious avocations, he was compelled to try something else, and became distinguished in his new career as an artist. Another painter, an Italian, named Cavendone, having been turned out of his father's house, was received into the service of a gentleman who happened to have a large collection of paintings, which Cavendone began to copy in ink, with a pen, and thus discovered his genius for the art. "If the forced return of Spenser to Ireland was the cause of his writing the 'Faery Queen,'" says his biographer, "his country was benefited and his fame considerably enhanced by the disappointment of his wishes." An interesting instance of the tendency of an accidental calamity to elicit genius may here be recorded to the merit of a female. Elizabeth Blackwell, living in the eighteenth century, stimulated to procure the liberation of her husband, who was imprisoned for debt, composed a herbal, in two volumes, illustrated by two hundred plates, drawn, engraved, and coloured by herself, by the sale of which she happily obtained the accomplishment of her wishes.

The foregoing instances all tend to establish the consoling fact that adversity has frequently a tendency to stimulate, rather than depress, the efforts of genius; that the want of education is not always a bar to eminence, and that the privations of poverty, instead of crushing the aspirants for fame, do sometimes happily endow them with increased strength in the struggle. The following remarks of a philosophical writer on the subject of uneducated genius are forcible and correct. "If a man of true genius, shall have been exposed to the necessity of acquiring his knowledge of literature chiefly by his own efforts, and of working out his way to that mastery over his thoughts and impressions which constitutes the power of writing, whatever may be his deficiencies in other respects, if they were ever so many, the possession of true genius will go far to cover his productions—will have the advantage in respect of originality over those of an equally gifted, but more regularly educated, mind."* Robert Burns is a signal instance of the force of this quotation; shut out by his humble station from the opportunities of acquiring a refined and classical education, ignorant of science or of book-learning, this simple child of nature addresses himself to the hearts of his readers, and finds a responsive chord in every bosom. The raciness of his thoughts, the unlettered eloquence of his style, win far more than the polished measure of his more learned brethren of the muses, and lead us to the conviction that, unhappily as it must have been for his own lot, he had charmed less had he been more learned or wealthy. It is indeed chiefly among the poets that the possession of genius seems to owe little or nothing to superior education, and to delight in manifesting its witching powers amid poverty and distress.

As regards the possession of genius, independently of education, it is not less remarkable than true, that some of our best painters have been illiterate; for instance, Hogarth, West, Lorraine, &c., whilst it has been shown that mechanical genius frequently betrays itself without any cultivation of the mind. Brindley, the imperishable monument of whose genius lies about us in the canals which he has wonderfully projected, was remarkably unlettered, and could scarcely write the figures essential to his calculations yet, in his peculiar walk, he distanced the most of his competitors. As an illustrious instance of the indomitable efforts of a great mind to raise itself from ignorance and obscurity, to cultivate itself despite of privations and poverty, and to win its way to fame and eminence, the name of Moses Mendelssohn stands a conspicuous example. The son of a poor Rabbi, he was early obliged to seek his subsistence away from home. Arriving on foot at Berlin he there became employed as amanuensis to another Rabbi, poor as himself, who could only afford to give him food and shelter. It was his fortune here to meet with a Polish Jew, who understood Euclid, which he translated into Hebrew, to facilitate the studies of the future philosopher. The difficulties he encountered in mastering this, and Locke on the understanding, which he subsequently procured, served but to nerve his purpose, and was so far useful to him that it drew out the meditations of the indefatigable student, whilst in the eagerness of his pursuit he often anticipated the conclusions of his author. Cheered on by each conquest, Mendelssohn at length laid in a rich store of mathematical and metaphysical knowledge, which, joined to his acquaintance

* D'Israeli.

24 AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF ADVERSITY.

with Hebrew and Talmudic literature, rendered him eventually the most accomplished scholar of his time, and earned for him the proud title of the Plato of Germany.

It is in the contemplation of examples such as these that we learn how powerless is adversity to subjugate the irrepressible force of genius, which, like the running stream, swells at each obstacle to its flow, and rushes on with a stronger current to its destination. True genius, described by Johnson to be "that power which constitutes a poet, without which, judgment is cold, and knowledge inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates," appears indeed, from all that has been collected, to be an innate faculty, which no application can acquire, no external circumstances bestow. It is the rare gift of a chosen few, and, like the germ of vegetable creation, is influenced in its developement, not alone by the quality of the soil, but by the state of the atmosphere which surrounds it. Sunshine is not always essential to its early culture, it needs rather the bursting of the cloud to swell it into being, and give the first impulse to its growing efforts. It is then that genial warmth may tend to foster and to bring it to maturity, but not unfrequently it languishes beneath the sunny ray, until amid the lowering of the tempest, it is once more animated.

In conclusion, let a son of genius himself declare how sweet are the uses of adversity, premising that he was brought up from his earliest years in that bitter school, and endured more than the usual share of mortal calamity. It is the unfortunate Richard Savage, who, by the inhuman conduct of his unnatural mother, became a prey to the keenest miseries of want and destitution. It is recorded of him that, whilst writing his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was without money, and often without meat; that he had no other convenience for study than the fields and streets afforded him, where he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop to beg for a few moments the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed, upon paper that he had picked up by accident. That amidst all these privations he found a resource in genius, and was only the more stimulated to exert its powers may be seen in his works, whilst the following outpourings of his muse teach, in glowing terms, the useful lesson sought to be inculcated in this imperfect essay. Thus he exclaims:—

I fly all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still compared with active life;
To prove by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to hursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n calamity, by thought refined,
Inspirits, and adorns the thinking mind;
By woe the soul to daring action swells—
By woe in plaintless patience it excels.
From patience, prudent, clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things;
Thence hope is formed, thence fortitude, success,
Renown, whate'er men covet and caress.

Manchester.

ISAAC A. FRANKLIN.

THE IRISH BOY'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

Yes, I must leave thee, leave thee now for ever,
My dearest home!
Again to thee mine eyes will open never,
My sad heart come.
Hopes that I might return when tired of meeting
A cheerless world, and visit thee once more,
To claim one heart-felt blessing — one kind greeting —
Alas! they're oer.

Look where I will, some old familiar token
Does sadly tell
Unto my heart, as words have never spoken,
Its last farewell.

Rude though it be, and simple, it seems teeming
With memories of joys too pure to last,
And childhood's hopes, and youth's ambitious dreaming,
Like them have pass'd.

The roof which covers me, the walls which bound me,
This humble hearth—
All, all the little things which now surround me,
Place of my birth—
Bring back by many links forms now departed,
Prayers, gentle words, sweet smiles, and hopes once dear,
Which seem to say, now last and broken hearted,
Why wait you here?

Why wait I here—it is to call around me,
Only once more,
The memories of the spot where life first found me,
And youth flew o'er.
Associations cluster round this dwelling,
Which will be very dear in life's bleak track,
And though with grief my poor lone heart is swelling,
I'd call them back.

Yes, I'd call back my boyhood's happy hours,
Vanished for aye;
Life then had more of sunshine than of showers
In its pure sky.
Friends, wealth, all—all the heart could wish, were given
To one whose greatest grief had cost no tear—
I wondered there could be a better heaven
Than I had here.

Tho' this was my home, alas! no more they'll meet me
Who met me then,
And with endearing smiles they'll come to greet me,
Never again;
Oh, no! for all whom I so fondly cherish'd,
The truthful and the good, the young, the gay,
Like spring's sweet flowers, they one by one have perished,
And pass'd away.

'Tis simple, but I cannot help these feelings,
Or these hot tears,
For every thing about me has revealings
Of other years,
And happier days; and then to think to-morrow
I shall be far away upon the deep,
With home behind—before me naught but sorrow,—
Oh, I must weep!

Home—Home, 'tis hard to feel that I shall never
Come back to thee!
Farewell, oh, none are left to say, for ever,
God speed, to me.
Hark, hark, who blessed me?—are the echoes cheating
My poor, poor heart—its heavy throbbings tell
'Twas but the dear old walls repeating
Farewell, Farewell!

A DAY WITH THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Oh! ye who have the power,
 Stand nobly forth! let all partake the dower
 Which God hath given; let generous thoughts have birth,
 And generous deeds spread gladness o'er the earth;
 Let footsteps stray where babbling waters run,
 And silver fountains glitter in the sun:
 Let maid and lover breathe the tender tale,
 Not in the smoke, but in the breezy vale,
 Whilst o'er their heads a shade the foliage weaves,
 And mucks their murmurs with its whispering leaves.

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

THE glorious beams of an autumnal sun, which rose majestically above the horizon, shed its exhilarating influence on the broad landscape of nature in a rich and flowing flood of light and warmth, awakening the beauties of her fields and flowers, diffusing her choicest scents with the soft zephyrs of the morning air, and rousing into full chorus the feathered songsters, who fluttered and twittered with joy and exultation, as, seated on a spray, they wanted in the congenial atmosphere. All animated nature was astir. The bounding squirrel ran among the branches and sprang from tree to tree with his wonted activity; the weasel and the fox skulked stealthily along as though ashamed of the light of day; the bristly porcupine and rough-coated hedgehog crossed each other's path in the recesses of the woods, searching for their morning meal; whilst the timid hare and rabbit, leaving the shelter of their woodland covert, came out into the open clearings to feed, until the first indication of the presence of man caught their anxious ear and sent them in headlong haste to seek some place of comparative security. The jay chattered unceasingly from the stumps of old trees, or the gable-ends of deserted log-houses, as though willing to emulate the bold and varied notes of the thrush, which echoed through the woods and vales in pleasing contrast with the sweet song of the goldfinch, whose pretty notes receive their meed of praise from every listener; but these were hushed into astonished silence, as the white bird, the invariable harbinger of spring in this northern climate, commenced his brilliant performance, and carolled away in such a reckless and incessant manner, that he seemed to have lost himself in the ecstasy of sweet sounds, as well as enchanted the senses of those who found themselves beguiled of an hour while enjoying his delightfully modulated warblings. High in the heavens flew the heron and the buzzard, to a new favourite haunt on the banks of some mighty stream, where the splash of the red man's paddle, or the sharp echoes of the back woodman's rifle, had not scattered their prey in terror to a more secluded spot in the "far, far west," wherein to live, and move, and have their being; higher still, soaring upwards, to a height that the most adventurous aeronaut never yet dreamt of reaching, the eagle, child of the sun! strayed away into the immense expanse of ethereal matter; overtopping the clouds, he stretched his pinions, and rose again and again, screaming with delight, and intoxicated with the unbounded sense of liberty and motion, until satiated for the time, he turns his wonderful sight with scrutinizing glances towards our mother earth, and detects some object which arrests his attention, and causes him to balance himself for an instant in that high region beyond the ken of man, when, like a thunderbolt cast loose from heaven, he descends, and, quick almost as the lightning's flash, a sturdy buffalo, or fleet deer, lies extended on the plain, stunned by the shock, and weltering in his own blood. On banks which received the sun's warmest rays, by old hedge rows, and on the forest side, snakes of every hue trailed their slow length along, to bask and glisten in the beams of the bright orb of day, and indulge in the luxurious indolence of a half state of torpor, until roused by the sharp thorn of hunger to a state of activity and motion, when, woe betide the timorous mouse, or unsuspecting young of the nest or warren, whose agility will not enable them to escape from the poison-tipped fang of their noiseless gliding enemy. The woods were rich in foliage—the towering pine and portly elm were clothed in exuberant leaf—the dark walnut and shady maple, together with the varied hues of the oak and wild cotton tree, blended in endless profusion, gave full effect to the landscape, and contributed a delightful and refreshing shade from the heat of the meridian sun.

Adjoining Kingston, where formerly the forest stood alone in its pride and glory, orchards had sprung up, and now contributed their quota to the general fertility of the

season, the branches appearing burdened and ready to break down with the weight of the peaches, nectarines, and luscious plums, which were ripened to perfection; whilst apples, such apples as not even the sunny south can rival, were hanging in clusters at the ends of the branches, and studding the tops of the trees, temptingly inviting the thirsty wayfarer to stretch forth his hand and taste of the luxury concealed under a covering, universally admitted to be exquisite in the beauty of its tints and colouring; nor need visions of the "pains and penalties of the law," on account of the trespass, cross his mind's eye—nor scruples of the morality of the act disturb his enjoyment; for, through the greater part of the Continent of America, it seems to be a principle conceded to the traveller, that he is at liberty to choose for himself, and eat of the tree that he has not planted, without let or hindrance from the proprietor, who, should he retain any of the strict notions of the mother-country, and resent this freedom with his orchards, would soon have the tide of public opinion set against him so strong, that he would be glad to succumb, and follow in the track of these sticklers for equality and independence.

The Upper Province of Canada had not experienced so favourable a season for many years—the whole country was in a high state of verdure and prosperity; the golden coloured Indian corn or maize fields, rustled with a light breeze that skimmed along their surface, and carried the sweet aroma from the waving ears, presenting a noble sight, telling of peace and plenty during the severities of the approaching winter. In the smaller enclosures, melons, pumpkins, and other esculent plants, were thriving in profusion, and covering the surface of the ground with their produce; here and there the long tendrils of the hop could be discerned, overtopping the tall poles, with the large clusters of bloom drooping in graceful yet natural arrangement, resembling in appearance the festooned flowers of the well-known laburnum. The weather was warm, yet relieved by occasional showers and thunder storms, that cooled the air and assisted vegetation, aiding dame nature to array herself in her most voluptuous attire, calling into being those flowers whose province it is to adorn the autumn, and blending their hues with the beauties of Flora's collection that had lingered from the early summer.

It was over a scene closely resembling the one described that the sounds of bells broke forth, alternately uttering salvos of joy, then bursting into a continued riotous peal, merry as a glee-maiden's laugh, that awoke the echoes of the neighbouring hills, and called the good towns-folk of Kingston from their ordinary avocations, to join in the general diversion and holiday. Now, booming through the air, was heard the roar of the "dread artillery," vomiting forth its thunders in unison with the clang of bells, shaking old and fragile houses to their foundations, and making the windows chatter as though agitated with the convulsions of a hundred earthquakes. The sun was high in the heavens. Troops marched to and fro in never-ending succession. Aid-de-camps spurred their mettled steeds through the thronged streets; whilst numerous groups of Indians hovered about, dressed in the light and picturesque costume of their nation, chatting together in low guttural tones, or gravely watching the passing bustle of the day. Conspicuous among the Indians, stood the tall form of the Chief, surrounded by a circle of scarred and weather-beaten warriors, whose active and sinewy frames spoke of hardships patiently endured, and cheerfully overcome, during the vicissitudes consequent on their primitive state of life. With shaven head, save the small tuft on the top cherished by every red man, his tomahawk swung loosely in the hollow of his left arm, his rifle in his hand, and scalping knife bared by his side, his pendulous ear-rings, and gaily ornamented mocassins, he presented the "beau ideal" of a savage chieftain; realizing the conception of our youthful days when reading the records of this wild people, imagination has delighted to pourtray their manly forms and curious dress. Chief of a hardy and a warlike race, he often summoned his warriors to the attack, and carried terror and death into the heart of the neighbouring tribes; scattering their plantations to the winds, demolishing their wigwams and villages, and leaving a track of bloodshed and desolation to tell of his victorious presence and add another pang to the dread his name already inspired. And seldom did his party return from an inroad, into the territories occupied by a hostile tribe, but they came encumbered with spoil, and accompanied by the youngest and stoutest of the women, to give strength to their tribe, and add to the number of their wives or squaws, while their girdles were decorated with many a reeking scalp, to furnish a theme for their war song, and give them "celat" and consequence in the council of their nation.

When the whites first obtained a settlement in this part of the country, Matowabee, then a young man, and but recently called to preside as Chief of the nation, received them with confidence and good faith, and smoked the pipe of peace, in token of his amity and friendly disposition, and for some time gave abundant evidence of the sincerity of his conduct and intentions; but, ere long, the increasing numbers of the emigrants, or as they were at that time denominated, colonists, together with their rapacity and freedom from lawful restraint, induced them to overlook the hereditary claims of the red man, and make large encroachments on the hunting grounds and maize plantations possessed by their fathers and highly-reverenced warriors, from the date of their earliest traditions. At first, yielding to the aggressive conduct of their unscrupulous invaders, they retired further into the interior of the country, seeking more secluded situations for their encampments, and avoiding, as much as it was possible for their rugged natures to do, a contest, rendered doubtful and hazardous in its issue; from barbarous valour, determined heroism, and cunning, on one side; and from numbers, combined power, and the use of fire-arms on the other.

It was not possible for this state of affairs to remain without an outbreak. The rough and ready Colonist, seeking the most eligible plot of land for his shanty and home, scrupled not to intrude on the domain of the Indian tribes, and possess himself of the best hunting grounds and most favourite fishing places; ousting the poor child of the forest, offering him no equivalent in return to soften the angry excitement that at length prevailed on the frequent repetitions of those imprudent and indefensible transactions. Perhaps, in no other country, is the native temperament so little disposed to brook insult or injury, so forward to punish, and, at the same time, so crafty, deep, and ferocious in the execution of their revenge, as in that of the Indians of Northern America. Nothing can wipe out an injury inflicted save the blood of the offender. A full sense of it is treasured up for years, and at their decease, transmitted from son to son, from brother to brother, until opportunity offers, and the perpetrator has been found in a favourable position for the smothered vengeance to give itself vent; when the most demoniacal cruelties are practised upon their victim, and human nature, overpowered by an indulgence in the grosser passions, falls far below the level of the brute creation.

Goaded on by insult after insult, aggression after aggression, they at last determined to extirpate their intemperate and impolitic neighbours, and, by a general massacre, rid themselves of a nuisance that had become intolerable, of a party whose demands were insatiable, and whose conduct was overbearing in the extreme. With characteristic cunning and treachery, they fell upon the unsuspecting Colonists at the dead of the night, and surprised many of them in their beds, where resistance was useless; sacrificing, in their indiscriminate rage and vengeance, friend as well as foe; burying in one common ruin, the mother and the babe, and mingling the blood of the child with that of the adult. The appalling war whoop of the ruthless Indian was the only knell of the sturdy Colonist and his hapless family, on whose calcined bones and smoking dwelling the morning sun rose, exposing to broad day a scene of fiendish destruction as the only remaining memento of the fate of the pioneers of civilization, commerce, and christianity. Long and cruel was the war that broke out, from the occurrences of that fatal night. The survivors hastened to avenge their slaughtered countrymen, and teach the Indians a lesson of forbearance, and fairly emulate them in the bloodthirstiness of their zeal, and the dogged perseverance and daring with which they carried out their object. Mutual hatred, and a repetition of the most barbarous transactions, tended to keep in full blaze every evil passion of their nature; and it was not until the lapse of many years, that anything approaching to friendship or cordiality was established between the two contending parties; even then, collisions took place at intervals with varying success, for, whenever they occurred by day, the Colonists generally became the victors; while in surprises and night attacks, the Indian stood indisputably the conqueror. As the tide of emigration set in with redoubled force, and the settlers increased more and more in number, the now diminished tribes of the red Indian found themselves compelled to recede further from the shores of their gigantic lakes and rivers, around whose margins they had hovered with a fondness and tenacity, expressive of the reluctance they felt in resigning their old haunts, and seeking a scanty and precarious subsistence in the trackless forests of the far west, where the foot of the white man did not dare to follow them. When at length an intercourse was commenced, and the gewgaws of the one bought the fine and valuable furs and skins of the other, convenience alone kept

them on terms of apparent friendship, and prevented them from starting into open hostility, and recklessly embuing their own hands in crime which would involve whole settlements in ruin and confusion. Reverting to a practice, equitable and just, according to their own ideas, they frequently helped themselves to the produce of the land forcibly wrested from them, and, by a midnight appropriation of the better portion of what the land bore, fully repaid themselves for the loss of the land itself; leaving the angry and bewildered settler in a paroxysm of indignation, to congregate his nearest friends and neighbours and pursue the marauding thieves, who thus left him to encounter a long and rigorous winter with but a trifling portion of what he had laboured hard, and almost in vain, to extract from the unfertilized soil of his wild and woody location. Retaliation was almost as certain as the commission of the deed, though latterly it failed to interest any, save those immediately connected with the individuals who suffered the loss; these made up in daring what was deficient in numbers, and numberless were the hair-breadth escapes they encountered in following the trail of the marauding Indian and engaging him in fight. Woe to the one whose star was so far on the decline as to suffer himself to be taken prisoner; wounded perhaps, and with life scarcely lingering in her strong hold. What torments awaited the hapless prisoner, who, overpowered by numbers, or exhausted by fatigue, fell into the hands of his unrelenting enemies and lived. Well authenticated accounts tell of the refinement of cruelty practised on the fallen foe, vying in atrocity, with the universally known and execrated abominations of the Spanish inquisition. The stake and its attendant horrors, with never a pitying eye to sympathize with the agonised pang, or a cheering word to sustain the courage of the sinking one, who died away, far away from his kindred and country. These are the things that men of the present day know only by name, but which the last generation knew as familiarly as household words, and performed their allotted part in obedience to the law of providence, which cast their lot in that far off land, and made their sufferings and privations the precursor of a nation, countless as the sand on the sea shore. The European, deserted by his companions, who sought their personal safety in flight, calmly and tearfully awaited his inevitable fate, or, agitated more by the sense of danger and death than by its actual pain and presence, surrendered his faculties, fainted, and unconsciously passed through the dread ordeal. Not so the Indian, trained from earliest infancy to express a disregard for pain and corporeal suffering, and taught to believe that he shall pass from this state to a better, if he maintain his character to the last; he dares the welcome stroke that opens the path to the happy regions above, where none but warriors, good men, and true, are admitted; and, in the midst of sufferings the most acute, taunts his enemies with his past prowess and their cowardice, exclaiming in exulting tones, "I am brave and intrepid. I do not fear death, nor pain of any kind. You who do are cowards. You are weaker than women. Life is nothing to me. I am a chief. I have taken your scalps. Oh! that I could devour mine enemies, and drink their blood to the last drop." And when the last extremity arrives, he dies chanting:

"I go to the land of my fathers. Death is welcome to me.
It opens the path to that country where the warrior's spirit is free.
Where the brave and intrepid, with the good and happy remain;
And chase the wild deer, without sorrow, or trouble, or pain.
Unscathed from your torments, I shall pass through the ordeal.
See! I shrink not. In vain, you but hasten my wail;
Your endeavours are useless, your labour in vain;
You cannot nerve me, for death is my gain "

As time sped on, working its accustomed changes, these occurrences became more rare; the Indian had learned to drink deeply of the graphically designated "fire waters," introduced by the white man, and had lost much of the native energy and hardihood of his character; in consequence; being under no moral restraint, abandoned to the indulgence of their mere animal gratification, they rioted in the debasing habit of intoxication to the fullest extent of their opportunities; enervating their iron nerves, sowing the seeds of disease in their patriarchal constitutions, and thinning their numbers by hundreds, as they dropped away from the effects of unwonted stimulants. At this time, too, variola, or small pox, lent its aid to diminish the strength of the Indian tribes, extending its ravages to such a degree as to depopulate whole villages, and almost exterminate whole tribes; indeed, it was a pitiable sight to see the survivors roaming about, deploring the loss of their relatives and friends, pining after the stalwart companions of their early days, and seeming as though bereft of every comfort and joy;

existing in the world a mere shadow of their former selves, a mere type of their by-gone greatness. By this time the British government had interposed its authority in favour of the fading aborigines, and assigned them a district of land, adjacent to Upper Canada, where their boundaries were protected by law, and certain parties empowered to see that their rights were not infringed upon. Here they congregated together, and maintained their original habits and customs without interference or controul, and, in some slight measure, rallied from the devastating scourge that had carried off three parts of their generation; apart from the busy throng of the Colonists, who, now increased to the numbers of a nation, pushed their commerce and trade in every direction, rivalling the mother-country in her manufactures, opposing her in her markets, and, flushed with prosperity and rapidly increasing wealth, began to question her acts and ordinances, and demur to her requirements, and in the end broke out into open rebellion and opposition, and succeeded in emancipating themselves from her rule and government. In this long contested struggle for one of the members to separate itself from the main body, and attain an independent existence of its own, the Indians at first held aloof; they remembered the numerous benefits conferred upon them in their season of adversity; benefits which, in fact, were essential to their existence as a people, and without which they must necessarily have perished miserably; still, they found it difficult to resist the golden promises held out to them by the insurgents, and would, perhaps, have nibbled the tempting bait had not their contiguity to the two Canadas, which still kept constant to their loyalty, operated as a sort of check upon their cupidity, and induced them to maintain their neutral position. The government, alarmed at the prospect of their force being ultimately allied to that of the rebel colonists, found it necessary to comply with the exigencies of the time, and by making free use of the influence they possessed, as well as a liberal distribution of promises and gold, endeavoured to attach them to their own cause. In this they were successful, and, during the whole course of the war, reaped decided advantage from their cunning, stratagem, and impetuous valour whenever brought into contact with the enemy. Still, they formed a most difficult problem for the Commander in Chief to work; never certain of their aid unless he saw them actually engaged, he knew not, one day from the other, but that weighty influences had been at work to detach them from their professed allegiance, and that his plans, so far as they were intrusted to them, had been betrayed to his opponents, and their arms leagued together to overthrow him. Cunning enough to foresee the artificial consequence of the position they occupied, from the hostile state of the two parties, they made every use of its peculiarity and power to harass the minds of those they acted with, and obtain from their fears largess after largess, gift after gift, on pain of transferring their aid to the opposing party, who, they declared, offered them immense sums for the purpose. After a close and unnatural struggle, the war came to a close, and the independence of the Colonists, under the cognomen of the "United States" of America, was declared, and their pretensions, as a separate nation, acknowledged by the European powers, who, with the exception of France, had looked on passively during the progress of the contest.

Now that the blessings of peace were again diffused over the land, and each country strove to remedy the waste, both of men and money, the war had caused, it was necessary that the red men should not be overlooked, but that some steps should be taken to turn their attention from strife and blood, to the cultivation of those peaceful arts which had been neglected for so long a period; and in lieu of the plunder and extravagance of war, afford them some means of obtaining a subsistence in the renovated order of things. Many schemes were tried, numerous plans started, and operated upon; some broached by the colonial government; others by the philanthropic benevolence of individuals, but in vain: the habits of a whole life, strenghtened by the scenes of strife they had so recently witnessed, in connection with the same people who now wished them to forget that such things had been, were too strongly grafted in their nature, and formed too much a portion of themselves to allow them to reap even a partial advantage from the good natured attempts at reformation. The hand that had played with the tomahawk from earliest infancy could not be brought to grasp the spade and sickle, or exchange the pleasure of skimming along the surface of their glassy lakes, to entrap the funny residents below, for the continued labour of the woodman. However much the character of the following generation may be altered by the continuance of peace, and the prevalence of unremitting industry, it is certain that these could not brook the incessant labour and application

indispensable to their permanent advantage and progressive comfort, and preferred the wandering unfettered ease of a half nomade state of life to any other, no matter how attractive and beneficial in its general bearing.

Seeing their sturdy disinclination to useful employment, and their devoted attachment to the habits and customs of their former life, the government have desisted from any further attempt to divert their ordinary course of existence, but have done all in their power towards ameliorating their condition by constant presents of such articles of clothing, and fire-arms, and powder, as they believed would be most serviceable and pleasing to them; thus rendering them real benefit and assistance, while at the same time, they retain a hold upon their gratitude and affection, and keep them subservient to the British influence, in the event of another war with their go-a-head neighbours of the United States. These presents, consisting principally of blankets, the usual dress of the male and female Indian, fire-arms, powder, and tinsel ornaments for their head and ears, with which they delighted to load themselves, were usually distributed at the latter portion of the summer, so that they might have them in their possession during the long and severe winter; in this instance they were distributed earlier than ordinary, in consequence of the presence of some foreign prince, whose curiosity was awakened to witness the gathering of so many of the American tribes, on an occasion so interesting and gratifying in its nature. A grand review of the British troops was also appointed to take place at the same time, that the spectacle should lose nothing from the want of contrast, and have a more varied, and consequently more striking, effect, than if they took place separately.

By degrees the streets became deserted, converging to the northern side of the town; along a wide and spacious road thousands wended their way to witness, or be partakers in, the business that occupied all minds, to the exclusion of every other thought or care. At a moderate distance from the town lay a large and gently sloping plain that ran down to the margin of a deep bay, connected with the lake Ontario; on its right, massive woods threw their shadows over the plain, and afforded a cool shade from the heat of the day; on the left, cultivated fields and gardens met the view, with the town in the background; while on the upper side several tents were erected for the accommodation of the thronging visitors; one large marquee, surmounted with the Union Jack, gave evidence of the whereabouts of the Governor of the Canadas, together with his illustrious visitors, and betokened that expectation was likely to be gratified in the anticipated view of the representative of royalty. Scattered on the grass, in pleasing confusion, the different groups of Indians, military, and civilians, wiled away the time in all the luxury of ease and indolence; here and there, mixed together as old acquaintances; and companions in fishing or hunting expeditions, recognized each other, and hastened to renew their former friendship, and discourse of the moving accidents of flood and field they had shared together. Others engaged in trials of strength, or skill; soldier against civilian; red man against the red coat and british thew and sinew; contending for the palm of victory in a spirit of friendly competition: their old feuds and animosities buried deep in the sands of time, and totally obliterated by their more frequent intercourse, and the numerous good offices that had passed between them. The costumes were as heterogeneous as the men who wore them; here, the striped blanket of the Indian, and his gay moccasins peeping from beneath, ornamented with bright copper tags and heads, and party-coloured ribbons, with his girdle, tobacco-pouch, and scalping knife; his squaw and piccaninnies dressed unique, in all the unsophisticated vanity of their primitive tastes: there, the bright scarlet uniforms of the infantry, mingling with the deep blue of the artillery; these again interspersed with the bright dresses of the fair and fashionable of the civil life, together with the strains of music that floated across on the stillness of the mid-day air, conspired to produce a scene, such as it falls to the lot of but few to witness.

A loud report, a start, and then a laugh, as the echoes of the signal gun die away; the troops hurry to arms, the Indians retire to the rear, and parties are rapidly thrown out to keep a space clear for the evolutions that take place during the review that precedes the distribution of the presents. These movements occupy but a brief space of time, and, after a few preliminary manœuvres, the troops "stand at ease," resting on their arms; the music is hushed, and the spectators await in quiet expectation the arrival of the Governor. Nor had they to wait long. A mounted orderly had been posted at the entrance of the plain to bring timely intelligence of his approach, and was now seen returning at the top speed of his horse, and directing his course towards that part of the

field where the artillery were posted; reining his horse up short, he spoke to the captain in command, and instantaneously the "batteries" opened their brazen mouths and fired the usual salute; while, ere the column of smoke had had time to clear away, and dissolve into thin air, the Governor and his brilliant staff cantered gently up the slope, and acknowledged the salute of the troops, who had presented arms as soon as he came abreast of the line. The full "pomp and circumstance" of war was here displayed in all its pride without any of its horrors, and many a young heart throbbed with new born valour and heroism, as he gazed on the splendid uniform of the Governor and his Aid-de-camps, covered with stars, and bullion eguillettes, and tassels, as they rode among the troops, mounted on high-mettled and gaily caparisoned chargers. Passing along the line they turned towards the Indians, who were huddled in one indiscriminate mass, and saluted the chiefs, who lowered their tomahawks and bent their bodies in simple acknowledgement of submission and respect. The troops were then exercised in the various evolutions usually performed on a grand field day; and what with marches and counter marches, solid squares, with bristling bayonets, charges in open column, fusilades, and the cannons' "dinning roar," sufficiently captivated the hearts of the lookers on, who would be willing to prove to a demonstration, that they were the best and bravest soldiers in the whole universe, and cordially coincided with the encomiums passed upon their soldier-like appearance and bearing, by the Governor himself, than whom a better judge could not be desired, more especially, as from him, the lion of the day, it was of the utmost consequence to obtain commendation and praise.

This portion of the day's business over, the troops deployed to the right and left, and with the nine pounder batteries, formed three sides of a hollow square, in which the Indians took up a position behind their chiefs, who faced the open side, and received the Governor as he dismounted from his charger, and advancing, attended by his staff, addressed them in an oration to the following effect. "Chiefs of the Iroquois, and other nations of the red men. Our great father, King George, has sent me to you this day. He loves his children that live on the lakes and in the endless woods of Canada. He is glad to hear of their welfare, and hopes that their young men are successful in the chase, that their wigwags may be filled with meat, and that their little ones may have plenty in the winter season. He trusts that you live at peace with your neighbours, and pay more attention to your plantations than to brawls and disturbances. The presents he sends you to day he gives in proof of his good will and affection, that your old men and your children may be warm against the ice comes, and be happy on earth until the good spirit calls them away to himself, to mix with the good men who have gone before. Let your young men stay at home and avoid the "fire waters" of the towns, and they will live long and be a great people. For the sake of King George you will do this." During the delivery of this brief address, couched as much as possible, in their own peculiar style, for the sake of suiting their comprehension, they listened with profound attention, and only gave utterance to their satisfaction by a subdued nod of assent, and when concluded, they maintained the most perfect silence, merely raising their heads, and looking into the face of the speaker, as though trying to read the sincerity of his expressions in the lineaments of his physiognomy. After a pause of short duration, the old Chief, drawing himself up to his full height, and exposing his venerable head, with hair white as the driven snow, glanced round upon his companions, and prepared to reply to the speech they had listened to. "Great Chief," said he, "I am as an aged hemlock—the winds of eighty winters have passed through my branches—I am dead at the top—all my leaves are withered. My people are gone; where are they? The Mohawk and the Delaware have passed away; they have deserted their favourite streams and are not seen. They did not die with the enemy upon their trail—they drank of the white man's rum and withered away? A few remain; but where are they seen. They counted as the trees of the forest, but are now become one little village. We thank King George for his good words—his heart is warm towards the red men; they will be his friends. Their children shall hunt together in the forest, and they shall live in quiet, and have plenty." Soon as the brave old man had concluded, the Governor invited them to accompany him to his marquee, where some of the principal presents were removed, and selecting a few of the most valuable articles, graciously offered them for the acceptance of the head men of the party; who, highly gratified, returned to their companions, and lauded the kindness and condescension of the donor, in warm, and apparently heartfelt, expressions. Approaching to the vicinity of the Governor's tent, a party of them formed themselves into a circle,

and commenced their war dance, evidently as an acknowledgment of their satisfaction and kind treatment; for it is seldom that they like to indulge in its maddening frenzy, before spectators not of their own country and nature. First, moving to a low and soft cadence, they danced slowly round one standing in the middle, who marked the rude time of the measure, and acted as a sort of a fugleman in regulating the pauses and directing their movements. Now, increasing their wild and frantic gestures, working every muscle of the body, and brandishing their tomahawks in fierce and threatening postures, they rushed towards each other as though bent on their immediate and certain destruction; then retreating ere they came into actual contact, and wheeling round, followed out the mazes of a figure of interminable extent, uttering the most appalling yells and cries. To such a state did they work themselves by the terribly exciting influence of this dance, and by such an uncontrollable frenzy of passion did they appear to be possessed, that many of the lookers on withdrew, apprehensive that the demon once raised, would not be satisfied to return passively to his resting place without slaking his thirst by the blood of some of the bye-standers, orengendering those scenes that ordinarily terminate in mischief. It was scarcely possible to conceive that the persons so renowned for their stoicism, and the iron nature of their nerves, were the same who now danced and yelled about like incarnate demons, glaring round on the assembled thousands, their faces half streaked with the red ochre and perspiration that plentifully bedewed their panting bodies. Fortunately, as soon as the performers of this most singular characteristic of savage nature had concluded, they were hurried off the plain by some of their calmer brethren, while the distribution of the presents took place, and the bands struck up their liveliest airs to banish any lingering feeling of national excitement from the minds of the natives. The governor and his "suite," here left the ground, and were quickly followed by the troops, after firing another round, and leaving a company to check any disturbance, and operate as a controul over the rugged and fickle natures of the children of the "forest wild," when receiving their quota of the generous assistance afforded by the rulers of "Old England." The party entrusted with the apportionment of these gifts, must have been possessed of no mean insight into their individual and general wants, to be able to give them satisfaction, and at the same time, carry out the benevolent intentions of the givers. It was truly a humorous scene—motley was the only wear. On this side a "brave," in his gay mocassins and tinsel covered leggings, endeavouring to accommodate a scarlet grenadier's coat to his hitherto unshackled neck; on that, some painted visage, decorated with pendulous silver ornaments, swathing his bronzed and swarthy frame in a lily white blanket fresh from the loom; farther away, a knot of ambitious marksmen trying the quality of their newly-acquired rifle, or fowling piece, by shooting at a mark, or popping at the first unlucky squirrel that ran among the branches of the neighbouring trees. At length, these matters became satisfactorily and amicably adjusted, and many of the civilians, as well as the Indians, retracted their steps towards their homes: others remained upon the plain, and sauntered about, scanning the various peculiarities of the people, or entering the booths, joined in the gay revels proceeding within, until the grey twilight of evening began to gather round, and prudence dictated a return to their respective domiciles. A few over whom time had not extended its saddening influence, and whose hearts were still throbbing with the bright hopes and enthusiastic feelings of youth, lingered about the banks of the bay, in company with some much cherished companion, unwilling to quit so lovely a spot whilst the last glimpses of day remained; and, as the shades of night gathered round, and hovered about, ready to drop the sable mantle of darkness over the transactions of the day, seemed like spirits belonging to another world, rather than denizens of this terrestrial globe. Flitting between the trees that grew close to the edge of the deep clear water; enjoying the cool refreshing air that skimmed across its surface; engaged in converse, such as can be better imagined than described, the Indian maiden bent her willing ear to the whispered tones of the manly figure that walked by her side, or gazed into the dim surface of the bay, in intent absorbing thought, searching, through the dimmer prospects of futurity, for some clue wherewith to trace her subsequent fate and history. The soft strains of music, mellowed down by the distance and broken by the trees; the pale lamps that illumined the tents, and the flickering flame from the fires, that threw its yellow stream of light across the bay and among the leaves and branches, added to the calmness of the evening, and disposed the heart to soft melancholy and love, checking the forward footstep in its fall, and causing the voice to sink to the low impassioned tones, that harmonize so well with

34 A DAY WITH THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

a scene like this, and beset a pleasant stroll with a friend on a delightful autumn evening. Many of the distant travelled Indians took their slumbers under the broad canopy of heaven, and slept as soundly, and carelessly, as though stretched upon a bed of down; nor waited for the sun's bright appearance ere they were up and stirring, prepared to listen to the matin song of the feathered choristers, refresh themselves by a dip in the clear pellucid water of the lake Ontario, and then return to their forest homes, laden with tangible proofs of the generosity of the British nation.

JAMES PENNOCK.

Earl Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.

FALLING LEAVES.

BY JOHN SCHOLES.

(Author of the "*Bridal of Naworth*," "*Miscellaneous Poems*," &c.)

I hear the moan of Autumn's parting breath,
Old Winter cometh soon:—
He cometh clad in the garb of death,
Chaunting a morunful tune.
I love the sound, but cannot tell
Why sadness pleaseth me so well.
Better I love the Autumn time
Than Spring in her bloom or the Summer prime:
The fading leaf hath a charm for me,
The bud and the bloom can never bring;
I need not the song of the Summer bee,
For the Autumn wind
Hath a dirge and a tone—
The sweetest one—
For the leaf that falls when Summer is gone.
And ever the brook keeps murmuring,
With the wailing cry of a troubled mind,
For the fair bright things it leaves behind—
"I leave my quiet hermitage,
Bent on weary pilgrimage;
And my dim cathedral old,
Done with Nature's tracery;
And oak in gothic mould,
My matin and my vesper song
That pealed so holily.
And incensed-censer, zephyr-swung,
On every flower and tree.
I may not stay,
But haste away,
As fades a beam at close of day,
Counting my silver beads away."
The stream glides on, while one by one,
Drop—drop the yellow leaves:
A sound through the topmost boughs hath gone,
Like the moan of a heart which grieves.
The forest trees are grey and old;
Their veins are dry, their hearts grow cold;
They have been old for many an age,
And many an age to come,
When we have done our pilgrimage,
Young buoyant hearts will roam

Beneath those grey old forest trees,
 And shudder, when the Autumn breeze
 Is answered by a hollow sigh,
 As one life-wearied begs to die—
 "Why will ye die! why will ye die!
 Oh! leaves that fall so fast?
 Why come ye down from the sun and sky
 To the stream that glideth past?"
 "We that were set on the golden crown
 Of the forest king, and the lowly born
 Of the flowers and the shrub, and the warrior-thorn—
 And the sorrowful willow, must all come down
 To the stream that bears us eternally on—
 We go as our race before hath gone.
 We know not why we fade or fall,
 But yield when the Autumn breezes call.
 Old and sere, and pale and thin,
 With nought of life our veins within,
 Sooner we would thus be flying,
 Than linger on where all are dying.
 Another race will soon efface
 The memory of our vacant place.
 Some in the bud and some in the leaf
 Died early, as from very grief:
 Some with a sickly hue o'ercast
 Have lived, and struggled, and clung to the last.
 Some in the pride of youthful May
 Have withered off in a single day.
 And some that braved the storm on high
 Have fallen when not a breath was nigh.
 Some with the worm, and some with the storm,
 Some with the frost, and the rain and the wind;
 The bright, and the gay, and the lovely in form
 Have perished, and few are they leaving behind—
 How few! of a race which has flourished and grown
 With the hosts that for ever are scattered and flown.
 High and low, together blending,
 Side by side in death they lie,
 Downward to the grave descending,
 Where? O Where?—eternally."

CLAUD HYLTON, THE HUNCHBACK.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

SHAKESPEARE.

TOURISTS who have been on the borders of Scotland will have remarked the great number of ruins of castles, towers, and other strong-holds which are here and there thickly strewn over the vicinities of the borders on both the English and Scottish sides—monuments of the bloody feuds which were almost daily occurring with the people in these unhappy districts, at the time when the two countries were at strife with each other. Connected with these ruins are many historical and legendary tales which have furnished matter for the historian, the poet, and the novelist; but there are yet many legends that have escaped notice and remain now only in the memories of a few of the inhabitants in the immediate neighbourhood of the particular place.

There yet stands, on the eastern border, in the neighbourhood of Aberwick, the remains of a tower, which, to this day, is called the Bell Tower; and in 1670, was

inhabited by Archibald Hylton, whose duty it was to keep watch and ward, and to ring the alarm bell on the approach of hostile strangers. At the time of our story, however, Hylton's office was almost a sinecure. Under Charles II., the border raids, hitherto so numerous, were becoming more and more rare. Archibald Hylton had a wife, and a son and daughter, and these, with a male and female servant, formed the entire occupants of the tower. Hylton himself, however, might be considered a host. He stood about six feet three inches high, stout and well made, and possessing Herculean strength, he was well adapted for the situation which he held. He had a fine open countenance, in which honour and honesty were strongly depicted. His wife was a kind-hearted matron, and though more than fifty winters had passed over her head, traces of early beauty were still plainly visible. Their son, Claud, was a youth of eighteen, of stunted growth, standing, at this age, not more than four feet high, with a considerable protuberance on his back, rising almost to a level with the crown of his head. His legs too, though short, were inclined inwards, keeping up a perpetual strife with each other. Notwithstanding these numerous bodily defects, his countenance was remarkably pleasing—nay, beautiful. His face was oval; he had a fine, high, open forehead, piercing dark eyes, a nose well formed, a small mouth, with rosy lips, enclosing a brilliant set of teeth. His neck was long and graceful, over which hung his raven locks in chaste and natural curl. His conversation was animated and entertaining, and keeping out of view his bodily deformity, he might have been considered a being calculated to adorn society. Claud's sister, Anne, was a girl of sixteen, with her brother's face, but with a form that would have graced a Hebe.

The Bell Tower stands upon the ancient ramparts of the town of Aberwick; and although these ramparts are entirely in ruins, and in many places totally destroyed, yet the town is still encased in formidable walls, which are built considerably within the old line. These walls are to this day kept in a state of thorough and efficient repair, and in some parts the massive folding doors are yet on their hinges, and within the present half century, were nightly closed at nine o'clock. Aberwick is situated close upon the German ocean, and though once the chief sea-port of Scotland, and inhabited by a wealthy and enterprising class of people, is now a small and inconspicuous town. Within the ramparts, on the north side of the town, and within four hundred yards of the Bell Tower, stands the vicarage, a large and venerable looking brick building, inhabited, at the time of our story, by John Smithson, then vicar of Aberwick. He was a man of learning and piety, beloved, not only by the members of his own congregation, but by the inhabitants of the parish generally. Mr. Smithson had a daughter, who was a companion of Anne Hylton, and an intimacy had sprung up in consequence between Miss Smithson and Claud, but, from his misshapen trunk, it was thought that she could have no serious thought of ever becoming his wife; yet it was well known that he loved her, and loved her ardently, and was therefore an occasional visitor at the vicarage. When, however, it became known to Miss Smithson's parents that Claud was paying his addresses to their daughter, they shortly forbade his visits, and ordered her at once to have no more communication with Claud or his sister. With a view of putting their determination into immediate effect, Miss Smithson was sent from home. No sooner was this done, than rumour, with her hundred tongues, had wafted the intelligence to the ears of Claud in the worst possible form. So sudden and unexpected was the news, that Claud could scarce believe it—so kind had the vicar been to him previously—but time soon convinced him. Weeks and months passed away and he could hear no intelligence of Cicely Smithson. His countenance, upon which a smile had hitherto almost constantly dwelt, now gradually settled down, and there was a dark and ominous cloud gathering upon his noble face, and people began to shun him, whose company had hitherto been courted.

About twelve months after Miss Smithson had left Aberwick, a report was very industriously circulated that she was about to be married, and that she was to return home previously. This report completely shattered the hopes of poor Claud.

On Sunday morning, July, 1673, the vicar entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Smithson, who had been for some days indisposed.

"Have you prayed this morning, Margaret?" asked Mr. Smithson.

"I never leave my bed, Smithson, without returning thanks to the Almighty for his great goodness and mercy towards us; and more especially on a Sunday morning, I not only return thanks, but I also pray that he may support you, my dear husband, and

enable you to fulfil the many duties of your sacred office,—but you are surely unwell this morning, you seem very pale.”

“Oh, no; not at all—I am perfectly well—perfectly. Margaret, is there no spot of sin within your breast, which, if your hour was come, you would desire to have washed away.”

“Alas! my husband, by the fall of our first parents, we are all sinners; but I have no particular sin to repent of. I have done my duty as a wife—as a mother—and as a member of society; and, therefore, I firmly believe, through Divine grace, that I would be received at the Lord’s right hand.”

“Then, Margaret, farewell.” The vicar approached his wife—he embraced her—kissed her—and, at the same moment, struck a weapon to her heart, which instantaneously deprived her of life. Beneath the folds of his gown he had concealed a small sword, with which the fatal deed was committed. So true and certain had been the stroke, that she spoke not, and scarce a sigh escaped her lips ere her spirit had quitted its earthly tenement. He laid her gently on the floor—kissed her again and again—and left her. He hastened to his own room, threw off his bloody dress, and having put on another gown, calmly and deliberately walked to church.

The church stands about one hundred yards from the vicarage, of a very singular appearance, without either tower or spire—having been erected in the puritanical days of the Protectorate.

The vicar preached that day from the remarkable text, “THOU SHALT NOT KILL!” It was remarked that never, upon any occasion, had he displayed so much talent, or preached with such vehement energy—throwing his whole soul into his discourse, and completely paralyzing his hearers. In this strain he continued to pour forth his words of fire, like some inspired being, much beyond his usual time of preaching. At length he concluded by repeating the words of his text in slow and solemn sounds, which reverberated upon the ears of his hearers, and were remembered long after that dreadful day.

Not until the conclusion of the service was the murder discovered. Immediately upon Miss Smithson returning from church (she had only arrived at home on the previous evening) she went to her mother’s room, and was the first to discover the bloody deed. She uttered one loud and piercing shriek, and fell senseless beside the remains of her murdered parent. The noise soon brought the servants, and the vicar, who had just entered, also followed. He expressed no surprise, and the only words which escaped his lips for some time, were, “*The Lord’s will be done!*” Then came the question, “Who has done this?” And, after some little inquiry, it was found that Claud Hylton, the Hunchback, had been seen about the premises during Divine service.

Claud Hylton was arrested, when it was proved that he had made a clandestine visit to the vicarage while the family were at church, and that Mrs. Smithson had been evidently murdered during that time, as Miss Smithson had visited her mother before going to church, and found her then in life. Upon such strong circumstantial evidence poor Claud was committed for trial.

At the trial the whole of the previous evidence was produced, and it was further added that the deceased had been the most strongly opposed to the addresses of Claud, and that this fact was known to him. He was pronounced guilty.

It was observed that the vicar had behaved, during the whole proceedings, with the utmost calmness, never once giving way to unavailing sorrow, but had at all times the appearance of a good christian, who bowed with submission, and without murmur, to the unalterable decrees of Providence. When the verdict of guilty was pronounced he was observed to start. But he immediately recovered his former calm and venerable demeanour. The judge was about to pass the dreadful sentence, when the vicar, in a hollow voice, which thrilled every hearer, exclaimed, “Hold! *I AM THE MURDERER!*”

A new trial was begun. The bloody gown and sword were produced in evidence, and the venerable and beloved minister was doomed to the gallows. He was executed at the “Gallows Knowe,” on the 24th of August, 1673.

Cicely, the daughter, left the neighbourhood, and lived with a maiden aunt a single and virtuous life—dispensing kindness and charity amid her poorer neighbours. Claud afterwards became a gloomy misanthrope. He seldom left the tower, and when he did it was to wander alone by the sea-side, where none could hear and none could see, and where the wild sea-roar accorded so well with his own wild thoughts. He died while yet a youth, pitied, but neither beloved nor regretted.

Rose and Thistle Lodge, Berwick.

ROMEO.

THE ARREST.

It was on a beautiful day, in the month of September, that I found myself travelling across a very rugged and wild country, alone, and not a soul to be seen either coming or going. I travelled on, solemn and thoughtful, until I arrived at a small village, through which I had to pass on my journey, when I met a company of soldiers, and seeing one of them assault a woman who was standing at a door, I struck him down, and immediately I was arrested, and my hands and arms pinioned. I was then placed on the back of a horse and tied down. We were joined by another company of soldiers, and I was marched in the centre, through an immense wood, until we came to a large castle, which was built on a stupendous rock. The bugle was blown to announce our approach—the gates were thrown open, and a party came out to meet us. When we arrived in the court-yard, the captain of the soldiers inquired whether he could have the use of a dungeon for one night; to which the lord of the castle answered by giving orders to his servant to shew him all the dungeons of the castle, and saying he might choose which he thought best. Having selected a dungeon, I was dragged into it, bound as I was, and there left without light or anything, except a bed of straw to lie upon,—the captain swearing that he would march me to the town the next morning, and that I should be beheaded. Now I did not half like the idea of being left in this dungeon all night, as I had often heard of the castle being haunted, and of the old lord having dealings with a certain nameless gentleman; however, so it was to be, go I must. I was left until ten o'clock, when the captain brought me a flask of wine to drink, and then left me to indulge in melancholy thoughts, carefully locking and barring the doors after him. Hour after hour passed away in this manner, until at length I heard a noise in the passage adjoining my prison as of some one dragging something along the passage. I started up, and watched, and listened, expecting every moment to have my prison door opened, but, alas! in vain did I watch and listen; the noise still continued, and I beheld a faint glimmering light shine in my prison as though it came through the wall. The light became gradually clearer and more distinct, and I could see a small aperture in the wall whence came the light; the aperture at length became larger, and the stones in the wall seemed gradually to give way, so that I could plainly discern the arm of a man cased in steel armour, turning a handle round. The aperture at length became large enough to admit a man, and I could then plainly discern the head, arms, and chest of a man, with a torch burning at his side. I was not a little alarmed at the sight, but more so when this same man jumped into my cell, with the torch in his hand, and in a very strange and fearful tone, said, "Follow me." I hesitated, and paused, not knowing what to do, when he said, in the same strange manner as before, "If thou remainest here, is it not certain death? But if thou wilt follow me thou shalt be free." I again hesitated, and thinking that whatever the consequences might be, I could not be worse off than I was, I replied, "Lead on—I follow you." He ordered me to leap through the aperture in the wall, which I did, when I found myself on a staircase, with a large machine above me by which he had rolled away the stones in the wall. He then followed me, and ordered me to descend a few steps that he might close the aperture in the wall, which he did by a few movements of the machine. He then led me down the stairs until we came into another room, rather different from the one I had just left, in which were cloaks and coats strewn about, and a man sitting with his head on the table apparently asleep, and a lamp burning on the table. The man was soon aroused, and by a signal from my leader, ordered to stand guard. He made me swear, by the handle of his sword, as a symbol of the Holy Cross, not to divulge one word, how or by what means I had escaped the dungeon. He gave me a draught of wine to drink, saying that I should have a long way to travel before morning. He then blindfolded me, and led me through numerous subterraneous passages, until we came to a trap door, on which he knocked three times, which was answered by a knock from the inside, which was likewise answered by one from my leader. The door was then opened, and I was led in, my eyes unbandaged, and I found myself in a large cavern, in which were assembled about two hundred men, all cased in steel armour, as was my leader. I soon perceived that my leader was recognised as their captain, and he took his seat on a kind of throne at the head of a long table, which literally groaned under a profusion of good things. After having partaken of some refreshment, I was again blindfolded, and led into the wood, where a horse was in waiting for me. I was ordered to mount and make the

best of my way home, until I should come to a certain place, when I should meet with a monk, to whom I must say, "Good morning, Father Barnabas;" and when I should arrive at the town where I was taken prisoner, I must collect all the written proof that I could of my innocence, and then proceed on my way. To all these directions I promised obedience, and thanking my deliverer kindly for his services, I proceeded on my way. When I arrived at the place appointed, I met the monk, to whom I said, "Good morning, Father Barnabas," to which he replied, "Good morning, my son." We then jogged on together, and in order that I might not be discovered, he put on me a monk's gown. When we arrived at the place where I was taken prisoner I collected what proof I could of my innocence, and then proceeded on my way. After I arrived at home, I attended a public meeting at the Town Hall, and while in the act of making a speech I was arrested by a company of soldiers, who entered unperceived by me, and dragged me to the Court House to take my trial, (being a portion of the same soldiers from whom I had escaped.) I took my trial calmly, and was honourably acquitted, the news of which soon reached the outside, where a great number of people were collected, which caused a general shout of applause, the noise of which awakened me, and I found myself lying snugly in bed, with my watch ticking at my head, and the cat purring on my pillow.

J. MARTIN.

Nottingham.

SONNETS TO THE POET CHATTERTON.

Poor, hapless Chatterton! I would 'twere mine
 To breathe a brighter halo round thy name;
 Then would I roses with the cypress twine,
 Which genius and pity bid thee claim:
 Thy spirit struggled mightily for fame,
 Fame was the mistress of thy thirsting mind;
 But ah! encouragement—at all times lame,
 Lingered too long in listlessness behind.
 Sorrow and hardship met thee on thy way,
 And gaunt-limb'd hunger in thy face did stare,
 While waspish disappointment sipp'd away
 Thy young heart's joy, and stung thee with despair,
 And then thy soul resolved to be free
 From earth's poor glow-worm joys and giant misery!

Alas! and oh, alas! that it were so,
 That when such gems of genius appear,
 Mankind seem jealous while ye linger here,
 In this low vale of wretchedness and woe;
 That time that saw thee unto earth did show
 A youthful form which held a sage's soul;
 A mind illumined with bright fancy's glow;
 A daring fit death's terrors to unroll!
 I often seek, yet seek in vain to see
 The nature of those ills which caused thy woe,
 Which thou didst meet and smile on placidly,
 As if they could not work thy overthrow:
 They were too keen, poor Chatterton, for thee,
 They wiled thy soul from earth, to taste eternity!

S. SHERIF.

North Shields.

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.

BY GEORGE CANDELET.

WHEN Johnson had finished his dictionary he was once asked by a friend how he accomplished so herculean a task. He answered, "My friend, I never should have done had it not been for one little word it contains." This only tended to increase curiosity, and, as a following consequence, impelled the friend of Johnson to inquire with eagerness what that little word was; upon which Johnson addressed him thus, "Sir, it was a task; and many a time when I have been sinking in hopeless despair under the heavy weight of the burthen—when I have thought and felt the pressure of the task, this little word hath inspired me with vigour, and stimulated me to persevere. The word I allude to, is 'try,' so you see I have prosecuted the work to something like an issue because I thought I would try."

It was an axiom of the ancients, that truth lived in a well. It was not meant that truth had taken its abode in that dark cavern of the earth for the purpose of concealing herself from the world. No, what was meant by this saying of the ancients was, that those who were desirous of arriving at truth should dive for her, instead of rooting among the gravel and pebbles round the cavern where she resided. She is of such force that she contains a sparkling brilliancy equal to the precious stones, and may be easily discerned at the bottom of the well. She may be compared to a meridian sun, whose dazzling splendour and forcible rays are only overclouded for a time. It would be as rational to command, like Joshua, the sun to stand still, as to say to mind, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Dame Partington stopping the efflux of the Atlantic with her mop is philosophy personified, compared with mystery opposing "the force of Truth." Yet, forsooth, some of the distinguished writers of the two past centuries, and some of our modern scribes, have vainly attempted to mystify and lessen "the force of Truth"—distinguished writers—aye for the number of books they left behind them, not for the amount of wisdom and talent they contain. Men might as wisely attempt to fix the colour and brilliancy of the Aurora Borealis, or to determine the degrees of the rainbow's curve and the arrangement of its tints, by Act of Parliament, as attempt to settle the hue and character of public opinion by a legislative fiat. The history of the world is a series of proofs of the truth of this position. The principles of Socrates are revered, although twenty centuries have passed since he suicidically terminated his existence. He was a martyr, not so much of truth, as the promulgator of opinion. It is almost a joke to speak of an attempt to suppress those geometrical principles which immortalized the name of Euclid, as his elements, and which were collected nearly three centuries before the commencement of the christian era; and yet, truth is as essentially invulnerable and immortal in morals, in every department of physical and psychological science, as it is in mathematics. Man can no more destroy it than he can destroy the soul of man. Seneca died a martyr, but his morals and precepts will live for ever. Copernicus was persecuted for asserting the discoveries he made; and when he lay expiring, the last words he uttered, previous to his exit, were, "The world will not believe them," and, hugging them to his bosom, he said they were true. Newton has immortalised himself by proving what the former suffered for asserting. A volume of corresponding instances might with equal facility, perhaps with advantage, be compiled. Thought is not within the scope of human volition or power; it cannot be called into existence at our bidding, or crushed at our caprice. Opinion is infinitely more intangible than the "softest kisses of zephyrs;" then, how absurd—how utterly ridiculous to attempt to coerce it. It is not a thing for matter to act upon; it may come in contact with opinion and be vanquished in intellectual warfare; reason may subdue it, but it smiles unhurt at every effort of brute force. It may be reduced to silence, but never suppressed. Futile in the extreme must be all attempts to annihilate it. To quiet it is like burying seed, it springs up, having germinated unseen, and brings forth fruit, "some an hundred fold."

Millions daily exclaim, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Perhaps the latter part of the sentence would never have been uttered by human lips if the daggers of those who were inimical to the opinions of the prophet of Mecca had never been drawn. The Roman mythology, invested with artistical beauty, and associated with all that superstition could suggest to render it potent, and rivet the mind of man in its fetters, crumbled away before the effects of those contemned doctrines

which were mildly and peacefully inculcated in a province of the Roman empire by a Galilean peasant. Nay, the very eagle of "Imperial Rome" was stricken to the earth by the moral effects of the triumphant banner of the cross; that cross which was intended to destroy christianity with the life of its founder. "Crucify him, crucify him!" exclaimed the Jews. They did crucify him, and now Judicium is comparatively extinct, while the sublime tenets that were to be extinguished on Calvary shed their benign radiance on every part of the globe. Opinion is as much an instrument of the providence of the "Parent good Almighty," as is gravitation or any of the laws of the material universe. Were it not presumptuous, we should say the great Being, whose essence is intelligence is more concerned in the operations of mind than in the orbicular motions of the celestial orbs,—that to him a thought which may be immortal—which may be fraught with blessings to myriads of human beings—which may lead man from "nature up to nature's God,"—is a matter of greater moment than the convulsions which destroy old worlds, or the meteoric conglomerations which become new ones. Surely the minds of Thales, Pythagoras, and Newton, exhibit the "finger of God" plainer than do the planets on a December eve, in all their majesty, beauty, and splendour. What a magnificent galaxy do we contemplate in the minds of philosophers and poets, from those of ancient Greece down to those of our own age! What is the whole but a sublime cluster of opinions? Men endure oppression, tyranny rides rough-shod over them, and they submit; yet, let but an adequate opinion of their wrongs be diffused, and they crush the tyrant. Revolutions do not rise from what men suffer, but from what they think. Our reform bill was needed, the present cheap method of letter conveyance was needed, long before they were conceded. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Our present financial change needed regulating years before such a feature was effected in the character of the Institution. We have been recklessly generous; the rules of the Institution have allowed, inculcated, and encouraged reliance and dependence, instead of self-reliance and the ennobling virtue of Independence. My good father, who has now passed the zenith of the meridian of life, and taken a few strides down the inclined plane that "leads to the valley of the shadow of death," observed in his maiden speech upon the subject of self-reliance, twenty-six years ago, and which was delivered within the walls of the sanctuary of an Odd Fellows Lodge-room in the Dudley District, "That few virtues had been more praised by moralists than generosity. Philosophers that are poor praise it because they are gainers by its effects, and the opulent are seldom known to give anything away; and amongst the many that have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to show that, by every favour we receive, we in some degree or measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement. Men should be taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them. If this were so we might then see every man in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor sullen from disappointment. But there are some who, without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit; returning thanks for past relief, and contriving petitions indirectly for a fresh allowance. Such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependence. But before we commence a system of generosity we ought to pause, consider, and weigh well the consequences ere it be too late; lest at some period in the history of our Institution our legislators will, for the preservation of our society, be necessitated to restrict us in the disposal of funds which are collected for a specific purpose, viz: sickness, and the decent interment of the dead. If once we deviate from this course it must be continued; if we give to one we must give to another, or we lay ourselves open for just complaint. Without doubt we are pursuing a system of partiality, a system that is pregnant with the most serious and vital consequences. In the preamble of our rules may be recognized equality; in them may be traced, broad and luminously, the ennobling virtue of impartiality. We all pay alike, and should all receive alike; "to render to Cæsar the things that are not Cæsars," may be generous, but it is neither just, equal, nor impartial. It is essentially necessary, before we become generous, that we should learn to be just. We see conspicuously emblazoned on our emblem plate the figure of a female blindfolded, holding a pair of scales in her hand, balanced by a beam of "truth;" that figure is emblematical of truth, but more

particularly of justice. Men generally are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word. It is commonly believed to consist in the performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This I allow is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity. But there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united. Justice may be defined to be that virtue which impells to give to every person their due and no more. In this extended sense of the word it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or men should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, is fully answered if we give them what we owe them. Thus, justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it. 'The qualities (says Dr. Oliver Goldsmith in his *Essay on Justice and Generosity*) of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, are not in their own nature virtues, and if ever they deserve the title it is owing only to justice, which impells and directs them; without such a moderator candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity improvidence, and generosity mistaken profusion.'"

It is certain the period has arrived predicted in the above, when our legislators have been necessitated to restrain us in the disposal of our funds. We need not look long for objects upon which to bestow our charity, since such objects are innumerable; but we ought invariably to interrogate ourselves when we are charitably inclined, with the questions, are we doing right, or are we doing wrong? Am I acting justly in bestowing charity from funds which are not exclusively my own, or am I acting unjustly? We ought to be more careful with the public purse than we are with our own. It is this want of care and economy that has led to the establishment of the present restrictive principle. It is equally true, although six-and-twenty years have elapsed since the remarks in the above were made, yet they involved a principle that has worked its way, a system that its author has assiduously endeavoured to inculcate through his career as an Odd Fellow.

It is amusing to sit on a beach and watch the flux of the ocean. Wave after wave approaches and recedes; still the tide advances. You put your toe or your finger on the last mark of the encroaching element—it rises again and passes its former limit—you feel no force in the water—it would not rub a chalk mark from off your shoe; yet, notwithstanding, it would overwhelm you if you did not make way for it, and is, perhaps, while you are composedly contemplating it, silently undermining and removing the very ground on which you stand. Such is public opinion—such its growth—and such its effects. Whether it be in politics, in morals, or in religion, opinion is a tide—opposition but renders it turbulent and diverts its course—it still flows on in despite of all impediments. The principle of the financial change in our Order is based on reason, and consequently will work its way like time. Prejudice, brought in contact with interest, ever has failed, and is sure to fail.

Olive Branch Lodge, Hyde District.

SPIRIT'S SONG.

'Tis sweet to be a clayless soul!
 An airy form unseen!
 To skim in sport from pole to pole,
 Where never flesh has been.
 To ride upon the whirlwind's back,
 Or on the lightning's wing,—
 To join the wild and cloudy rack,
 And hear the spirits sing.
 Or when the silver moon is bright,
 To sail from star to star;
 Or wing'd upon a beam of light,
 To brighter worlds afar.
 To dive beneath the sunny waves—
 Upon a summer's day,
 To rove in sport through coral caves,
 And join the dolphins' play.

Victoria Lodge, Warslow.

J. SHAW.

THE ECCENTRIC FAMILY.

Who shall unfold the springs of human will,
 The mystic powers which guide to good or ill?
 Many, like comets, in their course appear,
 Or stars departing from their proper sphere;
 Some stoop to deeds their fellow-men despise,
 Yet all are right—at least in their own eyes:
 Whate'er their follies, still this truth is known,
 Each censures others', and approves his own.

ANON.

There are few villages which do not possess some family, or at least some individual noted for eccentricity. In the city, or the populous town, each person forms, as it were, a component part of it, and in whatever situation he may be placed, he seldom deviates either to the right or left; a common track is marked out for him, and, like a horse accustomed to a certain road, he plods on at a regular and even pace, until he arrives at his journey's end. He must accommodate himself to the wills and manners of others. If he were to indulge in any extravagant whims or caprices, he would be looked upon as a madman; he would be avoided by the prudent sons of commerce; and unless he possessed sufficient resources of his own, he would be deprived of the means of subsistence. With one who resides in a village, it is different. Every man who is able to rent a few acres of land, sufficient for the support of himself and family, becomes his own master. He is not obliged to conform to the opinions of a sordid and narrow-minded employer; he is not encircled by rows of dull and dark mansions, inhabited by prying observers; he looks out with unchecked gaze upon the clear blue sky, the mountain, the stream, and the valley, and he feels that he is at liberty to act as he thinks proper. The wealthy are often absolute oddities, and into whatever absurdities their wayward humours may lead them, they are generally looked upon by their poorer neighbours as perfect prodigies. The very things, which, in the populous town, would draw upon them the sneers of ridicule, in the retired village become objects of astonishment and admiration.

I do not know any family to whom my latter remarks would be more applicable than to the Freemans. George, or, as he was commonly called, Dr. Freeman, was the eldest of the family. He was the parish clergyman, and a justice of the peace; no wonder, therefore, that he considered himself, and was considered by his parishioners, a personage of no small consequence. One of his propensities was the trick of appropriating to himself, without the consent of the owner, any trifling article which attracted his fancy. When on a visit, and anything fixed his attention, he would anxiously wait for a favourable opportunity, and the moment he thought himself free from observation, it was hastily thrust into his pocket, and the Doctor decamped with his prize. This habit, had he lived in town, would doubtless have been productive of no very agreeable consequences to him; but those to whom he was known, generally permitted him to indulge it unmolested, as he always took care to present them, in return, with something of equal, if not superior value to the article taken. Those who were wishful to cultivate his good graces, were accustomed to place trifles in his way, which they thought likely to please his inclination, for the purpose of inducing him to take them; if they succeeded in their design to tempt him, his favour was certain to follow. The Doctor was of an amorous temperament, and however derogatory to his sacred profession, he was not scrupulous in gratifying his passions. He had married a lady of good family, famed for her pride and beauty. Her fondness for costly personal decorations was carried to an extreme; and, on a sunny day, it was almost impossible to look upon her, so numerous and dazzling were the jewels that gleamed amid her dark tresses, and glittered on various parts of her apparel. Neither her beauty nor the pains which she took to embellish it, were sufficiently powerful to fix the affections of her fickle husband, and in a short time he became enamoured of a female of a low rank in society, and whose charms were far inferior to those of his wife. There is, however, no accounting for taste; to the Doctor she seemed decidedly more beautiful, and he accordingly took her under his protection. A house was provided for her at a little distance from his own; so near that it adjoined the extremity of his garden, through which he caused a path to be formed, which led directly to her dwelling, and by this means he was enabled to visit her unobserved. This arrangement so hurt the proud spirit of his wife, that

she made a determination of the most singular nature. She vowed never to be seen out of her room during the life of her husband, and this vow she rigidly kept, never even quitting her bed, except for the purpose of having it arranged by her servant. From the time that she formed this strange resolution, the Doctor never again beheld her. The mansion was divided, a partition being thrown up which separated the suite of apartments occupied by herself and domestics from those in which the Doctor and his servants resided. Her couch was almost constantly surrounded by curtains of gauze, and in this state she received ordinary visitors, so that none but her nearest kindred and intimate friends ever beheld her face. Though her husband was debarred from looking on her, he was not restricted from conversing with her, and of this privilege he availed himself by visiting her daily. On entering her room, he stationed himself at the window, with his back to the bed where she reclined, and in this posture he kept up a conversation in an unconcerned manner, laughing, joking, or retailing the news of the day. It was not in his nature to be long attached to any woman, and the female who had been the occasion of his wife's rash vow, was, in the course of time, discarded to make way for another. The daughter of this second object of his unlawful passion was taken into keeping by his son, who was also married. Mother and daughter dwelt together, and the father and son were known frequently to be visiting at the house at the same time, without interfering with each other's conduct. The thing which affected the Doctor's mind in the greatest degree, was the dread of being buried alive. It had always been his strong belief that he should be interred ere life was extinct, and it was with feelings of horror that he thought of what his situation would be on awakening from his trance, and finding himself without the possibility of procuring relief, unable to move, and doomed to perish, either from want of air or starvation, or a combination of both causes. So much did these gloomy ideas prey upon his imagination, that he actually left a legacy to one of his friends, to be paid on condition that he superintended the making of his coffin, and saw that it was capacious enough for him to "turn about in." Accordingly, at his decease, which happened in his seventy-second year, a coffin was procured, which, as the Doctor, when living, was full six feet high, was of such enormous length and breadth, that it was a perfect curiosity. His wife survived him several years, and on his decease would have left her room, but was prevented by her physician from doing so, as he assured her that, after being so long accustomed to breathe the confined air of her chamber, emerging from it into a colder temperature might prove fatal.

I shall now proceed to notice another, and still more eccentric member of this family. Langton Freeman, George's brother, was a Baptist minister. He was peevish in the extreme. He had no settled place of abode, but to save the expense of maintaining an establishment, he was in the habit of visiting all his kindred and friends by turns, shifting his quarters whenever he thought himself becoming troublesome, or wished for a change of scene. To such an extent did he indulge his passion for money, that though fond of children, and willing to oblige or contribute to their pleasure in almost every other particular, the junior branches of the families of some of his relatives have been known, merely for the purpose of teasing the old gentleman, to hang round his neck, and put in practise every persuasive art they were masters of, in order to prevail upon him to bestow on them a coin of the smallest value, without being able to awaken his generosity. His clothes were of the most beggarly description, one suit being his whole stock. His mode of procuring materials to repair his garments is not unworthy of notice. It was usual, at the period in which he lived, (though the practice is now falling into disuse,) to embroider blankets at their four corners, with ornaments in the shapes of wheels or stars, composed of various coloured worsted. Whenever he found himself getting out at elbows, or some other part of his dress stood in want of reparation, he extracted the worsted from the corners of the blankets on the bed where he slept for the night, and in this way he managed to resist the ravages of time, by darning his clothes thickly with the motley coloured threads, so that to strangers, his appearance was truly grotesque. In the neighbourhood of Northampton, there was a vast quantity of people employed in the preparation of wool, and Langton Freeman, has often, in his rambles, been taken for one of that profession in want of employment, and when met by any of the trade, he has sometimes been offered relief, as an object worthy their charity. This he disdained to accept, and drawing himself up, with offended dignity, would declare that he was a minister of the gospel, whilst the poor

wool-combers looked upon him either as an impudent liar, or some lunatic at large. As he was of a cheerful disposition, he was a welcome guest with any of the surrounding farmers whom he thought proper to honour with a visit, and seldom any merry-making took place without his being present. Like his brother, he was infected with a propensity to steal, though he was not generous enough to recompense, in another way, the persons whom he robbed. Fortunately his robberies were not carried on to any great extent, as he mostly confined himself to depositing in his pocket a few eggs, or sometimes a pound or two of butter. From the indulgence of this vice he was often placed in an uncomfortable, though ludicrous dilemma, for though he was not openly charged with theft, the rustics, when they discovered any of his swervings from the path of honesty, generally punished him after a method of their own. Of this, one instance will suffice.

It was on the eve of the new year, when the family and servants of a substantial farmer assembled together, for the purpose of indulging in those acts of merriment usual on the occasion. Mirth had almost attained its height, when in walked Langton Freeman, and after receiving a hearty welcome, he speedily joined the revellers, his presence by no means damping their hilarity. In the course of the evening he found means to slip into the pantry under the plea of obtaining refreshment, but some of the family suspecting his intentions, managed, unobservedly, to watch his proceedings. After casting his glances round the place, as if in doubt what article to choose, he at length made choice of two or three pounds of butter, whose freshness was too tempting to be resisted. Secreting them in the pockets of his coat, he returned to the festive circle, rejoicing in his success, and confident of escaping detection; however, he was soon convinced that he had reckoned without his host. The persons who had been the spectators of his delinquency communicated the fact to their companions, and a scheme was contrived which would at once contribute to their mirth and expose the offender. The fire-place was like those belonging to the generality of farm-houses at that period: the lower part of the chimney projected about a yard into the room, and on each side of the fire were stationed benches, a portion of which were directly under the projecting part. On these benches the revellers were seated. Old Langton, who occupied one of the places at the greatest distance from the fire, was induced to change his situation and approach somewhat nearer, by the person who sat next him complaining that he was too much heated. Again was his politeness put to the test, and again did he approach towards the fire, on the same complaint being made by the person who sat nearest him. The next who wished for a change of situation was a young maiden, and as Langton, though he died a bachelor, was rather partial to the fair sex, he could not for a moment think of refusing her; but the girl was seated next her lover, and as parting them was entirely out of the question, both moved together, and the poor minister was thrust still nearer the blazing fuel. Thus they went on, until he was fixed at only a few inches from the fire, which now seemed to burn fiercer than ever. It was of no use that he, in his turn, began to complain; all seemed either not to hear him, or to be too much engaged with other things to pay any attention to him. In vain did he apply his handkerchief to his face to wipe the copious perspiration that streamed from it; in vain did he reiterate his complaints—there he was, and there they appeared determined he should continue. The crisis of his distress was not yet come. He had not long occupied his oppressive situation, before the butter, which was secreted in his coat-pockets, became melted by the excessive heat, and penetrating its place of concealment, drop after drop trickled down his garments, and fell to the floor in quick succession; and now a loud and general burst of laughter completed the minister's confusion, and proclaimed that he was detected. The heat and disgrace had wrought his feelings to the highest pitch of agony, and bearing down all opposition, he forced his way through the laughing rustics, rushed from the house, and was never again seen in its vicinity.

Though avarice restricted his bounty during life, there were several bequests found in his will which showed that he had neither forgotten nor proved ungrateful to those who had done him services. Amongst other trifling legacies, there was a guinea bequeathed to a poor old woman, who, when he was one day oppressed with heat and fatigue, had kindly invited him into her dwelling, and regaled him with some coarse bread and small beer. Like his brother, he entertained the belief that, previous to his real decease, he should suffer a seeming death; to obviate, therefore, the disaster of being

buried alive, he came to the determination of not being interred at all. He was the owner of a small garden in Welford, a village some miles distant from Northampton. In this garden he caused to be erected a neat little summer-house, and it was there that he willed his body should be deposited when life appeared to be extinct. So confident was he of animation returning, after an apparent death, that he directed himself to be laid in a bed there, as though merely reposing in ordinary sleep. His wearing apparel he requested might be hung up in the room, and his hat, and even walking-stick, placed ready for use. He anticipated rising so refreshed from his slumber, that he should be able, on the instant, to quit the place, and walk out, as had been his custom. He, accordingly, wished that all things required for the purpose might be ready, and that no unnecessary trouble might be requisite to find them. As he had directed, so at his decease it was done, and old Langton Freeman lay for several years in his pleasant habitation, without showing the least signs of returning animation. It was concluded by all that he had been mistaken in his calculation, and that life had positively left his mortal tenement for ever, when some honest cottagers, who resided in the neighbourhood, were one night astonished by the appearance of a light in the summer-house. Impressed with the idea that the old man in reality lived again, they hastened to the spot, and were still more astonished to find him sitting up in bed with a lighted candle in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth. It was discovered that some unfeeling wags had broken into the place, and committed this gross outrage. Had it not been for the timely arrival of the cottagers, the corpse, together with the building, would, without doubt, have been speedily consumed. Since that time, though Langton Freeman still retains his station, the windows of the summer-house have been closed up, and it is now completely overgrown with the ivy and the honeysuckle.

RHO.

A BALLAD.

BY C. B. GREATREX. JUNR.

He kissed the lady on the brow,
 His steed was at the gate;
 Farewell! he cried, I wander, now,
 A bird without mate;
 He raised his bonnet as he spoke,
 One long, long glance he threw,
 A murmur from the damsel broke—
 She vowed she would be true.

He wandered far, o'er many a land
 Beyond the rolling sea;
 And still he saw her fair white hand
 Wave like a snow-clad tree.
 Though ladies often smiled on him
 No other love he knew,
 For ah! their smiles to her's were dim
 Who vowed she would be true!

Full many a night he sighed away
 Upon the battle field;
 Upon the plain his length he'd lay,
 His head upon his shield,
 And think of her whose falling tears
 Were like the silver dew,
 Whose eyes were like the gleam of spears,
 Who vowed she would be true.

And now the christian warriors pressed
To meet the infidel,
And many a haught and turbaned crest
Beneath his faulchion fell;
And though thrice hemmed in by the foe
He fought his passage through;
This nerved his arm at every blow—
She vowed she would be true.

They thrust him in a dungeon deep
Where daylight never came,
But still he smiled, for in his sleep
An angel breathed her name.
The sky with clouds was overcast,
But still one break of blue,
Was seen to cheer him to the last—
She vowed she would be true.

One night he burst his bonds and fled,
A boat was in the bay;
I must be gone, he laughed and said,
And steered his barque away.
The sail unfurled, she danced along
The billows bright and blue,
With this the burden of his song—
She vowed she would be true.

He winged his flight to that dear land
He loved the best of all,
And moored his barque upon the strand
And leapt the cottage wall;
And as a wandering minstrel clad
To meet his love he flew,
And sung a ditty soft and sad
To *see* if she were true.

He struck the chords—in holy land
All on the bloody plain,
He saw this lady's lover stand
Among a heap of slain;
He saw the fatal faulchion swung
That clove his helm in two,
Her name was still upon his tongue
Who vowed she would be true.

The lady's tears began to flow—
"Since he in battle died,
To that far country I will go
And lay me by his side."
The knight soon doffed the weed he wore,
His arms around her threw,
Sweet one, he cried, I roam no more,
I *know* that thou art true.

Liverpool.

THE DEATH BRIDE.

BY JOHN HEWITT.

Edward Lambert and Agnes Weyland were lovers. From infancy they had lived together. In childhood, in youth, in manhood, and womanhood, they communed with each other. They were in humble circumstances, but they loved without the thought of riches, or the hope of honour. It were needless to trace the progress of their affection. Agnes Weyland loved Edward Lambert with all the fondness and devotedness of woman. That love was more than re-echoed. Years passed on. The blush of mature age mantled on the cheek of the lover. He wished to sanctify his hopes by the rites of marriage. The maiden gave a timid though glad consent. Yet, ere they became united, it was requisite that their resources should equal their wants. In the humble situation of a warehouse clerk, Edward Lambert could not more than realize sufficient for his own decent existence. Long and deeply he pondered on his present means and future prospects. He had gained the respect of his employer. His hopes were sanguine, and a certainty was afforded him that in a little year he would be enabled to maintain in honour a loving wife. Yet the impatience or madness of strong affection could not permit him to linger on in the agony of hope deferred for twelve long months. He wished to call Agnes Weyland his own. Blame not the maiden if she fondly, rashly, acceded to all her lover's wishes.

Two months passed on and beheld Edward Lambert a changed man. In the whirlwind of passion he had forgotten his social obligations. Impelled by the recklessness of his affection, he had, in the hope of providing for the coming hour, forged a bill to the small amount of twenty pounds. With this sum he provided all things necessary for his nuptials. The parents of Agnes Weyland, when they beheld his seeming affluence, consented to their daughter's union. They had objected to the solemnization of the marriage on account of the poverty of Edward Lambert. The objection was now removed. A day was fixed for the nuptials, and the lover, in an agony of impatience, waited for the happy morn.

Who so supremely blest as Agnes Weyland, as she beheld him whom, in a few short hours, she should call her husband? Who more happy than Edward Lambert, as he gazed on those beauties speedily destined to bless his coming years? The cup of enjoyment was dashed from their lips. The forgery of the bill was discovered. Edward Lambert was incarcerated in prison, and the intended bride beheld in her lover an arraigned felon. Feeble were words in expressing the feelings of their hearts. Stricken, as it were, unto death, Agnes Weyland pined away. She lived but as a memento of her ruined hopes, and withering existence. In the day of trial Edward Lambert was pronounced guilty, and condemned to die. The strong efforts of his employer, and his various friends, saved him from the scaffold. He was respited, and his sentence commuted to a fourteen years transportation to New South Wales.

Ere he passed from England, a branded and convicted felon, Edward Lambert had an interview with Agnes Weyland. He spoke of his once bright hopes—of his present degradation. He contrasted his wasted frame with its former freshness and vigour. The blooming cheek of other days was now frightfully pale. The loud, joyous voice of happy years was weak and feeble. The clustering ringlets of auburn hair had been reduced by misery to a dingy grey; and the heart that was once the fountain of happiness, now agonized in tears of blood. "I am changed, Agnes," he murmured, "and for the love of thee. Cursed be the hour that fraught with evil beheld me commit the crime for which I am doomed. Yet for thee, for thee, dearest! was the deed done; and not for my own degradation, but for thy wretchedness, do I feel the pang of utter misery." The maiden listened to his words of anguish. Was her cheek pale, or her eye dim, as she hearkened to her lover's words? No! she felt within her the strength of her woman's love! the words of strong affection, even in the hour of infamy, were repeated. Never to be renewed the vows of eternal faithfulness were plighted. Deep and even terrible emotions convulsed the lovers as they exchanged a last embrace. They parted; but Agnes Weyland had sworn by the pale cheek, the bleeding heart, and wasted form of her lover, to live for him, and him only, during the lapse of fifteen years. In the hope of a meeting, a happy meeting on earth, they parted; and Edward Lambert, the convicted felon, was transported to New South Wales.

Three years passed onwards. The father of Agnes Weyland, by the death of a distant relative, became possessed of a large, nay, princely fortune. He forsook his former friends and connexions. His ample patrimony commanded the attention and seeming respect of the wealthy and the high-born. And Agnes Weyland! she was changed in outward appearance though not in inward thought. A splendid equipage—a train of servants—the adulation of the sordid, and the flattery of the needy, greeted the sole daughter—the heiress of the wealthy race of Weyland. In her early years she was beautiful. Twenty three summers had shed their influence on her existence, and in the pride of womanhood she was one of the fairest of earth's daughters. In the hope, the fond hope, of again greeting Edward Lambert, she lived and breathed. But in the glitter of opulence her father forgot, or abhorred the distant felon. He proudly deemed his daughter might wed one of the noble of the land, and that the once humble house of Weyland now could rank equal in riches, nay, equal in alliance, with one of the aristocracy of England.

His hopes were not disappointed. A needy heir of a once mighty and still proudly titled house, beheld and coveted the beautiful Agnes Weyland. Not for her form alone, though she was indeed beautiful, did Lord Albert seek the hand of the felon's plighted bride. His father was involved in difficulties. The ancient estates of their noble house were in danger of passing away. A marriage with a wealthy heiress could alone redeem their sinking fortunes; and Agnes Weyland was selected as the honoured choice of the heir of Androssan. With all the blandishments of a high-born and refined lover, Lord Albert prosecuted his suit. Agnes Weyland listened to his words, but her thoughts were with Edward Lambert, the transported felon. Vainly on her ear fell the accents of adulation. Though her attire was princely, and her nod commanded the luxuries of a palace, yet her spirit was with the days of old, when she wandered in affection and joy, over hill and by murmuring stream, with him whom she dearly, madly loved.

Her father exulted in the addresses of the heir to an earldom. He commanded his daughter to wed Lord Albert, or receive his curse. The maiden spoke of her plighted faith to Edward Lambert. Withering, withering denunciations of scorn and abhorrence towards the felon proceeded from the father's lips. He denounced his child as the associate of infamy if she still cherished the remembrance of the sentenced forger. His wrath was terrible, and his denunciations fell on his daughter's ear like streaks of fire. But she firmly, despairingly refused to wed Lord Albert, for her heart was over the waters! It were needless to detail the oppression, the stratagems, and the falsehoods used to induce Agnes Weyland to wed the heir of Androssan. She at length consented. The day of their nuptials arrived, and with a splendid retinue in gorgeous attire, and accompanied by the fair and the noble, the once humble Agnes Weyland proceeded to the church to become the bride of one of the proudest and noblest of England's sons.

Not in joy did Agnes Weyland enter the church. There was a wildness in her eye, a strange vagueness in her features, that spoke of a broken heart and a wandering brain. She had indeed consented to wed Lord Albert; but reason had been shaken, and sensation almost destroyed by grief and persecution, ere she agreed to betray the faith she pledged to Edward Lambert in his hour of misery and guilt. In pride, in manly gracefulness and beauty, the heir of Androssan entered the sacred edifice in which his marriage must be solemnized. He loved not Agnes Weyland. His name—his honour alike forbade that he should wed the daughter of the once humble man who was shortly to call him son. But poverty and impending ruin imperiously demanded the accomplishment of the deed, and Lord Albert bowed to the dictates of stern necessity.

The party were seated in the church vestry. The marriage of Lord Albert and Agnes Weyland was registered ere they proceeded to the altar. Nor sigh nor exclamation proceeded from the lips of the bride as she beheld her destined lord sign the marriage contract. She was called upon to inscribe her consent to the union. A fearful emotion for an instant convulsed her features, as her father led her to the book in which she must acknowledge her marriage with Lord Albert. That emotion passed away. A gaze of vacancy—an expression of mental imbecility succeeded. She seized the pen, and where the signature of Agnes Weyland should have appeared, she wrote the dearly remembered name of *Edward Lambert*. That name was obliterated by the officiousness of her father, and Agnes Weyland inscribed under his directions the necessary signature. The party proceeded to the altar. Before the minister of heaven Agnes Weyland stood in splendour—in the seeming realization of the proudest hopes of a female heart.

But her cheek was pale, save where one bright red spot proclaimed a deceased frame or a wandering imagination. Her brow was frightfully contracted, and a tremulous motion shook her frame. The minister commenced the marriage ceremony. When he solemnly exhorted the party assembled to state if they knew cause or impediment sufficient to forbid the nuptials, a low half-suppressed cry burst from the lips of the bride. The marriage guests stood aghast; but the eye of her father rested on Agnes Weyland. A plausible excuse for the conduct of the bride was offered in the agitation she must feel in her situation. The ceremony proceeded. When the bridegroom was asked if he would take Agnes Weyland to his wedded wife, a slight emotion of wounded pride passed over the features of the heir of Androssan. He answered in the affirmative. But Agnes Weyland. Nor mark of recognition, nor glance of approval she gave, when the priest demanded if she would take Lord Albert to be her wedded husband. The hand of her father touched her shoulder. Mechanically she bowed her head, and to the assembly seemed acquiescent to the marriage. The priest demanded who gave the bride to her future husband. With a thrill of gratified pride and sordid exultation, the father of Agnes Weyland placed her hand in that of Lord Albert. The bridegroom started as her fingers touched his. Her hand was cold as death. Not the warm, consenting, though timid pressure of the hand of a fond and happy woman greeted the heir of Androssan. Chill was the blood of Agnes Weyland, and the bridegroom paused. He gazed upon the woman whom he was about to greet as his titled—his honoured wife. A fearful change had passed over her beauteous features. Her lips were pale and contracted as if in utter agony. Her eyes gleamed with an almost unearthly lustre. The bright spot had faded from her cheeks, and it was wrinkled as if age had suddenly overtaken her. Well, indeed, might Agnes Weyland be changed. In this *her* hour of utter misery, her distempered imagination conjured up the form of Edward Lambert. She beheld his withered features, such as they appeared on the day she plighted her faith to the unhappy felon. But the vision departed. A brief interchange of words took place between Lord Albert and the father of Agnes Weyland. The cloud passed away from the brow of the bridegroom, as the father of the bride spoke of his daughter's maiden hopes and sensations. The marriage rites were carried on. With a loud voice Lord Albert repeated the necessary words. No sound proceeded from the lips of Agnes Weyland as the priest recited to her that portion of the ceremony she should repeat. She mechanically bowed her head. This was allowed as a full answer to the duties the marriage rites enjoined. The priest demanded from Lord Albert the wedding ring. He directed the bridegroom to place it on the finger of the bride. Oh! who can describe the feelings of Agnes Weyland as the ceremony proceeded, which severed the faith she plighted to Edward Lambert. Her brain, before disordered, now maddened. Not in maiden bashfulness did her cheek wax pale—not with the suppressed joy of a gratified woman was her lip contracted. Ah, no! feelings of the past—of the happy, happy days of her early love—of the hope she once cherished of the return of her convicted lover, rose strong within her. She felt she was indeed wretched. The last look of agony with which Edward Lambert gazed upon her as they parted in the felon's dungeon, fearfully haunted her. She had lived but for his return, and now she was wedding another! Strong are the emotions of woman's heart; and Agnes Weyland loved—indeed loved the absent Edward Lambert. Again her imagination conjured up the form of her lover. Again in anguish he seemed to stand before her. She—the now rich heiress of Weyland, was becoming the bride of one of England's nobles. The thoughts of other years—the faith which in the madness of her affection she plighted to Edward Lambert, all—all had perished. Such seemed to Agnes Weyland the words of her lover. She gazed wildly upon Lord Albert: she loathed—aye, loathed the proud heir of Androssan. She gazed on her father, but no longer could his frown awe her troubled spirit. As the ring was placed by Lord Albert on her finger, a rushing sound was in her ears. The church and its inmates assumed, in her eyes, a blood-red hue. A struggle, as if her form was rending asunder, for a moment convulsed her, and uttering a fearful cry, she fell dead at the foot of the altar.

Years passed on, and a wretched, care-worn man, visited the tomb of Agnes Weyland. He learned that at the moment she wedded Lord Albert, now one of the mightiest of the land, she fell dead at the foot of the altar. He was told she died for the love she bore a convicted forger. He passed away. The close of a December day arrived—a winter night succeeded—it passed away, and on the morn Edward Lambert was found dead on the grave of Agnes Weyland,

HANS EULER.

BY J. G. SEIDL.

(From the German.)

MARTHA, some stranger knocks without, go, ope' the outer door,
 Some pilgrim seeks this dreary night to share our simple store.
 "Welcome! thou gallant warrior, lay by thy helm and sword,
 Our bread is white, our wine is bright, draw near our homely board."

"I ask not for thy sparkling wine, seek not thy proffer'd food,
 But if thou be'st Hans Euler called, I seek thy heart's best blood;
 For know—that I a brother had, a brother dear to me,
 That brother hast thou slain, and I am sworn thine enemy.

As gasping on the ground he lay, I made to him a vow
 Sooner or later to revenge his death,—behold me now!"
 "'Tis true that in a goodly cause I did thy brother slay,—
 Thou wilt revenge him,—be it so—thy summons I obey.

Yet in this house I will not fight, hemm'd in by wall and door,
 But on my country's open breast, where oft' I've fought before.
 Martha—my sword—thou know'st the one which struck the fatal blow,
 The Tyrol still will shelter thee should fortune bless my foe."

Together with a lusty step they climb the mountain high,
 The fair morn ope's her golden gates, and night's dark shadows fly;
 The sturdy stranger walks behind, stout Hans before him strides,
 The bright sun gilds the mountain's top, the night's dew clothes the sides.

Now on the high and giddy brow the two together stand,
 Around in morning's glory clad, wide spreads their fatherland;
 Swift roll the fleecy mists away, deep in the vales around
 The goatherd's humble cots are seen, the deer affrighted bound.

High upward rise the rocky tops, below lies many a cave,
 The air of freedom floats above, around the forests wave;
 Unseen, yet felt, in every cot, in sweet contentment blest,
 Throbs the proud pulse of liberty, heaves high the freeman's breast,

From high they gaze upon the scene, the stranger drops his hand,
 But Hans admiring points below, where lies his fatherland;
 "For this," he said, "I still have fought, for this thy brother bled,
 He foully sought his country's fall, for this I struck him dead."

The haughty stranger looks around, then turns he to his foe,
 Vainly to raise his sword he tries, his nerveless arm sinks low.
 "Pardon my fault, and give thy hand, here let our quarrel end,
 I own thy cause was just," he cried, "be thou my constant friend."*

A. E. T.

* The person slain by Hans was one of many Tyrolese, who fought in the French ranks against the independence of his country.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

[We have often been solicited by our friends to set apart some of our pages to brief selections, and we take the opportunity, afforded us by the commencement of a new volume, to comply with their wishes. We have no doubt that the plan we have adopted will be agreeable to the majority of our readers, and the more especially to those who have only leisure to read at brief intervals. There are a vast number of short passages and paragraphs scattered over works of the past and present time which contain much that is valuable and interesting, and which can only be available to us by the course we have now taken. We shall, in each number of the Magazine, therefore, devote several pages under the above title to selections, and shall so endeavour to blend the lights and shades, the pleasant and the useful, as to suit the tastes of all.—Ed.]

BOOKMAKING.—He who runs his eye down the advertising columns of *The Times* will see the impossibility of reading all the books that are published. It has been calculated that if twelve men were employed for twenty-four hours a day, allowing neither for sleep nor meals, in reading at the rate of ninety words per minute, they would barely keep up with the *volumes* published in London alone: in this, tracts and sermons are included; but if magazines, reviews, and newspapers were added to the task, it would require upwards of forty men. If twelve hours per diem were employed, then eighty men would be required; and as he is a hard student who reads more than eight hours per day, so 120 men could barely finish the Herculean labour; but as the average amount of time spent in reading, even among the educated classes, seldom exceeds one hour per day, each person peruses *one nine-hundred-and-sixtieth* part of the published mass; that is to say, for one book, chapter, or page that he reads, he leaves 950 unread. But of this mass two-thirds, at the least, are avowedly written solely for the relaxation of the mind—books of mere amusement; and of those who read it will be a small average to say, that two-thirds read for amusement. One-sixth then is the amount of solid information obtained, so that the average quantum of benefit derived by each reader from the enormous number of printed sheets, may be expressed by the fraction $\frac{1}{5760}$; or, in other words, to give the sum in a tangible form, let us reduce it to proportion, and it will stand thus:—

$5760 : 1 :: (\text{the books published}) : (\text{the benefit conferred}).$

Again, by the suppressing any book at random when just about to be published, it would follow that there are 5,760 chances to *one* against any good being lost by the non-appearance of the book. But there is at least an equal chance, that if the author had not been writing the book in question, he would have been more profitably (that is, to himself) employed: so that there are 2,880 chances to one in favour of the *not writing* any book (taken on the average of books) over the writing it. The proportion of books which pay for the expenses of printing and publishing is small; of those which leave profit, very small; of those which reach a second edition, not one in 1840; of those which pass through more than two, not one in many thousands.—*Foreign and Colonial Review*.

STATISTICS OF LONGEVITY.—The following details are extracted from a curious book by M. Lejoncourt, recently published, and entitled "Les Centenaires, Anciens et Moderns:—There have died in England, in the course of the last century, 49 persons who have reached from 130 to 180 years of age. Of these, seven reached 134 years, four 138, two 146, four 155, one 159, one 168, one 169, and one 175. The official returns of Russia show that there were in that empire in 1814, seven persons aged upwards of 125 years, and one who had passed 160. In 1835, a man died there aged 135 years, and in 1838 there died 1238 persons who had passed 100, of whom 125 were upwards of 120, 111 were from 121 to 125, three from 126 to 130, five from 131 to 140, one was 145, three were from 150 to 155, one was 160, and one 165. In France we do not live so long, yet the following instances of longevity are worthy of notice. In 1710, a peasant named Jean Mazard died at Dun-le-Roi, in Berry, aged upwards of 110. This man preserved his senses to the last, and was married ten times. The last time he entered into the marriage state he was 99 years of age, and the bride 18, who two years afterwards made him a father. A cure of Lisieux, named Desroches, died in

1712, aged 113. He celebrated mass a few days before his death, and resided 91 years in the parish. In the same year died Jacques Thevenot, a labourer at Chateau-Vilain, aged 114, married three times, and the father of 39 children; and an officer named Baltrade, buried at St. Germain, aged 115, leaving seventeen children, the eldest 74, and the youngest 12. In 1718, an apothecary named Le Baupin, died at Chateaubriand, 107 years old. He was married twice, and was upwards of 80 when he contracted the second marriage. He was the father of 32 children, 16 by each wife; and he was 103 years old when his wife was delivered of two fine boys, who died upwards of 90 years later. In 1747, died at Lourdes, M. Nason de Vige, 118 years old. He was passionately fond of shooting, and had good sport not long before his death. He was upwards of 100 when he married. In 1757, a farmer of Bar, near Tulle, named Nouthac, died at the age of 115; he never had a day's sickness, was married three times, was 92 when he entered the state of wedlock the second time, by which union he had several children, and was 102 when he was married the third time.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

EARLY TRADE OF BRISTOL WITH ICELAND.—In a note preserved by his son in his father's biography, Columbus mentions that he visited the island of Tile in February, 1477. He says that its southern part is situated in 73° N. lat. and not in 63°, as had been said by others; that it lies much more to the westward than the first meridian of Ptolemy; that it is as large as England, and that the English, *particularly those from Bristol*, trade there; that the sea was not frozen when he was there, and that the tide rises and falls twenty-six fathoms. Finally, he says that this is the true Tile which Ptolemy mentions, but which the moderns call Frisland. Though the situation above mentioned does not at all correspond with that assigned by the Zeni to Frisland, Zurlo still supposes it to be that Island, particularly on account of the trade with England, which, he says, we know was carried on from Frisland; whereas we know nothing of the kind with regard to Iceland. The truth is exactly the reverse. In the first volume of Hackluyt there is an old poem, entitled "The True Process of the Libtie of English Policie, exhorting all England to keepe the Sea Environ." It states the relations of different countries, as well as the objects of their commerce, and goes on to say (p.201),—

"Of Island to write is little neede,
Save of stock-fish; yet, forsooth, in deed
Out of Bristowe, and costes many one,
Men have practised by needle and by stone,
Thider wardes within a little while
Within twelue yeere, and without perill
Goue and come, as men were wont of old
Of scarborough unto the costes cold."

This poem was written about the middle of the 15th century. In his preface, written in 1598, Hackluyt states, that from his book may be learned the most extraordinary facts; and, among others, that Bristol once carried on a trade with Norway and Ireland—a proof that at the time he wrote such trade no longer existed. It is easy to see here, that Ireland is a misprint for Iceland, since we cannot conceive that a trade between Bristol and Ireland could ever be looked upon as anything very extraordinary.—*From a paper in the fifth volume of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.*

PRONOUNCING DICTIONARIES.—It is a curious fact that there is no English pronouncing dictionary compiled by an Englishman. Stephen Jones was a Welchman, Sheridan was an Irishman, and Walker was a Scotchman.

VERBAL CRITICISM.—There is an incident in the life of Jefferson strikingly illustrative of Franklin's character. During the debate on Jefferson's celebrated State paper—the declaration of American independence—Franklin, observing that his friend withdrew a little under the acrimonious verbal criticisms, told him the following anecdote:—When he was a young man (he said) a friend of his, who was about to set up business for himself as a hatter, consulted his acquaintances on the important subject of his signboard. The one he had proposed for himself was this—"John Thomson; hatter, Makes and sells hats for ready money"—with the sign of a hat. The first friend whose advice he asked, suggested that the word hatter was superfluous, to which he readily agreeing, it was struck out. The next remarked that it was unnecessary to mention that he required ready money for his hats, few persons wishing credit for an article of no more cost than a hat; or, if they did, he might sometimes find it advisable to give it. These words were accordingly omitted, and the sign then stood—"John Thomson makes and sells hats." A third friend, whose advice was sought, observed that when a

man looked to buy a hat, he did not care who made it, on which two more words were struck out. On showing another the sign abridged to "John Thomson sells hats," he exclaimed, "Why, who the devil will expect you to give them away!" upon which cogent criticism two more words were expunged, and nothing of the original sign remained but "John Thomson." and a painted hat.

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.—Real Esquires are of seven sorts:—1. Esquires of the king's body, whose number is limited to four. 2. The eldest sons of knights, and *their* eldest sons born during their lifetime. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the knight often took his eldest son into the wars for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him meanwhile as his esquire. 3. The eldest sons of the younger sons of peers of the realm. 4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS, including the kings of ~~arms~~ ^{arms}, heralds, &c. The dignity of esquire was conferred by Henry IV., and his successors, by the investiture of the collar and the gift of a pair of silver spurs. Gower the poet was such an esquire by creation. 5. Esquires to the knights of the Bath, *for life*, and their eldest sons. 6. Sheriffs of counties, *for life*, coroners and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household, while they continue in their respective offices. 7. Barristers-at-law, doctors of divinity, law, and medicine, mayors of towns, and some others, are said to be of scutular dignity, but not actual esquires. Supposing this enumeration to comprise all who are entitled to esquireship, it will be evident that thousands of persons styled esquires are not so in reality. It is a prevailing error that persons possessed of £300 a year in land are esquires, but an estate of £50,000 would not confer the dignity. Nothing but one or other of the conditions above mentioned is sufficient.—*Curiosities of Heraldry*.

THE EDUCATION OF HUSBANDS.—How suggestive is the new year of bills—and bills of housekeeping. It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony, totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn! We would no more grant a marriage license to anybody simply because he is of age, than a license, on that ground only, to practise as an apothecary. He that would be a husband should undergo a training, physical and moral. He should be examined thus:—Can you read or write amidst the yells of a nursery? Can you wait any given time for breakfast? Can you maintain your serenity on a washing day? Can you cut your old friends? Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason? Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to? Can you do what you are told without being told why? In a word, young sir, have you the patience of Job? If you can lay your hand upon your heart and answer "Yes," take your license and marry—not else.—*Punch*.

BURIAL PLACES OF BRITISH POETS.—Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory; Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's, in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Pauls; Edmund Waller in Beaconsfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thompson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church, Chichester; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogeis, where he conceived his "Elegy;" Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple Church; Falconer at sea, "all ocean for his grave;" Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, at Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;" Keats beside him, "under the pyramid, which is the tomb of Cesitus;" and Thomas Campbell in Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey.—*Athenaeum*.

PRINTING.—Such is the extraordinary degree of perfection to which the printing department of the leading journal (*The Times*) is carried, that a column of the ordinary type can be set up, read, and corrected in less than eight minutes, the average number of compositors being about one hundred and twelve, including night and day hands.

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.—Who has not known a pleasant party utterly done for—every element of its pleasantness extinguished—by the demon of speechmaking throwing its wet blanket over it. The interesting conversation—the smartly maintained argument—the quick repartee—the good humoured badinage—all paralyzed in a moment by some unhappy speechmaker, who rises from his chair like a ghost through a trap-door, and, in an unfaltering, stolid voice, asks permission to propose a toast. It is granted, of course. You know that all is over—the blow has been struck—enjoyment is lying sprawling under the table, dying or dead. You may as well take your hat and go home immediately in the rain—you know what will follow. You know that the wretch is going to propose your host's health—you know all that a creature of the kind says—he is always sure the toast he is about to give requires no comment—that its object requires no eulogium from him to make them all do that toast due honour. They all know their friend—their excellent, valued friend—and that as surely as he is known, he is esteemed—that they all can and do appreciate those many excellent qualities which have so generally endeared him, either as a husband, a father, or a friend. Knowing this, and feeling this, he did not believe himself called upon to, &c. &c. All the commonplace cant of compliment is duly gone through; and the deuce of it is the matter don't end here. The toastee (there is no law against coining words as against coining half-crowns) is in duty bound to return thanks; which he performs by disclaiming *seriatim* all the flattery lavished upon him, and too often winding up by plastering it more upon another; who in his turn repeats the interesting operation. And so it goes round. The mania is as catching as the small-pox. Everybody proposes everybody's health. It would be an insult *given* to leave out anybody,—*received*, to be left out by everybody. Conversation, amusing or instructive, gives place to a rapid round of compliments, neither instructive, nor amusing, nor sincere. You no more mean what you say, when you make an ordinary buttering after-dinner speech, than you do what you write, when you finish a letter with "your most obedient servant," and address it to a fellow-whom you mean to kick the first time you can catch him.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

NIGHT THE BEST TIME FOR STUDY.—All persons of a highly-wrought and imaginative disposition must have found how much clearer they are able to think in the night season than during the garish hours of day. Some say the passions are more awake then; it may be so, but I am sure the intellect is more awake also. Jean Paul has a conceit to explain to us why our thoughts are more rich, more marked, more copious, while the material world is wrapped in gloom. He says something like this, if I do not wrong him:—"The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason that the cages of birds are darkened, so that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and stillness of darkness. Ideas, which the day converts into smoke and mist, during the night stand about us, lights and flames; like the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, and which seems in the day-time a pillar of cloud, but it is by night a column of fire." The superior claims of the ebony goddess are so well put forth here, that I need make no addition.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

"PUNCH."—It is said the regular writers in *Punch* are Albert Smith, G. A. Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and Percival Lee; but a few other "eminent hands" contribute occasionally. Mark Lemon is the editor. Henry Meadows, Leech, and young Doyle (the famous H. B.) are the illustrators.

Presentations.

July 7, 1845, a splendid Gold Watch and Guard, value 25 guineas, to P. P. G. M. William Pickard, by the members of the Bradford District.—November 12, 1845, P. P. G. M. Monks, and P. P. G. M. Swain, were presented, the one with a Set of Silver Tea Spoons, the other with a handsome Silver Medal, by the Belvoir Lodge, Belvoir Castle District.—December 30, 1842, a handsome Silver Watch and Appendages, value £10, to Prov. G. M. John Bowden, by the Alexander Wilson Lodge, Paisley District.—July 30, 1844, a handsome Silver Medal, to P. G. George William Pragnell, by the Prosperity Lodge, Southampton District.—May 13, 1845, a splendid Silver Snuff Box, to Mr. T. W. Atkinson, surgeon, by the Furness Lodge, Ulverstone District.—August 20, 1845, a handsome Patent Lever Silver Watch, value £7, to P. G. Joseph Scrivener, by the Howard Lodge, also at the same time, by the Tradesman's Hope Lodge, Nuneaton, a Silver Watch Guard, value £1.

Marriages.

December 5, 1845, N. G. Thomas Lofthouse, of the Refuge in the Wilderness Lodge, Grassington District, to Miss Agnes Alderson.—N. G. Richard Ashworth, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Rochdale District, to the fourth daughter of Mr. John Hamer.—November 25, 1845, at Edinburgh, P. G. Thomas Bezely, per. sec. of the Loyal Northumberland Lodge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, to Miss Ann Logan.—November 17, 1845, brother George Bishop, of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Uckfield, Sussex, to Emily Martha Lower, second daughter of Mrs. Mary Lower, of Seaford.—November 11, 1845, at St. Thomas's church, Dudley, P. G. Adam Ludlam, of the Apollo Lodge, Chesterfield District, to Miss Mary Ann Shephard, second daughter of P. G. Josiah Shepherd.—November 14, 1845, at Grantham, P. P. G. M. James Porter, of the Belvoir Castle District, to Miss Pyebaud, of Grantham.—October 2, 1845, at the parish church, Lymm, P. S. Ralph Ashton, of the Trafford Lodge, Warrington District, to Sarah, youngest daughter of P. P. G. M. Allcroft.—May 9, brother George Richards, of the Orphan's Friend Lodge, Whitstable, to Hannah Graham, of the same place; May 10, brother Joseph Day, of the same Lodge, to Mary Graham.—December 24, 1844, brother William Anderson, to Miss Wheeler Bristowe; February 6, 1845, brother Samuel Wilson, to Miss Harriet Newton; May 6, 1845, brother Joseph Richardson Husband, to Miss Rebecca Marshall; May 18, 1845, brother Richard Cock, to Miss Eliza Bell; May 22, 1845, P. V. G. James Elmore, to Miss Ann Body; July 1, 1845, P. G. Matthew Partridge, to Miss Ann Lawson; September 1, 1845, brother Henry Cumberworth, to Miss Mary Hill; September 2, brother William Skinner, to Miss Susan Newton; all of the Paradise Lodge, Bourn District.—December 7, 1844, Secretary Benjamin Gibbs, of the Temple of Friendship Lodge, Birmingham District, to Miss Matilda Stibbs.—July, 1845, brother John Barker, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Cambridge District, to Miss Mary Monar, of Wisbeach.—August 12, 1845, P. Prov. G. M. Richard Clough, of the Briton's Pride Lodge, Pudsey District, to Miss Elizabeth Blakeley.—May 20, 1844, at the stockport church, V. G. William Higginbotham, to Miss Sarah Armstead.—June 16, at the parish church, Stockport, P. G. Abraham Sherratt, of the Conciliator Lodge, Stockport District, to Margaret Normansell, both of Stockport.—July 9, 1845, brother Thomas Dunwell, Esq., of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresbrough District, to Miss Eliza Jackman.—April 8, 1845, in the parish of St. Mary's, Hastings, C. S. James Hart, butcher, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Thomas Sinnock, farmer; also, Prov. G. M. Isaac Smith, to Elizabeth Hart, at the same place.—February 8, 1845, at the parish church, Bedale, by the Rev. J. B. Roberson, Prov. D. G. M. Thomas Spence, of the Ripon District, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr. J. Colthorpe, of Bedale.—At Cheshunt, Herts, by the Rev. John Harris, D.D. N. G. Hunt, of the Home Park Lodge, North London District, to Caroline, only daughter of Mark Bailey, Esq., of Waltham Cross, Herts.—February 27, 1845, at St. Mary's church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. J. Watson, brother Richard Aveson, of the Lord Bingley Lodge, Bramham, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Stubbing, of Wirksworth, in the county of Derby.—October 23, 1845, brother John Grant, Esq., Host of the Loyal Fernan Lodge, Aberdeen District, to Christiana, eldest daughter of Alexander Paul, Esq., merchant.—August 14, 1845, J. H. Paine, Esq., surgeon, of the Cambria's Pride Lodge, Cardiff, to Miss Evans, eldest daughter of Edward Evans, Esq., surgeon, both of Cardiff.—May 1, 1844, brother Thomas Lloyd, of the Widow and Orphan's Friend Lodge, Mitcham District, to Miss E. Booth.—P. G. Christopher Fox, of the Morning Star Lodge, Sheffield District, to Alice, daughter of P. G. George Cutts, of the same Lodge.—September 13, V. G. Thomas Jones, of the Loyal Prince of Wales Lodge, Newport District, to Miss Sarah Thomas, of Newport.—October 1, at Brantingham, brother William Todd, of the Loyal Victory Lodge, Elloughton District, to Miss Caroline Stou, of Hull.—September 28, 1845, P. Sec. David Pitt, to Miss Mary Timmings; October 4, 1845, brother Thomas Stillard, to Miss Ann Malkin, both of the Work of Industry Lodge, Dudley District.—September 9, 1844, at Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr. Struthers, brother John Seale, to Miss M'Donald, daughter of Mr. Samuel M'Donald.—August 19, 1845, at Greenock, by the Rev. Mr. Hutcheson, brother John Carswell, of the Highland Mary Lodge, to Miss Jane M'Gibbon, daughter of the late Mr. Andrew M'Gibbon.

Deaths.

On Sunday, November 9, 1845, at her brother's house, Nottingham Park, where she was on a visit, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Joseph Bamforth, Esq., Solicitor. Rotheram, and daughter of the late Samuel Walker, gentleman, of the former place. Mr. Bamforth is a P. G. of the Park Gate Lodge, Rotheram District, taking great interest in the cause of Odd Fellowship; and had not been united eight months, when he was suddenly bereaved of an affectionate partner, deeply regretted by all who knew her.—November 24, 1845, Elizabeth, wife of brother Robert Pinnell, of the Loyal St. George Lodge, Dursley, aged 37 years.—October 24, brother William Storey, of the Loyal Triumphant Lodge, York.—September 16, 1844, Elizabeth, wife of brother Thomas Gallon, of the Eden Vale Lodge; October 27, brother William Kirkley, of the Clavering Lodge, aged 32 years; November 17, 1845, Elizabeth, wife of brother Edward Barrass, of the Prince Albert Lodge; December 1, P. G. Samuel Bourne, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, aged 35 years; December 23, brother Joseph Walker, of the Clavering Lodge, aged 26 years; January 6, 1845, brother John Hunter, of the Robert Hall Lodge, aged 26 years; January 8, brother Joseph Robson, of the Byron Lodge, aged 28 years; February 27, brother Robert Johnson, of the Shakspeare Lodge, aged 34 years; February 10, Mary, wife of P. V. Cooke, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge; March 10, Sec. Thomas Wood, of the Victoria Lodge, aged 25 years; April 25, Elizabeth, wife of brother John Smith, of the Greenwell Lodge; April 26, Ann, wife of brother John Brassel, of the Mills Lodge; April 28, Ann, wife of brother Thomas Wright, of the Shakspeare Lodge; May 3, brother Henry Clarke, of the Pride of Eden Lodge, aged 24, all in the Durham District.—July 21, at Dublin, the wife and child of brother William Trubee, of the Widow's Protection Lodge, Bescott District; August 2, 1845, wife of Host Daniels, of the same Lodge.—August 13, 1845, brother William Stibbs, of the Castell Caerdydd Lodge, Cardiff District, aged 45 years.—May 5, 1845, brother Benjamin Green, of the Loyal Whitting Lodge, Wisbeach District.—May 28, 1845, Mary Ann, wife of brother Thomas Marris, of the Loyal Craven Lodge, North London District, aged 32 years.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

MARK WARDLE and SON, Printers, 17, Fennel Street, Manchester.



W. Candelell. P. Prov. M.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

APRIL.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1846.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM CANDELET, P. P. G. M.

The subject of this memoir was born at Wellington, in the year 1799, in the county of Salop. The life of the working bee is a poor subject for the biographer to handle with effect. Destiny has appointed him his station in the region of common place, and so long as he supplies his owners with the required store of honey, it matters little to the outside world, by what amount of individual toil and sad and weary travel the material is obtained. William Candelet is but a solitary specimen of this uninteresting class. It is his misfortune to have been born for usefulness, and not romance. He might have been a Duke. He might have been Jack Shephard, and thus secured a glorious immortality of fame, a subject for the pen of "literary lions." Fate however has decreed it otherwise and left his deeds to chronicle themselves in the grateful and affectionate remembrances of those who have shared his toils and can the better appreciate his sterling qualities and hearty zeal in the performance of his duties to that society of which he forms an ornamental part. If ancestral recollections were necessary to ensure respect amongst the members of the Manchester Unity, William Candelet might with good reason trace his genealogy to a period anterior to the time of Patriarchal Noah, his father being an unquestioned descendant of *Tubal Cain*, and a veritable worker in Iron, at the Ketly Iron Works. We never heard, however, friend William boast, of this distinguished ancestor, for we believe he entertains the high notion that mankind generally have little reason to be thankful for the exertions of the first sword maker. The history of his infancy is but a transcript of that of a million others. A large family and insufficient means often placed his maternal parent in the unpleasant situation of the good dame, of whom it is recorded upon undoubted authority, that she resided in a shoe, and the clamorous demands of the junior Candelet, for bread and butter, were doubtless occasionally silenced by the application of the same infallible recipe, which the aforesaid ancient lady found so efficacious in the case of her own unruly urchins. The Apostolic axiom "he that will not work, neither should he eat," seems to have been instilled into young William's mind at as early a period as possible, for at ten years of age we find him assisting his father to the utmost of his tiny powers, in supporting the burthen of existence, and in providing for the increasing wants and cares of the paternal dwelling; the senior Candeleths testifying to the present hour, a decided objection to Malthusian doctrines. This early application to laborious physical employment necessarily precluded the attainment of any kind of literary knowledge; and William Candelet is entirely indebted to his own strong mind and earnest desire for knowledge, for the whole of those acquirements by which he has attained the position he now holds in the estimation of his brethren of the Unity. Essentially, a self taught man, he is a fine exemplification of the power of mind over the discouraging influences of external circumstances. In the year 1812, his father having removed to Dudley, in Staffordshire, the subject of the present memoir, was apprenticed to a whitesmith in that neighbourhood. About two years after this event, his youthful curiosity was aroused by hearing

Vol. 9—No. 2—H.

that a Lodge of Odd Fellows were in the habit of meeting in the town, and after making suitable enquiries he became a member of "La belle Alliance Lodge," now in existence in the Dudley District. Odd Fellowship at this period was considerably at a discount, and the young disciple found he must bear the cross if he intended to follow his new master. His parents, shopmates, and employer all united in the task of disgusting him with the society to which he had linked his fortunes. The prejudices and feeling of the times were opposed to secret associations in every shape, and for every purpose. The elder Candelet being a man of strong religious principles, was not only seriously offended, but absolutely alarmed for the consequence of his son's late conduct. William, however, had strong faith and stronger power of will; he determined to leave home, and persecution for awhile, and trying those argumentative powers for which he now enjoys a well merited reputation, upon the tormenting whitesmith, he finally succeeded in obtaining his indenture, and transferred himself and services to a worthy son of Crispin, with whom he studied the improvement of the *understandings* of many more beside his own,—many of the staid and stately burghers of the town of Dudley, may be said with truth to have "stepped in his shoes," much to their own comfort and his advantage. During the whole term of his apprenticeship he applied himself diligently to the business of Odd Fellowship, with an earnest and sincere desire to eradicate its blemishes and develope its many excellencies. The sly "little cherub who soars up aloft," seeing his heart thus susceptible of kindly influences, thought fit to make it a target for archery practice. This impudent proceeding rendered an application to surgeon Hymen indispensably necessary, who prescribed for remedy that panacea which classical writers have chosen to place in the same category with hanging as a matter of destiny. Accordingly, in the year 1820, the noose was tied; he bartered liberty for connubial bliss. Four sons and one daughter have been the fruit of this procedure. This marriage caused him to quit Dudley, for Burslem, in the Potteries, and in 1822, the St. Martin's Lodge being opened at Tunstall, Mr. Candelet joined it and continued a member until the year 1830, when circumstances again necessitated his removal to Hyde, in Cheshire. Here he joined the Prince of Waterloo Lodge, and soon became one of the most active members of the Hyde District. In 1833 he was first elected N. G. of the Lodge, and during his term of office the funds were increased by upwards of £50, and the effects of his excellent management have been perceptible in the conduct of the Lodge, and its members ever since. In the year 1834, Mr. Candelet assisted in the opening of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, and presided as N. G. of this Lodge. He is still a member, the name having been altered to that of the Mechanic Lodge, one of the most flourishing, economical, and well conducted in the Unity. From the date of William Candelet's connection with this Lodge his exertions in the cause of Odd Fellowship have been ceaseless and untiring. As a reformer of abuses he stands proudly preeminent, and so highly were his services appreciated by the members of his own Lodge, that he was presented by them with a handsome silver watch, and placed by unanimous assent in the first office of the District. In this situation his untiring zeal and great knowledge of the Laws of the Order were displayed to advantage, and found full scope for active employment, a steady supporter of the Law himself and an intelligent and liberal exponent of its principles and spirit to other parties. He has represented alternately his Lodge or District at nine annual meetings at Kendal, Derby, Rochdale, Birmingham, York, Isle-of-Man, Wigan, Bradford, and Newcastle, and at each of those assemblies has always been engaged on the side of reason, truth and justice. So great was the opinion entertained of his talent, skill and shrewdness that he was appointed at the York A. M. C. to revise the General Laws in conjunction with several others of the most esteemed and best respected members of the Order. Mr. Candelet is likewise now and has been for the previous year a member of the Board of Directors. As an Orator P. P. G. M. Candelet is not particularly distinguished; he is celebrated rather for a Wellingtonian description of terseness, his remarks recommending themselves to his hearers more from the sound common sense they contain than for the flowery or honied accents with which they are delivered; his maxim and practice is

"Never to speak till he's something to say,
And always to stop when he's said it."

Such is William Candelet, a kind and affectionate husband and father and a sincere and ardent friend to all for whom want and misery have made the earth a desert. May he live long to merit and enjoy the reward of a well spent life and retain to its close the approbation of his brethren.

WHAT WILL BE DONE AT BRISTOL?

The time is rapidly approaching when the representatives of the Unity will meet at Bristol. It will be for them to consider well and deliberately the real interest of the members of our great Institution, and upon them will devolve the responsibility not only of devising means to allay the excitement which at present exists in the Unity, but also of adopting such measures as will ensure a fixed amount of benefit, to those who contribute, when they are visited by sickness, at whatever period of life they may be claimants. All must admit that since the Glasgow A.M.C. the attention of the members has been drawn to their real position, and steps have already been taken in many of the Districts to reduce the lavish expenditure in which they formerly indulged. Instead of appropriating the contributions of the members towards defraying the expenses of Anniversaries, Processions, &c., those who indulge in these amusements now provide the funds from their own resources over and above the weekly amounts which they contribute to meet the casualties of sickness and death. This is in itself an improvement of thirty per cent upon the usages of the Order as they existed in 1844, and we predict that further and more extensive reforms will shortly follow. The question of finance is yet in its infancy, and will have many grave difficulties to contend with before it attains a healthy and vigorous existence in the Order. The excitement which has lately prevailed will not be so prejudicial in its effects as some of the more timid of our body are led to believe, and as calm succeeds to tempest, so we trust will a lasting and grateful tranquility be restored amongst us. Those who were heretofore apathetic have been roused from their lethargy, and will exercise their right and power of thinking for themselves, instead of being led away by the exaggerated statements of those who delight to breathe the air of agitation. We have little doubt that a time will shortly arrive when a further inquiry will be made; and when from the result of that inquiry it is clearly demonstrated to Districts that they cannot calculate with certainty on receiving a fixed benefit without paying a proportionately fixed contribution, we entertain little fear but what the majority of the members will cheerfully aid in furthering those measures which will give the Order a safe and permanent character.

There will be some weighty and important questions which the deputies at the forthcoming A.M.C. will be called upon to determine, and it will be the mode in which these questions are settled that will influence the future destiny of the Society. The questions which seem to us as imperatively demanding an answer are the following. What is the nature of the Manchester Unity? Is it a mutual benefit society, all the members of which are compelled to assist one another wherever they may reside, or is each Lodge in the Unity to be left to regulate its own finances? When the funds of a Lodge are expended do the members belonging to it cease to be members of the Order, or are the different Lodges in the District to which they belong compelled to relieve those members whose funds are exhausted by the great amount of sickness and mortality which they have experienced? These are questions that cannot be got rid of—there is no evading them—their time has come, and they must be fairly discussed and satisfactorily answered. Not less than a million and a half of the population of the United Kingdom are interested in the permanence and prosperity of Odd Fellowship, and they have an undoubted right to know what security the

Order offers to those who are induced to join it that the benefits promised to members will be realised when they become claimants. The Order must be so constituted as to be able to fulfil its just liabilities or its solvency may at any moment be questioned and its boasted excellence be pronounced a delusion.

The decision of the deputies upon the above questions will to a certain extent cause the recognition of fixed principles, and leave no difficulty in the way of adopting measures in conformity with such principles, so that they may be acted upon either by Lodge or District, or by the consolidated interests of the whole of the members of the Unity. As regards the latter, of course there would be much difficulty in effecting a consolidation of interests in the absence of a charter of Incorporation or other legal instrument to enable Lodges and Districts to invest their funds upon good security. If it be found impracticable to act upon the adoption of either of the two Scales of payment as a compulsory measure throughout the Order, it will then naturally be asked whether each Lodge or District shall be left to regulate its amounts of contributions and benefits. We think there can scarcely be a doubt that the practice must be done away with of allowing the member who pays a contribution of 4d. per week to receive the same amount of benefit as the one who pays 6d. per week, and to accomplish this it will be necessary to give District Quarterly Committees the power of fixing the amount of contribution to be paid by all the members in their respective Districts, and the amount of benefits (both sick and funeral donations) to be paid by the Lodges. And if the rule of compelling all Lodges to join in a funeral fund be a good one why should not the same practice hold good with regard sick-pay, and a levy be made throughout the District for sick money in the same manner that the levies take place for funeral donations?

One of the chief difficulties which the Society has to contend with is fixing the amount of contribution to be paid by a member to ensure ten shillings per week during sickness. It will avail but little to endeavour to place the Institution on correct principles unless some satisfactory conclusions are arrived at on this point. We have certainly celebrated authorities on the subject, such as Mr. Galloway, Mr. Bidder, Mr. Ansell, Mr. Griffith Davies, and Mr. Neison, but these gentlemen differ very materially as to the amount of sickness that will be experienced by individuals at certain ages; and, when there is such a difference of opinion, would it be safe to adopt any of them as an authority for a permanent measure? Would it not be better that the financial measures should be regulated from Returns to be supplied by the Order of the actual amount of sickness and mortality experienced by the members for one, two, or three years. There is not a Society in existence that could furnish so complete a statistical account of their position as the Manchester Unity, and would it not be more satisfactory to act on information supplied by ourselves than trust to the authority of others, more particularly when we are not disposed to think they have the best means at their command to arrive at the conclusions they give. Peculiarly constructed as our own Society is, being composed of all classes, and consisting of 260,000 members, the Returns might not only be relied upon by the Order, but there is no doubt that Institutions of a similar character would be guided by the information so obtained. These Returns, when compiled and analysed by a competent party, would shew at one glance to every Lodge and District the amount that ought to be paid to ensure certain

benefits, and we have little apprehension but what the information required would (by the majority at least) be willing afforded. If this information were obtained, the members, knowing that it was the result of inquiries amongst themselves, would be satisfied of its authenticity, and not look upon it with the same doubt as in the instances referred to. The investigation would not be an expensive process, for we have had ample proofs that there are members connected with our own body who would if appointed by the A.M.C. undertake the task without calling in the aid of recognized actuaries.

We have thought it our duty to throw together the above imperfect remarks and suggestions, and in doing so we have had regard only to what appeared to us might be made of utility. We look forward with confidence to the proceedings of the A.M.C., and we shall be greatly disappointed if the measures passed do not place the Order in a far superior position to any which it has yet occupied.

EDGAR VERNEY:

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

CHAPTER III.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine:
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

MOON.

The month was June, and the woods and groves rejoiced in the beauty of their fresh green foliage, The birds were filling the air with delicious melody, and that minstrel which hath its dwelling in the long grass sent forth ever and anon its shrill and solitary note. The rich odour of the woodbine mingled with the passing breezes, and innumerable flowers and blossoms exhaled their fragrant sighs, until the atmosphere became almost too luscious with varied sweetness. I was strolling lazily along an old and crooked lane, keeping as much as possible under the shadow of the trees, for it was the hour of noon, when a clear and manly voice broke upon my ear, carolling joyously the following words:—

Oh, give me my home with the canvass roof,
And the merry ringing laugh,
And the shouts of joy that soar aloof
Where my gipsy comrades quaff.

I would not live in a palace-hall,
With a host of slaves around;
If my gaze were met by a stone-built wall,
I should feel as in fetters bound.

Oh, nought care I for the waving plume,
And the jewel's sparkling light;
My gipsy maid hath a cheek of bloom,
And her eye with love is bright.

Dearer to me is the blissful hour
When we roam o'er the green sward free,
Than to sigh and sue in a lady's bower,
And woo upon bended knee.

I love the notes of the lark to hear,
Ere the sun hath drunk the dew;
And the cloudy night hath a song to cheer,
For the moon hath a minstrel true.

Oh, give me my home with the canvass roof,
And the merry ringing laugh,
And the shouts of joy that soar aloof
Where my gipsy comrades quaff.

I listened attentively to the song, for, independent of the words, there was a wild and hearty character about the music and the style in which it was executed that fascinated me. No sooner was the melody finished than the singer came bounding over an old gate which divided his path from mine, and stood before me. I was as much struck with his graceful and muscular form as I had been with his song. He was about the middle height, and moved with as much ease and freedom as a young stag. He did not appear to have a pound of superfluous flesh about him, and his features wore a frank yet determined air, and appeared as though it would be impossible for them to assume an expression of cravenness. There was nothing low or vulgar about him. His dress was of no costly material, and was evidently not fashioned by a Bond Street artist, but Nature had conferred upon him a patent of nobility, and her gifts cannot be concealed by humble apparel. He wore no vest, but had on a sort of light-coloured surtout, thrown open in front and exposing a snow-white shirt. His shirt collar was carelessly turned down, and a black silk kerchief hung loosely about his neck. He wore a straw hat, and his feet were encased in high-lows, which were made for wear and not for ornament. In one hand he held a jagged stick, and, raising the other to his hat he saluted me with much grace and perfect freedom from embarrassment.

"A pleasant country this of yours, and splendid weather for the hay, which is more abundant this year and in these parts than I remember to have observed at any other time or in any other locality. Your streams too are more abundantly supplied with fish than any which I have angled in of late."

"If," said I, "your song conveyed your own sentiments, you lead a life which affords you an opportunity of pronouncing a tolerably correct opinion, at least, as to which are the most eligible places for an encampment; and yet I should say that you were not accustomed to a gypsy's life from your infancy. There is something in your manners which tells me you have mixed in society more refined than is to be met with amongst the roving classes with whom it would appear you now associate."

"You are right," said he, "I once occupied a place in what is called polished society. It was considered a fortunate thing for me that my father was born before me, and for a length of time my waggon rolled on so merrily that I thought there was no occasion for me either to pray to Hercules or put my shoulder to the wheel. We none of us, however, know what ruts may lie in our path of life, and I met with one which I had not expected. Thank Heaven, I have now nothing to lose, and have accustomed myself to wish only for those things which I see a probability of obtaining."

"You are a philosopher."

"Far from it," said he, "I know little of theories of any description, and nothing of philosophy. I have had some small experience, and have endeavoured to profit by it. You will think it strange when I state that I have learned to prefer a canvass covering to a substantial roof, and the chance of getting a scanty meal to the certainty of a full table. I prefer catching a trout to buying one in the market, and I would rather sleep on the green turf than repose on a couch of down. I love liberty, though I am sometimes obliged to make use of my heels to preserve it, and I prefer waiting on myself to keeping a servant as a spy upon my actions—a man who bends before me with mock humility, and when my back is turned laughs at my follies and robs me with impunity whenever he has the opportunity of doing so. I find more disinterested affection in a rude tent than a carpetted drawing-room, and would rather trust a gipsy maid than a fashionable lady. But come with me—you shall see how I live, and if you wish to learn something of my past history, your curiosity shall be gratified."

I had become interested in my new acquaintance, and I accepted his invitation. We walked side by side upwards of a mile, my companion continuing to table with untiring vivacity, and being evidently more conversant with the way we were travelling than I was myself. We now came to more unfrequented paths, and I had some difficulty in keeping up with my fellow traveller, who seemed to pay no regard to the obstacles which impeded the progress of ordinary pedestrians. Hedges, gates, and fences were cleared by him without the slightest difficulty, and I was often left behind to consider the best method of following him. At length the gipsy encampment lay before us, and the spot had been chosen by men well accustomed to consider the requisites of a roving life. The turf was level, and the grass was luxuriant, whilst at the distance of fifty yards from the place a limpid spring of water might be heard gurgling. Two large and clean-looking tents were pitched, and several sunburnt and stalwart men were

lazily reclining under the shadow of an umbrageous tree. One of the most youthful was playing upon the flute, and evinced a mastery over his instrument which at once surprised and charmed me. A young girl about eighteen years of age ran eagerly from one of the tents, but timidly retreated when she saw that my companion was not alone. He called her to him laughingly, and twining his arm round her slender waist, imprinted a fond kiss on her blushing cheek. She raised her beautiful dark eyes, and never had I seen a face more perfectly formed. Every feature was finely and classically cut, and, save that it might have been objected that her skin was too richly bronzed, she was a model of female loveliness.

"What, brown Meg," said my companion, "does the sight of a man affright thee? Thou art as timid as the traveller who fears a thief in every bush, as Shakspeare hath it. Come, girl, arouse thee, and see if thou can'st not find the wherewithall to cheer the inward man, for verily," said he, striking his stomach, "notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there is an objection in this part of the house to the supplies being stopped."

The girl tripped into one of the tents, and in a moment or two we again beheld her sweet face, and saw her beckon us to approach.

"Dear Margaret," murmured my companion as if speaking to himself, "if there be faith in woman's heart, there is love in thine for me."

We entered the tent, in the centre of which was placed a small round table covered with a spotless diaper cloth, and in the centre smoked some "savoury mess" which was no doubt the production of some "neat handed Phillis" belonging to the establishment. My host did the honours of the table with as much ease and gentlemanly deportment as if he had been seated in his own parlour, and, in obedience to one of his quiet signals a bottle of wine and two bell-shaped glasses were placed upon the table. We pledged each other, and I had no cause to find fault with the sherry, which was of a most "nutty" and palatable flavour. Some capital old cheese was introduced, and, taken as a whole, the repast was one which a hungry man would not have refused.

"Well," said the gipsy, "will you come and live with me under the greenwood tree, as Master Shakspeare saith, or do you prefer the tame conventionalities of more civilized life? There was a time when I thought differently to what I now do, and when the wild delight of a rover's life and a gipsy's fare would have been as unpalatable to me as to you, but I half promised you my story as we came along, and if you wish it you shall have it now."

I signified my desire to hear the narrative, and my host proceeded to relate what will be found in the following chapter.

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District,

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

BONNIE LADY MAY!

The violet is my lady's flower,
And it bears a charmed spell,
For minstrel knight and troubadour
Have prized the violet well.
But never to its purple leaves,
Did love such homage pay,
As when they bound the golden curls
Of Bonnie Lady May!
Oh, give me then the charmed wreath,
Around my lute to twine,
And never shall its music breathe,
A dearer name than thine!
Then meet me where the violets spring,
In the greenwood far away,
And smile to hear thy lover sing,
My Bonnie Lady May!

THE FAIRY LUTE.

Listen, love ! list to the magical notes,
 From the Isle of the Syren the melody floats ;
 Silvery and sweet, love, she warbes her lay,
 As the fountain drops scatter their diamonds of spray,
 But thy voice has a cadence that's sweeter to me,
 Than the sigh of the Fairy Lute over the sea.

Moonlight, love, sleeps over valley and stream,
 And the charm of that music floats by like a dream ;
 Fondly I gaze, love, entranced by the spell,
 On thine eyes in whose lustre, love's witcheries dwell,
 And thy glance has a magic, that's dearer to me
 Than the sigh of the Fairy Lute over the sea !

"THE HEART THAT IS SACRED TO THEE."

In the bloom of thy beauty we parted,
 And years have gone by since the hour,
 When they told me the dark grave had clouded
 The light of my heart's early flower ;
 But ever before me thou shinest,
 The star of my life's troubled sea,
 And no earthly love has profanèd
 The heart that is sacred to thee !

The light of my charms is around me,
 Thy voice ever murmuring seems
 To speak of the long lost and lovely,
 The Angel that visits my dreams !
 Thy beauty from earth has departed,
 But thy name ever worshipp'd shall be,
 A spell-word of love to enlighten
 The heart that is sacred to thee !

"WE MET LOVE IN THE SUMMER."

We met, love, in the Summer,
 That green and gladsome time,
 And thy beauty shone upon me,
 Like the sunlight of thy clime !
 We could not think of sorrow,
 For the world was bright with flowers,
 And sweeter than the roses
 Was that loving dream of ours !

But soon the winter darken'd
 That gay enchanted scene,
 The silvery snow was falling,
 Where the roses once had been :
 Thou art plighted to another,
 And mine may never be—
 Ah ! colder than the snow, love,
 Was thy last farewell to me.

Leeds.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.*

The Order of Odd Fellowship has now arrived at such importance as to fix upon it the attention of all classes, and curiosity has been raised as to how such an enormous body could have been called into existence. Essays innumerable have been written, both praising and condemning the principles of the Institution, and much time and research have been expended for the purpose of establishing its origin. Many treatises more remarkable for their ingenuity than their accuracy have been concocted to prove that Odd Fellowship had an existence in the time of Nero and was cultivated by the Roman soldiers; and so fond is mankind of establishing a claim to antiquity, that for a considerable period the members of the Order were quite satisfied with their title to remote origin without investigating its validity.

We have before us two works which are the best on the subject of Odd Fellowship that have yet come under our notice, and are both well deserving the patronage of the members of the Order. Those who are desirous of spreading abroad a knowledge of our history and principles cannot do better than place one or both of these publications in the hands of their friends. Mr. Burn's work is one which must have entailed upon the author a great amount of labour and inquiry, and we have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the skill and judgment with which he has arranged the materials at his command. Mr. Burn classifies his work under different heads, viz. "The Origin of Odd Fellowship," "Progress and early struggles of the Order," "Introduction of the Order into Scotland," "Constitution of the Order, its Laws and Government," and "The influence Odd Fellowship is calculated to have on society at large." It will be seen from these titles that a comprehensive view of the subject may be expected. Many passages are written with great vigour of thought and style, and we extract the following from the early portion of the work:—

As far as I have been able to ascertain, the Society must have had its origin in or about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and must have been entirely confined to London for several years. I have been able to trace it so far back as 1745. The only document wherein I have seen it named as having existed anterior to the present century was one of Bentley's Nos. for 1842, in which article the writer enumerates the different amusements of that period; the Society is therefore classed among the other convivial associations of the day. However, it must have been in a state of dormancy for a considerable time, and was not resuscitated until the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the latter part of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the mania of Free Masonry had spread itself over the whole of the continent of Europe. Men of all classes had become enamoured of its tinsel and gilded trappings; in fact, Secret Societies had become quite the rage of fashionable loungers and designing demagogues. While Masonry unfurled the banner of loyalty, the Illuminati held up the red flag of anarchy; yet, notwithstanding the apparent disparity of character assumed by these two Societies, they were frequently dove-tailed in each other, both being supported by the same members. Men of all classes were absorbed in the stirring events of the times, many of whom were carried away in the whirling vortex of false philosophy without being aware of their real position. Emissaries of both Societies might be seen traversing the land in search of proselytes, and to carry out their favourite designs. The then state of public feeling was well calculated to lead people's minds away by the most trivial speculations or absurd ideas. The bloody game of war had long amused the British people; they were not tired of it, but required some other little thing to keep up a healthy excitement; I have therefore no doubt that the Society had its origin under the circumstances to which I have referred, and about the time as mentioned above. Thus we see from what small beginnings spring matters of great and mighty import. Could we but remove the veil from off futurity, and be able to look forward into the dim vista of time, pursuing the astonishing operations of cause and effect, what would have been the amazement of the jovial and unthinking fathers of Odd Fellowship; though cradled in vice, and reared in thoughtless mirth and levity, to amuse their idle, or stolen hours. They might have seen it gradually expanding into manhood, and bursting asunder the chains which fettered its youthful limbs. They might have seen the little seed sown in their unthinking moments of conviviality, springing up to a mighty tree spreading its umbrageous branches over the surrounding landscape; or like the tiny source of a river bursting from its narrow cell, its sparkling waters once loosed from the subterranean cave, quickly gravitate over the pebbly bed, and meandering along through wood and vale, or dashing its spray from the mountain cataract, it gathers strength as it rolls along, until it receives the tribute of many rills, and becomes able to bear upon its gigantic bosom the mighty fabrics of commerce, whose chambers are filled with the varied produce of industry from many a distant land. They might also have followed the footsteps of their early protegee, and have seen it advancing, with silent and steady pace, the cause of civil and religious liberty, and gradually uniting the greater part of the human family in the bonds of good fellowship; preventing vice and crime; dissipating bigotry and calling into action the noblest faculties of the human mind; pulling down faction and subduing discord, and becoming the handmaid of religion, by sowing the

* An Historical Sketch of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, M. U., by J. Burn, P. Prov. G. M. Glasgow. Pp. 180, Price 3s.
History and Principles of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, by the Rev. Henry Newland, M. A., Rector and Vicar of Westbourne, and Member of the Village Hope Lodge. Pp. 42, Price 6d.

seeds of charity; feeding the hungry; clothing the naked; visiting the sick; consoling and relieving the widow, and throwing the shield of protection over the lone and hapless orphan. Oh! with what astonishment would these sapient founders behold the thing of their wanton creation, scattering its bounties, and diffusing its blessings over many a clime—uniting the sable sons of Africa with the red men of the Western Hemisphere, and causing the gloomy and taciturn followers of Mahomet to pledge the disciples of him who bled on Calvary, in friendship and love. Gentle reader, had these midnight revellers foreseen all these things it would have been no idle or delusive dream. The little fire which was kindled in some obscure tavern in London, now sheds its invigorating rays of genial heat over a great part of the civilized world, and has caused many a care worn son of toil to exclaim with the poet,

“Oh! say not this world is a desert of thrall,
There is light—there is bloom on the waste;
Though this life hath its acids and gall,
There are honey drops too for the taste.”

We select the following passage from Mr. Burn's account of the introduction of the Order into Scotland:—

On the 22nd of May, *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-Eight*, the standard of Odd Fellowship was first hoisted in a little obscure tavern, the sign of the Hatters' Arms, in New Street. The pioneers of the Order in Glasgow were a few humble mechanics, who had little to recommend them to the world, except their dirty faces, and industrious habits. Before the Lodge was opened, many preliminary meetings were held, in order to carry out the necessary arrangements. Cockermouth in Cumberland, was then the nearest district, consequently the party had to put themselves in communication with the officers of that place. On the 22nd aforesaid, the “Loyal City of Glasgow,” was opened by Prov. D. G. M. Beck from Carlisle; 22 members were initiated into the craft and secrets of Odd Fellowship. As soon as the ceremony was over, the *New-born* brothers adjourned to a substantial supper, provided for the occasion, where the party exercised the muscles of their under jaws, as mechanically as if they had been Odd Fellows all their lives. The next day found these *illuminated* gentlemen at their different avocations, very likely astonishing their shopmates concerning the profound mysteries of the Order. The party continued to hold their meetings regularly once a fortnight, and the host to supply them with refreshments, and nobody seemed disposed to care anything about them, or even trust themselves in their company. The visitors to the Hatters' Arms, were occasionally amused at the *Sancho Panza* appearance of a gigantic black fellow, with a drawn sword in his hand, who acted as the Cerberus to guard the Lodge-room door, against the ladies or children. This gentleman had a happy temperament for swigging his quart of ale, and cracking jokes with the servant maids. It would have been a difficult task for a stranger to have sustained his gravity with anything like becoming decency, on entering the Lodge-room. A more grotesque group can scarcely be imagined than the gentlemen who then formed the City of Glasgow Lodge: the elective officers dressed in full *pontificals*, with white cotton gloves on their hands; some occasionally would have required gloves on their faces, to keep the god of cleanliness from blushing. The members from time to time did not cease to importune their friends, in order to induce them to join their ranks, but without success: the name was quite sufficient to deter the cautious Scotchman from becoming a member of such an apparently unmeaning body of men. The ancient order was introduced into Glasgow, about the year 1815, and several Lodges were opened with dispensations in different parts of the town. These Lodges were carried on upon the principle of free and easy societies; the money paid for initiation of members, was all spent in drink. These Lodges had been the means of ruining many young men, who had parts for singing or oratory; as well as others who were led away by their social influence. The immoral tendency of these old Odd Fellows Lodges, was not forgotten in Glasgow, when the Manchester Unity was first introduced. The minds of all who knew anything of the ancient order, were necessarily prejudiced against the new. On the 17th of November, 1838, the “Banks of Clyde” was opened, under the auspices of a gentleman from Liverpool, (a native of Greenock,) along with two Englishmen. On the 17th August, 1839, another Lodge was opened in the Gorbals of Glasgow, by the euphonious name of the “Thistle.” The Society was now beginning to force itself upon the good graces of the people in the west of Scotland, by the benefits it was daily conferring upon its members, and of course, upon society at large. On the 2nd March, 1840, another Lodge was opened in Greenock, with a name, endeared not only to the people of Greenock, but to all Scotland: a name in which the recollection of Scotland's ever darling child of song will be for ever blended. Though *Highland Mary* was not a native of Greenock, their soil has been hallowed by her mortal remains. The one fond, but simple object of the poet's earthly desire, lies there; she on whom he poured forth the torrent of his manly affections, in strains of never-dying music, the everlasting echo of pure love, whose sounds shall vibrate upon the sensibility of the human heart in all time. Were it not for trespassing upon the attention of my kind reader, oh! how fondly could I brood over their memories, and like Glo'ster in his dream, cite up a thousand recollections: “The Castle o' Montgomery;” “Where summer sheds her early beams;” Doon's waters murmuring by while their vows were plighting: “The tearing of their two fond hearts asunder;” “The everlasting parting;” “Death's untimely frost;” “The Green, sod;” “The lingering star with lessening ray;” “The abstracted soul contemplating its lover in the mansions of bliss.” Oh! had they never met and never parted, they'd never thus been broken hearted: but had they never met and never parted, the banks and braes around the Castle o' Montgomery, would never have been haunted in our halls; nor Mary in Heaven delighted our ravished ears, with the fervid glow of its soul-breathing affection, and mellow strain of lingering melancholy. There are three Lodges in Greenock, and I believe Highland Mary is the last opened. Almost all the Lodges in Scotland have been very happy in their choice of names. The memories of Wallace and Bruce are blended with the Order. Shakspeare, Byron, Burns, and Tannahill, have all found living monuments to perpetuate their name. Glasgow became a district by permission of the Birmingham A. M. C. in 39; Greenock, by the York A. M. C. in 40; Dumbarton, by the Isle of Man A. M. C.; Edinburgh, by the Wigan A. M. C. in 41; Paisley, Demfy, Perth, Ayr, and Kilmarnock, have all since become districts. The number of members

which Glasgow has given birth to, is now about 12,000; and Lodges are now being opened in almost every town in Scotland. The Society has now attained a standing respectability: great numbers of gentlemen in the middle ranks of society, have become members, for the purpose of encouraging the working classes to avail themselves of its wise provisions. The St. Marnock Lodge in Kilmarnock, has been honoured by the Earl of Eglinton and Winton becoming a member, as well as by several of the resident gentlemen. When the A. M. C. was held in Glasgow, Archibald Allison, Esq., Sheriff of the county, did the members of the Glasgow district, the honour of presiding at a public dinner on the occasion, wherein he expressed himself highly delighted with the character and objects of the Society, and declared his intention of becoming a member; and at the same time, gave Mr. Whaithe, the G. M. of the Order, £1 as his first instalment, or yearly contribution. Had the Society not had good claims upon the feelings and judgments of the Scotch people, it would soon have died a premature death, and left no trace behind. The working of the Order in Scotland is considerably different from what it is in England, particularly in its convivial character. Shortly after it was introduced into Glasgow, Lodges ceased to be held in public houses, which was a very necessary reformation. The habits of the Scotch people are very different from those of their English neighbours; it was therefore, a wise consideration to hold their Lodges in private rooms; for, had it been otherwise, the Society would have lost much of its moral influence upon its members, and the good opinions of the public.

We shall content ourselves with making one more extract:—

The objects and ends of the Society are, to alleviate human misery—to do good, and above all, to raise the working man in his own estimation—to destroy his dependence upon those above him—the last remnant of feudal servility—and to make him look up to himself as his own and family's benefactor. If these objects are not in themselves praiseworthy and highly commendable, then is Odd Fellowship an idle chimera, and unworthy the attention of any rational being! There are many parties in the community who treat the Society as a thing beneath their notice: among these are many who live upon the proceeds of the working man's industry. Could these superficial observers see beyond the circle of their own noses, their selfish philosophy would teach them to look upon the operations of the Order in a very different point of view. When the artisan ceases to labour, the baker, butcher, and brewer very soon feel the effects. The wages of the labouring classes seldom rest in their possession: the proceeds of their industry soon finds its way into a thousand channels of exchange, and while their labour is constantly enriching those above them in society, little remains with themselves. Nature changes the seasons, and time runs his unerring rounds, and the working man plods on toiling, frequently amidst hardships, privations, and difficulties, till the sun of his existence sets, too frequently on a frame worn out by over physical exertion. I think I have proved that the Society is worthy the attention of every man who wishes well to the human family. Two hundred and sixty thousand men in a State, united for mutual support, cannot fail to command attention, let them be ever so unobtrusive, and if those parties who sneer at Odd Fellowship, either through their ignorance, or because they conceive themselves independent of its provisions, would consider that their want of information amounts to criminality, and that the selfishness or want of charity in those who are seemingly well provided for in the world, overlooking the wants of others who have been less fortunate, is a sin, both against God, their country, and the principles of common humanity. Every society whose objects are for the advancement of the labouring classes ought to be encouraged, and more particularly when we find them forming such associations, where the exercise of benevolence is so imperatively demanded and enforced. A prudent and industrious labouring community ought to be the pride and boast of a nation: their industry enriches the general community; and their intelligence extends the sphere of their usefulness, and reflects honour on the state to which they belong. The laws of Odd Fellowship tend in an eminent degree, to soften down the prejudices of early education. Political or religious disputes are never suffered at any of the Lodge meetings. Every member is therefore at full liberty to think and act upon the political or religious impressions of his own mind. Thus the true principles of liberty are not only tolerated, but strongly inculcated, by the principles and practice of the Society. It is a matter of no small consequence to society, that men are taught to respect each other's conscientious opinions. This is charity in its true character. The best way to teach men the value of virtue, is to exemplify it in our own conduct. The man who wantonly interferes with his neighbours' opinions, or endeavours to thrust his own down their throats, is such a character as society can well spare. It is time enough for a man to explain his faith when called upon so to do; but every man can show forth by his good works an example worthy of being followed. It may be argued, that notwithstanding the noble principles upon which the Society is based, that Odd Fellows are neither better subjects, nor better members of society than other men. This is a proposition which I am not going to combat; but I must say, that their inducements to do good, are greater than is to be found among the general community. The principle of benevolence is continually before them, as well as having been pledged to the performance of acts of kindness in all their intercourse with their fellow-men; and when a member violates the laws of his country, or commits any gross immoral act, he ceases to be a member of the Society. This stringency of the rules of the order, necessarily acts as a check upon the conduct of the members.

The Rev. Mr. Newland's pamphlet is an exceedingly valuable one, and is worthy of attention, as well on account of the author's position in society as from the sound reasoning and excellent remarks with which it abounds. We could quote nearly the whole of the pamphlet with pleasure to ourselves and advantage to our readers, but the price of the publication is so small that it is placed within the reach of all, and we recommend our readers at once to possess it. Mr Newland argues that Odd Fellowship has a legitimate descent from the Gilds of ancient times, and gives the following interesting account of these associations:—

"Gilds," says Dr. Lingard,* "were an institution of great antiquity among the Anglo-Saxons, and in every populous neighbourhood they existed in various ramifications." From the very nature of the case they were in most instances composed entirely of mechanics and artisans, and the definite benefit for which they were "gildar" related to trade or manufacture. I know of but one instance of an agricultural gild before the eleventh century, and that was associated in North Wales for the purchase of ploughs, oxen, and agricultural implements; but in other respects subject to the usual conditions of gild laws, and bound to some pious or charitable work.†

There are many copies of these gild laws still extant; an extract from those of Abbotsbury will perhaps be the readiest way of giving some idea of their nature:—

"If any one belonging to our association chance to die, each member shall pay one penny for the good of the soul, before the body be laid in the grave: if he neglect it he shall be fined a triple sum. If any one of us fall sick within sixty miles, we engage to find fifteen men who shall bring him home; but if he die first, we will find thirty men to convey him to the place where he desires to be buried. And the Steward shall summon as many members as he can, to assemble and attend the corpse in an honorable manner, to carry it to the priest, and to pray devoutly for his soul." "Let us act in this manner, and we shall perform the duties of our confraternity, for we know not who among us may die first, but we believe with the assistance of God this agreement, if rightly observed, will profit us all."

The feudal times were unpropitious to the growth of any popular institutions, and we see but few traces of the Gild, until the restoration of the Saxon line in the person of Henry II., when an imperfect form of it was established for the protection of those foreign artisans, the immigration of whom it was that Monarch's policy to encourage.

It was during the reign of Edward IV. that the Gilds both attained the culminating point of their splendor, and at the same time acquired an element, which, by associating them with politics, originated their decay as popular and religious institutions. Desirous of establishing a counterpoise to the feudal power of the barons, the Merchant King gave to those gilds which existed in many of the cities, political powers and privileges, and raised them into the corporations and companies which exist to this day; while those of the smaller towns, neglected because useless as a political power, gradually wasted away, and in most cases became extinct.

Still in some places a sort of remembrance of ancient times was kept up, and the association, degraded into a mere social meeting, still dedicated some small portion of its funds to charitable purposes, though the gild or benefit part of the Institution was forgotten and laid aside.

Mr. Newland has the following remarks on the christianlike and moral character of the Order.

The duty of providing for the helpless is continually held up to our members by their own rules, and if even the amount of relief given is not greater on account of this, the manner of giving it is at least more christianlike.

But besides this, the Manchester Unity is a society for mutual encouragement in virtue; it exerts a certain degree of control over the moral character of its members. Drunkenness, quarrelling, swearing, obscene language, or language calculated to raise disputes—all these things are punishable by fine, and the offending member is tried by a committee of his Lodge. In every quarterly report we have instances of men expelled by the District for general bad character, or conduct tending to bring the order into disrepute. A member losing his work in consequence of a strike, forfeits *ipso facto* his travelling card; a member recommending a man of bad character, forfeits a guinea.

The various objections which have been urged against the Society are considered and ably combatted, though Mr. Newland thinks that a real and substantial objection exists against the name of the Order. Of his own Lodge he says:—

According to the laws of my own Lodge, I as parson of the parish, am its "*ex officio* visitor to watch over its external and internal discipline. My particular duty, as printed on my card, is not only to enforce fines, and to prosecute disturbers—but also to open and close the Lodge; and I have subjected myself to a fine, if I am not there whenever the Lodge is open. I am a competent witness then, at least for my own people; and I can safely say that from the beginning to the present time, not only I have never had to demand a fine for drunkenness, swearing, improper expressions or angry words;—but I have never had occasion to check the smallest irregularity.

We again recommend both these works to the members of the Order, and to all those who feel an interest in the origin and growth of the Society.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

Translated from the French.

BY B. S. BARCLAY.

The amiable wife of the celebrated author, Helvetius, whose graces and rare qualities inspired her husband in the production of his charming poem on "Happiness," possessed a remarkable passion for birds; and having devoted much time to the interesting study of Ornithology, she knew all the various species and understood the various modes of rearing and feeding them.

*Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

† Leg. Wall.—quoted in the Antiquary's Portfolio.

At her beautiful country seat of *Auteuil*, Madame Helvetius had caused the erection of an elegant and commodious aviary, in which was assembled a feathered and tuneful throng; and which was an asylum for all the birds of the surrounding country during the inclement months of winter. This aviary was only closed at night, in order to secure its inmates from being attacked by destructive animals. In the morning, when Madame H. had distributed with her own hands the peculiar food suited to their different natures, she opened their prison doors, and permitted them to enjoy entire freedom. Hopping from spray to spray, they would then make the surrounding woods merry with their melodious notes.

It frequently happened, that during the fine weather in summer, but few of this joyous troop returned to the asylum where the most tender care disputed with abundance. An insect, taken on the wing—the muddy water of a pond—and the slightest shelter afforded by a twig—were often preferred to the long ears of grain—the delicate seed—the clear limpid fountain, and the nests of moss and down, which decorated the aviary: so true to nature is it that not even imprisonment in a palace, with every luxury, can compensate for the loss of liberty and independence. But, when came frost and snow, and the winds whistled chill through the leafless trees, then would these little fugitives gladly return to enjoy the sweets of hospitality; bringing with them not a few strangers, who sought also an asylum from cold and hunger.

It was never without regret that Madame Helvetius separated herself from her numerous and beloved guests, but the celebrity of her name—the charm of her society—and the graces of her person and manners, called her to become the ornament of a circle in the gay capital; to which she usually repaired about the beginning of January.

The memorably severe winter of 1788 produced, in France, unparalleled distress and misfortune.—Rivers, choked by ice, piled mountains high, broke through their natural barriers, and destroyed indiscriminately, castle and cottage. Wild beasts, emboldened by the pangs of hunger, darted into the sheep folds, and besieging the hamlet, attacked even the infant in its cradle! The bodies of men were found upon the highway petrified by cold; and in the fields and woods, game of every kind was seen extended dead upon the snow. One would have thought that the solar system was deranged, and that the earth had deviated from its course: so completely had the temperate climate of France—which is not one of the least advantages she derives from nature—changed into that of Greenland or Nova Zembla.

It was then that Madame Helvetius—after having assured herself that her numerous feathered family at *Auteuil* were well provided for, and not suffering in any manner during such a disastrous winter,—occupied herself at Paris, in affording relief to the unhappy poor. Her touching pity extended itself to all the suffering beings around her.

Often from the windows of her apartment—which opened upon a long terrace,—she observed that a great number of sparrows, who found refuge at night in the stables of the hotel, during the day vainly sought for food.—Her heart—so attuned to benevolence that she could not witness unmoved the distress of even the smallest of God's creatures—prompted her to extend them relief. Exposing herself to the vigorous cold, she opened a window, and stepping upon the terrace, swept from it the snow, with her own hands. When she had cleared a spot large enough, she hastened to distribute thereon, grain of different kinds; and to her joy, she soon saw alight, an infinite number of birds, who devoured eagerly the repast spread for them. Thus the good Madame H. occupied herself each morning, while many of her little visitors would crowd around her; some, even venturing so far as to peep in at the window of her apartment.

One day while abandoning herself to this pleasure, one sparrow of the numerous flock came and perched itself upon her head—descended to her shoulder, and nestled in her bosom. Madame H. attributed this boldness to the intense cold, with which the bird appeared to be somewhat benumbed; so she hastened to warm it with her hands—to caress it—and entering her apartment, approached the fire; but the bird increased its familiarity—perching on her finger, it pecked her hand; and alighting on her shoulder, it flapped its wings, as if wishing to express gratitude to its benefactress. Somewhat puzzled by this demeanour, Madame H. thought it could be no other than a pet sparrow belonging to some person in the neighbourhood, and had been attracted thither by the grain upon the terrace; so, after a little time, she re-opened the window and said to the bird—

“If thou dost belong to any one in this neighbourhood they will be uneasy concerning thy fate: fly quickly! and comfort those who mourn thy absence. If thou canst

not find thy home, return to me, poor little wanderer. Oh! return again to nestle in my bosom."

With these words, she gave it a kiss, and away it flew from her sight.

On the morrow, Madame Helvetius was pleased to find again, among her daily increasing flock, the little refugee who had inspired her with so much interest on the preceding day. So soon as it had taken its meal, the affectionate bird flew more familiarly if possible than before, to receive a caress, when to her great surprise, Madame H. discovered that around its neck was fastened a narrow blue ribbon, from which depended the end of a glove finger; forming a tiny bag. Excited by the most lively curiosity, she eagerly examined it, and found within a very thin leaf of paper, folded into the smallest possible compass, upon which was written in a delicate female hand, the following lines from Racine;

"Aux petits des oiseaux tu donnes leur pature,
Et ta bonté s'étend sur toute la nature:"

which, literally translated, is—

"Thou givest to little birds their food;
And thy kindness extends over all nature."

Moved with intense interest, Madame Helvetius perused the postscript attached to this flattering quotation—

"Virtuous persons in your neighbourhood are languishing in need; would you do less for them, than the numerous feathered family whom we see you nourish with food each morning?"

"Doubtless not!" she exclaimed, abandoning herself to every kind emotion—"resist a request so touching? impossible!

Hastening to her *escritoire*, she took from it a draft for six hundred livres, which she deposited in the little bag, and fastened it again round the bird's neck. Bestowing repeated kisses upon the interesting messenger, she went out upon the terrace, and bade it fly to relieve those who were perhaps that moment suffering the pangs of cold and hunger. Her eyes attentively followed the direction of the sparrow's flight, hoping that she might thus discover the spot where it alighted: but no, the trees in the neighbouring gardens intercepted her view: and Madame H., returning to her apartment, abandoned herself to the sweetest reflections.

"By what means," thought she, could this poor family have instructed a simple sparrow to direct its flight thitherward, and perform the task of selecting me for their benefactress. Ah! how anxious I am to know them; to visit them. They must be superior to the position in which they are thrown. With what touching delicacy the appeal was made. The more I reflect, the more am I lost in astonishment."

Many days passed, and brought not again the bird. Madame Helvetius thought constantly of this strange adventure, but was careful not to speak of it to any one; for thus she would have revealed a benevolent action, which, made known, would have lost half its merit. Sometimes the vivacity of her brilliant imagination, and her profound knowledge of the world, created in her mind the suspicion that she had been made the sport of some artful impostor: for often among the interesting and worthy objects who claim our commiseration, will steal those who impose upon our credulity, and abuse our confidence.

At last, one morning, while Madame H. was sweeping the snow from the terrace for the daily distribution of grain, among the birds which came flocking around—for it appeared as if all the birds in and about Paris attended the morning levee on the terrace of the good Madame H.,—she spied the little faithful messenger with its ribbon and bag.

"Welcome!" she cried, "welcome! and so thou hast for me another billet?"

The bird seemed pleased and proud, and wheeled around her head in graceful circles before alighting upon her hand.

The bag was once more opened with a deep emotion, while Madame H. advanced to her *escritoire*, that she might be ready to deposit a new pledge of her generosity, when her attention was arrested by the following.

"You have saved us! you have saved an estimable artist and his family. Accept our blessings, our thanks. The six hundred livres shall be repaid as soon as the return of spring, and the labour of our hands will permit."

These words were blotted over by tears of gratitude, and Madame H. could not restrain a few sympathizing drops, at having been the means of alleviating the distress of a virtuous family. She now applauded herself more than ever for having yielded to the first promptings of her generous heart, and wrote this reply:

"I thought I had bestowed a *gift*: and it is but a *loan*! The happiness I experience by having been useful to you, renders me your debtor."

"How very dear this sweet bird must be to those whose interpreter it is!"

With these words, and many caresses, Madame H. sent it forth to seek its home, and each succeeding morn she watched in vain; her feathered favorite appeared no more to partake of her bounty.

The frost ceased. The snow disappeared. All nature, smiling, again welcomed the coming of spring. The birds forsook the terrace of their benefactress, and began already to occupy themselves in building nests for their young. They became so shy that Madame H. could no longer allure them; and her tender heart was touched by their forgetfulness and ingratitude.

"But," said she, "how can I blame the unconscious bird for what we daily suffer from intelligent man?"

The first day of that sweetest of months, May, Madame H. took her departure for *Auteuil*. She wished to repair the ravages that the storms of the past severe winter might there have made: and above all did she desire to superintend the alterations and revisions, necessary to the comfort of her beloved guests in the aviary. Every time a sparrow winged its flight above her head—every time she visited her collection of gay-plumaged songsters—that lady would think with tenderness of the charming interpreter of the unknown family; and although this species of bird is not famed for any particular quality which attracts notice, or excites attachment;—yet she would gladly have exchanged many of her choicest birds for the one intelligent sparrow.

Towards the middle of summer, some pressing family business required the presence of Madame H. at Paris. Unwillingly she tore herself away from the charms of rural occupation, and the care of the now thinly inhabited aviary:—the fine weather having, as usual, won the occupants to seek in wood and grove their natural shelter.

The terrace was, of course, visited very soon after her arrival—and none but those who have experienced the same can appreciate the sensations of one who visits the spot where one has performed a virtuous and benevolent action. She looked around, and said—

"Ay! my pretty messenger comes no more: will it not greet me ever again?"

Each morning, early, she sought to attract it by throwing grain, as in the winter,—and, as if to reward her perseverance, the bird came, but hovered around without approaching very near the terrace. Passing and re-passing, it seemed to express both a wish and a fear to alight. Madame H. called it, and made a thousand caressing signs, but all in vain; when the thought struck her that it was the change in her costume that caused this timidity—so, entering her apartment, she hastened to enrobe in her winter pelisse of blue satin, trimmed with ermine, and bonnet of velvet—and then made her appearance again upon the terrace. The sparrow recognized its old acquaintance, and flew upon her shoulder all confidence and joy. The ribbon and bag were both around its neck; and Madame H. impatiently sought for the contents. A check for six hundred *livres* most unexpectedly met her view accompanied by a few words, as follows:

"We hasten to repay the money which you so generously bestowed on strangers—the gratitude we feel will remain engraven on our hearts for ever!"

Madame H. was about to return the check, when she reflected that, perhaps, this act would deprive those estimable unknown ones of the sweetest enjoyment they could experience — that of discharging a debt sacred to honour.

Wishing to accustom the bird to her summer costume, she resumed her robe of white muslin, took off her bonnet, and appeared in hair simply arranged in bands.

She had the pleasure to find that the sparrow no longer shunned her, though it examined her at first with a very prying, suspicious look, as much as to say—"what does all this mean? why can you not always dress the same, as I do?"

Every day would it come and pay quite a long visit—hopping about on the terrace; and if Madame H. delayed opening the window, it would tap with its little beak on the glass, and express impatience in a thousand ways.

It was Sunday. Madame H. attended by several friends, persons of distinction, was resting, after a promenade in the beautiful *Jardin des Plantes*, and enjoying the charm of an animated conversation, when a sparrow was seen to escape from its hiding-place under the neck-kerchief of a young girl of about ten or eleven years old, who sat opposite on a bank of turf, and perch upon the shoulder of Madame H., expressing its attachment by various endearments.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, covering it with kisses, "it is my darling little messenger;

but how came it here, in this public garden, among so many people?"

"Excuse me, Madame," said the young girl, approaching—"it is my sister's pet."

"And where, my dear child, is your sister?" enquired Madame H.

"The young girl," she replied, "on the other side of the walk, sitting with my father and mother. She is dressed in white. Do you not see her, Madame? This sparrow is hers, and I do not think she would part with it for the world."

While concluding these words, she beckoned to a young person of singularly lovely face and figure, who, this moment discovering her bird in its new position, rose from her seat in agitation, and flushing with embarrassment and joy, exclaimed—

"It is her! Yes, it is herself, my parents!—it is our benefactress!"

Behold Madame Helvetius, now surrounded by a most interesting group. Father, mother, and six children, relieved by her generosity, invoking upon her head blessings, and overwhelming her with thanks—while the bird's sweet mistress, nearly overcome by emotion, in low, broken, but musical tones, falters a few words of gratitude, pressing the hands of Madame H. to her heart, and to her lips—bedewing them with tears—and the faithful sparrow flying from one to the other, looking proud and happy, as much as to say—"this is all my work; see, what I have done!"—formed a most charming picture.

After a little time, Elise—for this was the name of the eldest daughter, the owner of the bird—was desired by Madame H. to relate their story; "and above all," she added, "inform us by what incomprehensible means you succeeded in directing this our mutual interpreter, to me."

Caressing her bird, Elise replied—

"Oh! Madame, if you knew how much it cost me! but first I will relate why it became necessary.—My father, whose name is Valmont, is by profession a carver of wood. Having been afflicted with a long and dangerous illness, he slowly recovered, and was unable to resume his employment until the middle of winter; and then none could be obtained. Myself and my young sisters were not idle. We laboured hard to procure for our parents the comforts to which they had been accustomed—but, alas! Madame, the little that we could earn was not enough. I daily saw my still invalid parent languishing, and distressed that he could no longer contribute to the wants of his beloved family. The intense cold prevented us from pursuing profitably our avocations.

"What was before us? starvation!—we were all in despair. From the window of my chamber I witnessed your amiable charity to the poor famishing birds. A gleam of hope dawned upon me. It was not necessary to inquire your name; for that of the 'good Madame Helvetius' was already known to me. A plan to procure that assistance from you, which pride and delicacy prevented me from soliciting boldly, presented itself to my mind. I hesitatingly, and without at first informing my parents, resolved to attempt its execution. Oh! the pain that it caused. This dear, innocent bird, was chosen for my interpreter. It was necessary to expose him to the rigorous pangs of hunger, by depriving him of food for several successive days. I thrust him daily forth, that he might learn to join the flock assembled each morn upon the terrace at your hotel; and the poor little creature would fly frightened all over the whole neighbourhood, pursued sometimes by the wild sparrows, who pecked him with their beaks, and so he would return with torn wings and lacerated breast.

"I wept over him, and often said thou shalt go forth no more!—but when I turned, and saw these loved ones, my purpose changed. I sent him again, and with joy observed him mix with the throng, partake of your bounty, and at last, alight on your shoulder. The next morning I ventured the little bag, which contained my first billet."

Trembling with emotion, Elise now exclaimed—"Most honored and beloved Madame Helvetius, you know all the rest. No! not all. You do not know, nor can I picture, the intense joy, the fervent gratitude, with which I presented, and my parents accepted, the generous sum your generosity bestowed. The proud happiness we felt when we were able to repay it, I cannot pourtray."

"But the pet sparrow—the messenger bird—what became of him?" you, my daughter, will ask. Elise promised to bring it herself to visit Madame H. and this good lady never omitted an opportunity to contribute to the comfort and happiness of so much virtue, and never ceased to inculcate the lesson I now repeat:

That it is better to absolve a guilty person than condemn an innocent one: so, the fear of nourishing vice, or encouraging fraud, should never cause us to neglect any opportunity of affording relief to honest and virtuous indigence."

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow;
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth,
 The blinding sleet or snow:
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars from bank to brae;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

BURNS.

LEISURELY returning from a morning's excursion into the interior of St. Helens, we arrived on the ridge of a high hill, and walked down the slope, to witness the mighty waters of the famed St. Lawrence, lashing themselves into foam and fury, as the ice on its surface broke into blocks of an immense size, with a noise resembling the report of cannon, and, impelled by the force of the current, rushed headlong, block over block, in its descent to the open sea. The air was subdued and heavy, wearing that gloomy appearance which usually presages a storm in the winter portion of the year. The frost had been severe and of long continuance; but, severe as it had been, it now succumbed to the milder alterations of mist and fog, and the surface of the river, which had been one continuous sheet of ice, varying in thickness from six inches to as many feet, became rotten, and unsafe for the foot of the pedestrian, or the iron bound rim of the sledge or cariole.

The transit over the bosom of the deep blue waters was completely interrupted; few dared venture to tread its treacherous paths, save those who courted local renown by a display of their hardihood and contempt of danger. Rendered soft and porous by the change in the weather, agitated by the fitful risings of the wind, it shattered into thousands of pieces of various diameters, as changeful in form as they were varied in bulk. The current set strongly downwards, and the large blocks of ice overran each other in their career and came into violent collision, elbowing, jostling, and jerking their sharp corners as it were into one another's sides with remorseless power and effect.

It was a scene at once grand and terrific, conveying forcibly to the mind an idea of the utmost omnipotence in the Creator of materials, so simple and graceful when resolved into their primitive elements; yet, so powerful and resistless when aggregated into a solid mass. Those whom fortune has but recently tempted to cast their lot upon these northern shores, and who are unused to the cry—the ice is breaking—become startled and astonished, and look with pure wonderment at the grandeur of the moving panorama before them as it hurries by into the open ocean, receiving fresh accession every moment from the tributary streams and lakes of the upper country. Roaring, splashing, tossing about, the noise of the clashing ice reverberates along both shores like the successive echoes of a lengthened peal of thunder; now piling, heap over heap, as a temporary obstruction takes place, then bursting away with resistless force, it pursues its onward route, carrying with it mills, mill dams, and every other impediment that presents itself to its free and rapid course. Those who have never been spectators of the angry ocean, while it lashed the rugged sides of a bare rock with petulant and impatient strokes, and threw its briny spray far over its brink in unavailing rage; or have never witnessed the stunning concussion of two ships while in full sail, can scarcely form an adequate conception of the momentum of these miniature ice-bergs, nor can they find a fitting parallel for their troubled and wrathful aspect.

On the opposite shore we could plainly distinguish the ancient looking town of Montreal, with its fine Cathedral Towers proudly overlooking the agitated river. A large concourse of spectators had congregated on the beach, watching, with different emotions, the passage of the ice; and we could perceive their movements as they walked to and fro, wrapped in their warm furs and stout dreadnoughts, impervious alike to snow or rain. It was evident that something of more than ordinary importance was occupying the attention of one numerous and constantly augmenting group, though, from the distance between the two shores, we were precluded from seeing, or even guessing at, the subject that seemed to interest them to such an extent. Their rapid gesticulation, the abruptness with which ever and anon they appeared to disperse, and then as quickly gather together again, set curiosity on the rack to find out the cause of

VOL 9—No. 2—K.

the unwonted tumult, and anathemas were freely uttered, expressive of dissatisfaction with the cloudiness of the weather, which prevented a more serviceable use of the natural optics. Those who possessed the assistance of telescopes reported, that the commotion appeared to centre in one individual, who seemed inclined to precipitate himself into the river, but was prevented, by the solicitations and endeavours of the crowd which surrounded him, from accomplishing his insane purpose.

At length he broke abruptly away, overturning two or three in his course, and running at the top of his speed, like a greyhound fresh started from the leash, gained the brink of the river. Taking a tremendous spring from the shore he alighted on a square block of ice that was drifting by on the instant, and thus effectually interposed a check to the ardour of his friends' exertions on his behalf, and placed an impassable barrier between himself and them. With horror in their countenances they beheld him afloat on the broad and boiling St. Lawrence, no fictitious troubled sea, but a veritable raging gulph of mingled ice and water, with not even a plank between him and destruction; the grim tyrant, death, staring him in the face, open armed, ready, at the first false step, to claim him as his lawful prey.

Waving his hand as an adieu to the astounded spectators, he leaped lightly on another fragment that was heaving and thumping against the one he had first gained, and succeeded in maintaining his footing. This he was the better able to do, from the short iron spikes, denominated creepers, with which his feet, in compliance with the universal custom, were armed. All who walk out in frosty weather wear them; otherwise, without the security which they impart, many a slip would take place, and craniums come into unwished for and painful contact with the glistening surface of our mother earth. Hastening across to its upper edge, so as to counteract the drift of the stream, he stepped quickly over to another large piece of ice, and paused a moment, midway, to survey the prospect before him. A dreary one in all conscience. It was now evident that he did not contemplate self-destruction, though, to those who witnessed his conduct from a distance, and judged from what they saw of it, his acts bore no other interpretation than that of a reckless disregard to life, originating only in drunkenness or lunacy. Again, watching an opportunity, he dropped himself on the edge of another fragment that, borne down on a wave, came almost under his feet, then quick as possible left its uncertain tenure, and bounded to a broader basis, more capable of sustaining his weight, and less influenced by the turmoil of the angry river. He had encountered an arduous task, a mile and a half of such a road before him, requiring not only incessant exertion and almost superhuman strength, but a combination of fortuitous circumstances to render his chance of existence anything like a probable one. One slip of the foot—one look back, with a fainting of the heart and a slackening of the nerves, and—he is gone—and for ever. Crushed between two pieces of ice, engulfed in the deep waters of the St. Lawrence, his mangled body will seek companionship with the bleached bones of those whose fate was akin to his own. Every billow shall wanton with his manly frame, and the minnows disport their tiny selves about his head, nor dread the hand that is now so full of strength and vigour.

"Setting a stout heart to a steep braise," he braced himself to his task, and courageously faced the difficulties of the undertaking; now prominent in view, as a high wave bore him and his slippery support upwards on its surface; again sunk with its receding action entirely out of sight, while, as opportunity served, he sprang from fragment to fragment with the apparent ease and certainty of a tiger springing on an antelope. In course of time he approached the centre of the river, where the current was most rapid, the shock of the clashing ice most strong, and the danger of his situation, in a corresponding degree, precarious and imminent. It was about this period that we could pretty accurately distinguish the form of the individual upon whom the attention of nearly the whole of the population of St. Helens, as well as that of the major part of Montreal, was rivetted, in anxious dread of the fate that seemed inevitably to await his insane attempt to cross from one shore to the other after the ice on the river had broken up.

No gladiator, in his dying frenzied struggles for life and liberty, ever drew forth, from the assembled crowds at the Roman Amphitheatre, such intense acute sensation as did this young man in his perilous enterprise against the elements. To use the beautiful and expressive language of scripture, "He carried his life in his hand;" the prize for success was prolonged existence—the loss, oblivion and premature eternity.

Who is this man? Who can he be that thus sets at defiance all the powers of the seasons, and embarks his life in such a precarious and foolhardy venture? If he bear a charmed life he goes well nigh to dissolve the spell that has hitherto carried him scatheless through "moving accidents by flood and field." The cord that links his fate to earth is scarcely able to bear the extreme tension, and his friends tremble with apprehension as his life quivers and wavers in the balance. Many, on both shores, clearly recognize the athletic form of John Phillpots, as he hovers on the ice like a lark cowering over its young, braving his fate in a desperate chance for life, with the alternative of being entombed in the broad river, or of being carried out to sea, there to perish miserably with cold and exhaustion.

It appeared that he had left the Island the day before to join in some holiday excursion a few miles up the banks of the river, and, on his return, found that the ice had broken up, and that he must wait two or three days at least for it to descend towards the sea. In the heyday of youthful spirits, joined with a natural frolicsome disposition, and a too free indulgence in the juice of the grape or juniper berry, the curse of our colonies, he expressed his desire to attempt the passage, and endeavour to reach his home, which he had left without apprizing his parents, who would doubtless dread that some misfortune or calamity had overtaken him. His proposal was at first received with good humoured raillery and banter—they pointed out the hazard of the undertaking—bid him reflect on the tempestuous state of the river—and asked him whether he was tired of his life that he so wantonly abandoned it to inevitable destruction. But, when they found that he persisted in the resolution, and that their arguments were unheeded—the lurking demon in his eye betokening obstinate perseverance, and an increasing impatience of advice or controul—they knew not what course to adopt, conscious of his dogged determination and inherent hardihood of disposition. However, they would not desert him, but accompanied him to the river side, in the hope that reason would assert her sway, and that a sight of the insuperable obstacles presenting themselves to his foolish desire, would induce him to alter his mind, and remain satisfied in company with his friends until the river was clear. They were doomed to disappointment. The danger and difficulty but added fuel to the flame of his perverseness, and confirmed him in his wilful purpose. His parents were full of anxiety at his prolonged absence; he would re-assure their minds by his presence, or they should mourn him lost for ever. He made repeated attempts to escape from the crowd which surrounded him, their futile efforts to divert his rash intention but serving to exasperate his mind and render him more obstinate. Turning fiercely round upon the more officious, he dashed hastily through the throng, overturning the nearest in his onset, and launched himself without more ado on the boisterous river. Notwithstanding his wild and erratic disposition, he was a general favourite on both sides of the water. His faults militated more against himself than against the welfare of others. The first to serve his neighbours, the last to help himself; his heart and hand were ever open to assist the weak or distressed, and plausible excuses were readily framed to diminish or hide the extent of his gay and lighthearted failings.

His parents, bending with the weight of many years, doated upon him with a lifelong affection, and looked to him for solace and comfort in their declining days, trusting that their beloved boy would, by his presence, soften the pangs of the transition from this state of being to the next, and lay their grey hairs in the grave in peace.

Unfortunate young man! we cannot but pity thy apparently inevitable fate; cut off in the flower of thy youth; separated by thine own folly from all the affectionate binding ties of earth; so early doomed to destruction; yet, we must give sympathy and hallowed tears for the agonizing heartrending affliction of thy parents, as they run to and fro upon the beach, straining their eye balls to catch a glimpse of thy form, so dear to their sight, and loudly call upon heaven for mercy to thee, their erring son. Who can fathom the endless depths of a father's affection—a mother's love? True, thou hast been a kindly and a good son up to this time; always attentive—anticipating every want—returning love for love—since the first dawn of reason awakened thy faculties and made thee a responsible being. Yet, what shall recompense them for the years of weary watching, for the innumerable cares and troubles thou wert the cause of, ere the dawn of manhood began to cluster round thy cheek?

Shall I tell of the high impassioned appeals to heaven—of the suspense prolonged, more dreadful in itself than misfortune realized? Could I pourtray the sudden shock,

the life-fluid checked in its accustomed course, and the pulse hesitating to beat, flickering uncertainly in its channel, when the news of the dangerous situation of their only much-loved son was first conveyed to the old couple, who had remained in tranquil ignorance of the impending catastrophe, until his figure was with certainty recognized midway in the stream? No! sacred be the sorrows of an afflicted parent — so absorbing, so heartfelt and genuine—they are not fitting for the indiscriminate gaze of the public eye: each of my readers will be able to fill up the outline by the ready powers of his own imagination, and will thus best accord his generous sympathy with their calamitous condition.

Vain were the solicitous promptings of feeling and friendly hearts to offer consolation or encourage hope. "My son! my son! my poor boy!" was the only response; while they ran unceasingly hither and thither about the shore in frantic and distressing plight, following his every motion as he seemed to incline this way or that. Nature could not long sustain this unwonted strain upon the physical and mental powers, and had it not been for the extraordinary self-sustaining power derived from such peculiar circumstances, the mother must have sunk with exhaustion at an earlier period than she did. Ultimately she was removed to her residence in a state of hysterical insensibility; every heart commiserating her poignant sufferings and trial. The father exerted his manhood to the last, determined either to witness the end of his son, or be the first to welcome and embrace him, in the event of his reaching the shore.

It seemed beyond the bounds of human probability, and decidedly beyond the bounds of human experience, that any man could have sustained the immense call upon his muscular system to the extent we have witnessed, much more that he should be able to compete successfully with the existing difficulties, and safely alight on each successive block of ice without a slip or fall. The certain result of but one faltering or false step would be immersion, he would disappear, and the heaving mass would close over him for ever like a thing of nought. The greatest sensation prevailed on both sides of the river; the shores were crowded with anxious spectators, who alike condemned his rashness, and deplored his fate. No assistance could, by any means, be rendered him. The great blocks of ice, jamming, jarring, and tumbling over each other as they rolled down the stream, forbade any attempt at the rescue. This was the more pitiable, as he evidently waxed weaker and weaker, and by the length of time intervening between each alternate leap, plainly told that his strength was fast waning. Herein, also, consisted another and equally pressing danger, for, premising that he overcame the main obstacles in his way, if he did not keep pace with the rapidity of the current, he would be drifted below the lower extremity of the Island, without a remote chance of being intersected by another spot of land of sufficient magnitude to obstruct his progress.

The thick mists of evening also began to ascend and obscure the distant prospect, as though inclined to hide from mortal view the last despairing struggles of a fellow-man. Throbbing hearts lined the margin of the river—their sympathies bound up in the one object before them—all feelings merged into this one—the desire to avert the fate of poor Phillpots. Scores would have cheerfully risked their own lives to have afforded him the most trifling aid or assistance. His errors forgotten, his faults overlooked, and naught but his kindness of disposition remembered; the funeral wail already rose on the air, and lamentations were poured forth on his untimely end.

By dint of surprising strength, impelled by the stirring necessities of his situation, he had accomplished a considerable portion of the distance, and approximated so close to the Island, that we could narrowly observe his efforts when collecting his nerve for a spring over some chasm that intervened between the piece of ice which sustained his weight and another piece he was desirous of achieving. Sometimes, steadying himself as well as practicable, he would nimbly run across to a block on his own level and endeavour to step upon it, occasionally with success, at other times a wave would rise abruptly, and he would be left standing, and appear to have sunk completely out of sight. "He is gone! All is over!" would then resound along the shore; but, when he was seen to rise with the reflux of the billow, an inspiring cheer would burst forth, catching his heavy ear, temporarily flush his pallid cheek, and incite him to renewed exertion. By gradual advances he lessened the distance separating him from home and safety, and with the desperate energy, oftentimes resulting from despair, surmounted the otherwise impracticable dangers of his position, frequently escaping destruction by a hair's breadth alone. No mortal, attempting the exploit in cool and calm blood,

could have survived for five minutes; and we can only conceive that a special intervention of Providence, thus far, rescued him from the yawning jaws of destruction.

Arrived within speaking distance, it was hoped that his strength would hold out so as to enable him to accomplish the remainder of his perilous journey, or, I should say, voyage, with success, and give him another opportunity of treading that shore whereon his hopes and fears were concentrated. Official friends began to encourage him and direct his course; counselling him to avoid this fragment, and attempt to reach that. His attention wandered from himself to the shore; forgetful of his own peril, he closely scrutinized the outstretched arms and eager faces of his friends to detect the forms of those more dear to his heart, whose welfare was indissolubly linked in his own. The confused, though well-meant, shouting, entirely distracted his attention, and when near enough to grasp one of the ropes that had been thrown towards him, his foot slipped in alighting on the near edge of a square block of ice, and he fell prostrate. He lay in that position for a considerable space, either stunned by the fall, or wholly bereft of hope, and doggedly resigned to his lot.

What agony was compressed into those moments! Ages of searing, scorching trouble. His father, driven to the verge of madness, called incessantly on the inanimate form of the youth, and conjured him, for his own sake, for the sake of his mother, for the love of heaven, to arouse himself, and exert his remaining strength yet once more. The spectators looked on with feelings of the most poignant description—the cup of hope was dashed from their lips—their pent up solicitude was scattered to the winds, and they beheld with drooping unfeigned sorrow, the prostrate form of the young man float by, destitute of consciousness or power. With accents of anguish they entreated him to shake off his depression and make one other effort ere it was too late to be of avail. In a very brief space no human exertion would be able to rescue him from his situation, and it was with feelings of sincere delight that they saw him languidly endeavour to collect his faculties, and tottering recover his footing. Casting one glance of feeble recognition in reply to the encouraging buzzah that greeted his returning animation, he again commenced his arduous undertaking; yet, it was evident, from his exhaustion, both mental and bodily, that he was incapable of any lengthened exertion.

Fortunately, his proximity to the land kept alive the expiring spark of nervous animation, and enabled him to use his diminished strength so as to cross the intermediate space. When near enough for the purpose, two ropes were dexterously cast over his shoulders, in the same manner that the South American throws his lasso over the head of the wild buffalo of the plains, and they drew him helplessly to land. His clothes were saturated with wet, and stiff as buckram, from the cold spray which had congealed about him as it fell. His overtaxed powers surrendered entirely, as he was fast locked in his father's embrace, and faltered in tremulous tones, "Thank God! I'm safe." His stalwart frame had become lax and feeble as an infant's, from the debilitating effects of his recent exertion, united with the chilling influences of abandoned hope and despair. Willing sturdy arms were not wanting to render assistance, and a living litter was quickly formed to carry him off tenderly, yet triumphantly, to his own home. They then consigned him to the care of the surgeon of the artillery company, quartered on the Island, who was in ready attendance.

They encased him in warm blankets, administered weak and simple restoratives, and used considerable friction to his limbs, to restore animation, and encourage the flow of blood, which had stagnated immediately on his reaching the Island. Every remedy that professional skill, and an earnest desire to prolong his life, could dictate, was tried, but with almost unavailing effect. Hours, nay, days transpired before he could give a sign of intelligence, and shew his consciousness of the attentions he received. For six long months he kept his room, subject to excruciating agony and nervous depression, and dwindled to a mere shadow of his former self. The warm suns of the succeeding summer enticed him into the open air, in hopes that their cheering rays would invigorate his debilitated frame and renovate his weakened constitution. Exposed to the broad glare of sunlight, he appeared as one fresh risen from the grave. His former companions could scarcely recognize in the sunken eye, attenuated frame, and trembling measured step of the invalid before them, the athletic form of him whose strength was proverbial, whose gaiety and animal spirits were unbounded, and whose roving inclinations nothing could repress.

His aged mother never overcame the trouble of that well-remembered day; her delicate habit ill-sustained the rigours of the passing winter, and, ere the dawning of spring had glided into the full light of summer, she had passed into another sphere of existence, leaving her stricken son to lament her loss, as the result of his thoughtless and wayward passions.

The father bore up for a time, but infirmity and decrepitude soon sapped his autumnal vigour, and the thin grey hairs of age accumulated round his venerable head. He lived to see his son recover his health and hardihood, and when called to pay the usual debt of nature, had the satisfaction of leaving him an altered and a better man.

From an over indulgence in the wild follies and ill-regulated passions of youth, he became an example of steadiness and application, unremitting in his attention to those offices of religion which pertain to an eternity he was so nearly launched into, without needful and becoming preparation. He was conspicuous in his endeavours to do good, and omitted no opportunity of benefitting his neighbours by a recurrence of those little attentions which a kind heart will dictate. He still lives, I believe, and often quotes this memorable passage in his life as an illustration of the paramount necessity of bending the ear to reason, and curbing with a tight hand the unbridled passions of youth, which, unrestrained, hurry us into excesses of every description, productive only of trouble, inconvenience, and loss of respect in the present day, and unpleasant reminiscences for neglected opportunities in a future one.

He considered himself fortunate in being instrumental in preserving the life of a man who was in danger of drowning, during the course of the following year. It was late in the summer, the weather was hot and sultry, and the green corn was beginning to turn of a yellow golden hue. A large open boat, called, in Canadian parlance, a *batteaux*, was moored to the side of the Ordnance Wharf, laden with shot and shell, for the service of the garrison, whose quarters were situated at a moderate distance, in a range of bomb-proof buildings. The Quarter Master, Sergeant Mitchell, had the superintendence and care of all the stores, and had directed a party to proceed and assist in unloading the boat. Among these was a little dark complexioned joking fellow, a trumpeter, attached to the artillery company, whose assigned task was that of driving the horse and cart between the wharf and the garrison. He had performed this duty satisfactorily two or three times, but on the occasion referred to, was not quite so fortunate, and had nearly cut short his jokes and life together, by the same mischance. The horse, a stout iron-grey, young and spirited, and but little used to harness work, could with difficulty be brought to remain stationary while the cart was being loaded. The shot rattled behind him, he danced, pranced, and capered about, with expanded nostril and distorted eye: however well he could face powder, it was clear he could not stand shot, and, like the sons of Sparta, preferred his wounds in front. As soon as the loading was finished the little driver let go his head, and nimbly skipped on the shafts, and gently applied the whip to start him forward. The frightened horse jumped into the collar, but finding the weight, drew back, and attempted to run on one side, this the driver prevented, and applying the whip with force, rendered the horse sullen and obstinate, when he backed the cart completely over the edge of the wharf, the weight of which drew him and the driver powerless into the river also, notwithstanding his mad plunges forward when he found himself tugged behind. The water was very deep, quite as much as twelve or fourteen feet, and they were all entirely covered with it in a second. Phillpots, who had witnessed the whole transaction from a short distance, was quickly on the spot, waiting to see the little trumpeter float to the surface, as it was known that he was a tolerable swimmer. After a brief space, finding he did not come up, he dashed in after him, and dived down to the bottom, and caught hold of his uniform, giving him at the same time a smart pull. Finding resistance, he returned to the surface, and extricating a knife from his pocket, went down again, and severed the harness in several places, which immediately freed the drowning man, and they both emerged on the face of the river together. Several of the party had, in the meantime, stripped and plunged in to the rescue, and now caught the again sinking body, and buoyed it up till they reached the shore. Swimming is such an universal accomplishment, that there are few who are not proficient in the art: fathers take their boys, schoolmasters escort their youthful charges to the river side as regularly as the duck will take her ducklings. In a country where large and rapid rivers abound, it is as essential to the welfare of a boy or man to acquire the art of swimming, as it is that of

reading. Hence, Phillpots had little difficulty or danger in reaching the shore, even though encumbered with his ordinary dress and shoes. The spark of life was not wholly extinct in the body of the trumpeter, but with judicious care and treatment life flowed in her regular channels, and in a week he resumed his duties. The horse and cart were recovered by means of pulleys affixed to them by drivers, but the shot remained where fortune had cast them. It will be well for Canada and her mighty neighbours, the United States, if they agree to cast all their shot in the same locker, and bury their differences under them. Commerce, prosperity, and happiness will then increase; and people, owning the same parentage, having the same manners and customs, and speaking the same maternal language, become united in one indissoluble bond of fraternity and love.

JAMES PENNOCK.

Earl of Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.

AN EXILE'S MUSINGS.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

FAR away

In this lone solitude my heart repineth
 For the dear home ties of my childhood's hearth!
 No more for me the ruddy fire-light shineth
 On the blest sharers of that hour of mirth,
 When night and storms were shut out from our circle,
 And the bright blaze played on the pictur'd wall,
 And even our aged Tray, with frolic gambols,
 Join'd in the sport, the wildest one of all;
 When sweet shrill laughs and dancing feet made music,
 And loving childhood's joyous heart o'erflow'd
 With trusting gladness! woe, alas! that never
 My pilgrim steps shall reach that blest abode,
 Far, far away!

Aye, far away—for many a change has darken'd
 Since those blest moments o'er that ancient home;
 Time's hand has touch'd its old grey walls, and mellow'd,
 With many a weather stain, both porch and dome.
 The starry jessamine and climbing roses
 No longer o'er its trelliced windows bloom;
 But the thick ivy wreaths, with darker shadow,
 Hang their long garlands, as if o'er the tomb
 Of the departed pleasures! The fair children
 Have known earth's sorrows, and some locks are grey
 That shone with gold-gleams in the ruddy splendor;
 And they are old who mourn for us that stray
 Far, far away!

Could we return—the glory has departed!
 We cannot feel as once we did of yore,
 The world has marr'd our hopes, and no enchantment
 Can the lost Eden of our youth restore!
 Our talk would all be sad—of shipwreck—famine—
 Captivity among the Indian isles,
 And foreign graves for some of those who gather'd
 Around that hearth with childhood's gayest smiles;
 And tears would drop from eyes that knew no sorrow
 When joyously we play'd, a sportive train,
 In that old chamber—woe, alas! that never
 Joy could be ours in that dear home again.
 Far, far away!

Leeds.

THE GAMESTER.

It was a December night, and the lamps were burning brilliantly in one of the gaming houses of London. The room was fully attended, and in the glaring gas-light the expression of everybody's features was strongly depicted. The young speculator wore an anxious and nervous look, while the experienced trader, cigar in mouth, and bottle near at hand, watched the throws with a calm but earnest scowl. A momentary success would cause some pale haggard countenance to blush with hope, but the next instant, perhaps, would reduce it to its habitual wanness. Young and old, thoughtless and designing, there they were, the reckless votaries of chance. But with one man we have more particularly to deal. He is tall, of dark complexion, and negligently dressed, and, while following the game with the deepest attention, constantly heightens the fire of his eye with deep and potent draughts. Night passes—Sir Walter Blackmore (such is his name) plays on. Morning breaks, and the grey sun peers out on the vast city; men in crowds hurry forward to their various tasks, and all are up and stirring, but the gaming room is still dark—Sir Walter plays on.

At twelve they rise; he looks very pale and worn. He had lost, and as he left the house he muttered, in a hoarse tone, "Well, Sandridge must go." Though unheard by any but himself, the expression of these words brought a darker shade to his brow, and a sad and ruined man in truth looked he, as he flung himself into a cabriolet and passed from the spot.

Beautifully situated in homely, fertile Worcestershire, stood the little village of Sandridge. Its cottages, though few, were peculiarly neat, and their bright casements, their fresh thatch, and the ivy clustering over their porches, were all witnesses to the guardianship of some active tasteful mind. Wooden palings, extending a mile or more beyond the village, and large elms within them, and a glimpse of distant gables, bespoke the Manor House. This was Sir Walter's country seat, but the eye that watched the peasant's home, and the hand that planted the rose in his garden—the head that planned that schoolhouse for his children—and the heart that felt for him, and with him, were not Sir Walter's—they were his beautiful wife's.

Mary Percival was the daughter of a clergyman, a girl of the sweetest disposition and most attractive appearance. She was very fair, and her bright hair hung in long ringlets—her eyes were deep blue—the cast of her features delicate and lovely as a statue; but who shall say how beautiful, when her fond heart beamed in her face. In early life Sir Walter had formed a strong attachment to Mary, which matured with years. The affection never was very reciprocal on her part, but the earnest wishes of her parents prevailed, and in course of time she became Lady Blackmore. Perchance, in the dark hour of retribution, some peculiar pang shall be allotted those who sacrifice the happiness of their children at the shrine of their own ambition. Oh! sad was that fair one—a reprobate husband in the haunts of vice—a love-cherished infant in the cold grave—a heart yearning for the sympathy it could not find. Sad was she, but calm and resigned.

Christmas day was ushered in by a crisp and frosty morning; the clear pale sun brightened the leafless boughs and glistened on the silvered grass. People stood at their cottage doors and interchanged the good wishes of the season, and the church bells rang briskly on, and listeners spoke kind words, and thought they went to the tune of the chimes. Thank God, that in these days of hurry and strife, many a village still lies hid, where the noisy voice of faction, and the discontented murmurs of the ignorant agitators are never heard, and where such hallowed festivals as Christmas day still come round to a cheerful people, untainted by false philosophy or insolent conceit, and still bring many associations to hearts well fitted to receive them. The church was within the park, and twice in that day a little company passed under its ancient porch. But the hours wore on, evening arrived, and moonlight rested on the chancel window; the faint beam showed a female form before a small white tablet—an urn on the marble bore the name "Alfred;" the words, "Thy will be done," were inscribed underneath. No sob, no sigh sounded in those lone aisles, it was the silent communion with the dead, the mother with the child. Oh! love is not of earth; no iron hand of time, no deep and gloomy sepulchre can part spirit from spirit. The kneeler rose and returned to the hall, and by her fireside she turned over the pages of a favourite book. A gentle knock was heard at the door, and, on looking up, the steward stood before her. His business was an unpleasant one, and he was long in telling it; it was to say that a letter

from Sir Walter had ordered preparations for a sale to be made, on the ground that embarrassments would not admit of such a large place as Sandridge being kept up. Sir Walter had not trusted himself to break the news to Mary. She heard the first of it in this way. It was a great shock to her. Her pursuits, her works of charity, her books, her school, and, more than all, her boy—all were at Sandridge; all she must leave, to wander she knew not whither. Wearied and sad she retired to rest, and sank into deep slumber, but awoke at midnight. The frost had broken up, heavy rain was falling, the moaning wind swept round the house, and she remembered all her sorrows. Who knows not the bitterness of the tear unseen, unpitied?

* * * * *

Midnight in London. Sir Walter sits at play. Rain dashes loudly against the windows, and his attention is arrested. He looks up for a moment, and Sandridge, Mary, youth, by-gone hours, bitter feelings, all shoot across his memory; and as his eye gazes upon the vacancy, his pale lips quiver with remorse, but he plays on, and such is gaming.

* * * * *

Sometimes at sea, in a mighty tempest, about the hour of deepest night, comes a sudden hush of brief duration, but so mysterious and unnatural, that even the bursting forth of the storm anew seems a relief. And so in the mind. When a moment of great trial has been endured, though the cause may remain unmitigated, a calm is felt so unexpected that it gives us the awful sensation of losing command of the heart. Mary experienced this tranquility the morning after she heard the news, but too soon, alas, to be followed by grief again.

We must not linger on this painful time. She soon learnt London was to be her destination. Sir Walter came down just before the sale. His conscience reproached him with his harshness towards her—he felt how he was wronging her. The evening before their departure Mary was missing. Sir Walter became very much alarmed, and a search was made for her. She was found fainting in that silent chancel before the marble slab—another lesson for the gamester. But no—he needed still harder teaching; Sandridge passed into the hands of strangers, and Mary was settled in a small house near Russell Square. The sum realized by the sale would have afforded him a moderate income, but his disease was not cured, and his capital was rapidly being expended. Loss made him passionate and moody, and his dark, angry eye, often alarmed his gentle wife, while her calm replies to his rough speeches would sometimes bring the blush to his cheek. But the sweetest temper has a limit beyond which it will not be pressed. Mary's gave way; not that she grew peevish or discontented, but the musical voice and the smiling lip were changed. She passed into a silent sullenness, and a deep abstracted melancholy settled in her beautiful eye.

One morning in April Sir Walter was returning from the club-house, where he had been all night—eight o'clock had struck, and the streets looked very bright in the watery sunshine, when as he turned into his own terrace, there passed him at the corner a female dressed in white, with no bonnet on, her hair unbound, and her ringlets dishevelled by the fresh breeze. Sir Walter started back as she hurried by, and exclaimed in a trembling voice, "Mary!" She turned abruptly, and said rapidly, "I am in haste—Alfred has gone to the church—I shall be back soon—Oh, yes, very soon!" and she stood a moment, and looked mournfully on her husband, and, sighing gently, passed on. That look told more than tongue could tell. Fearful is the glare of anger, the leer of malice, the fixed forlorn gaze of despair; but more fearful to meet the eye that lacks the lustre of reason. The lid—the lash—the pencilled vein were there—the soul of that beautiful feature was gone. She was crazed. Sir Walter staggered against the railings—it was a moment he never forgot. The awful hand that deprived her of her reason touched his heart. He became an altered being. He returned home, and, having secured the unfortunate Mary, swore gaming from that very hour, and, fearful lest his old associates should again induce him to play, he gathered the relics of his fortune together, and left London for ever. Mary was conveyed to a retreat in the country. A large garden surrounds the house, and some have seen her wander there, and have heard her, pausing amidst the flowers, gently speak of Alfred. Sir Walter lives at a small farm amongst the mountains of Wales, a strange, desolate man—his rod or gun his only companions; and yet we know that even the deepest solitudes ring with wild voices of the past.

G. L.

BERTRAND AND JULIA.

A FRAGMENT.

BY J. MARTIN.

It was a night at the commencement of autumn—the moon was obscured by clouds, and the whole appearance was gloomy and solitary, when might be seen in a lane, which was dark and thickly shaded by trees, and rendered still more dark by the gloominess of the night, two objects, a youth and a maiden, moving slowly on, locked in each others' arms. As if in imitation of the night they looked melancholy and dejected, and on the cheeks of one whose countenance in its brightness was lovely as the scenery by which they were surrounded, the tears were falling fast—need I say they were lovers? every motion and look bespoke it—lovers they were, on the eve of parting; the last hour was come—can any one then wonder why the tears should furrow the cheeks of that lovely countenance? but still the maiden wished for a smile or a laugh, jocosely remarking that it might be the last.

The youth I shall distinguish as Bertrand, and the maiden as Julia—they were to part, but why?—it is not needful here to say. Neither seemed inclined to speak the fatal word; they lingered and lingered, plainly indicating they were loathe to part. "Must we then part?" at last spake Bertrand, "must we part? do we part for ever or for a time? speak but the word, my dearest Julia, and it shall be even as you say." The maiden blushed and wept, and at last consented to part on condition that they should meet again. They had now reached the village where the lovely Julia resided, and the parting moment had at length arrived. Oh! how heartrending it is to part from those we love—what a feeling does that solemn word "farewell" convey—but it must be—they parted—but with a pledge of constancy, and to meet again if Providence should permit. What a moment of trial! to have seen those two lovers parting—to have heard their parting words—to have seen their parting kiss, would have had its effect on the coldest of hearts. Each vowed constancy and affection, and each alike was melancholy and in tears.

* * * * *

Time rolled on, and Bertrand crossed the seas—he lived for a few years in comfort, if such there could be in a foreign land, alone and dejected, with his thoughts lingering far behind on his Julia. Julia remained at home in the romantic village where they had parted, living in complete retirement with her mother, and for a time continued constant to her Bertrand and true to her vow. But, alas! temptations will come. In an evil hour she consented to accompany her mother to a Christmas ball, where her charms and loveliness attracted the eyes of all. It was not long before a young gentleman (whom I shall distinguish as Captain Lovett) noticed her, and paid great attention to her; his fascinating smiles and courteous behaviour found encouragement in the once faithful Julia. In his company she soon forgot Bertrand and the solemn vow she had made to him. He, alas! was soon forgotten and forsaken.

* * * * *

Time passed on and Julia was made happy in the company of Captain Lovett—She accompanied him to a village party not far distant from her own dear native hills; all passed merrily and lightly on for a time, but, ere the company even thought of dispersing, though it was then near midnight, a stranger was observed to enter the room—his fine shape and beautiful countenance were the admiration of all, though no one knew anything of him—without in any way disrobing himself he joined in the merry dance and amusements of the evening, but spoke to no one; he obtained for his partner in the last dance the lovely Julia—the instant his hand touched hers, a cold shudder came over her, she looked wild and frantic, and Captain Lovett came to her assistance. Hark! her name is uttered—it is a well known voice—for an instant the eyes of Julia and the stranger meet—she exclaims in a half frantic strain "Tis he. 'tis he," and falls in convulsions into the arms of Lovett—the attention of the company is turned to her—she is carried out of the room and for a time the stranger is forgotten. No sooner is the amazement of the moment over, than all eyes are turned to look upon the stranger, but he is gone! he is fled, and in amazement and astonishment the company retire.

For days Julia continued in this frantic state—ever and anon uttering wild and incoherent sentences—every effort that medical aid could suggest was tried in vain—time only could restore the reason she had lost—in a few weeks she recovered and was able to enjoy her accustomed walks—during the whole of her illness a stranger daily visited the house to inquire after her health—no one knew who he was or whence he came—on one of these evenings when Julia was seated in her little parlour, alone and musing on past events, he called as usual and was ushered into the room, and she beheld in him the stranger she had previously met at the village party—a sudden paleness came over the countenance of Julia, when the stranger took off his mantle and disguise, and she again beheld in him the faithful Bertrand—he is returned true to his vow to claim his beloved Julia—but what a reception! does he find *her* true to her vow? does he find *her* yet faithful? No! she is fickle—she is false—she has forgotten her vow until reminded by the return of Bertrand; a dead silence ensued for a few minutes, and then thus spake Bertrand throwing himself at her feet—“my dearest Julia, have I returned for this? Have I returned to find thee false? Is this the return I must receive after three long years of toil and labour in a foreign country for your welfare? I cannot, I will not think so—you cannot thus prove false to me, my fortune and my life alike I lay at your feet, to do with them even as you will, but do not, oh! do not, my dearest Julia, spurn me thus,”—he could proceed no further, tears flowed down his manly cheeks—but Julia had regained her wonted composure—she who but a few nights since was thrown into convulsions at his glance, could now behold him with a stern and haughty countenance—she replied in as firm a tone as she could assume, “begone! speak not another word, if I have proved false, so I continue—begone!” Bertrand could no longer bear it—he withdrew, uncertain whether to live or end his life—he wandered he knew not where—he thrice determined to destroy himself, and thrice his conscience forbade him; he returned but to weep and think—Julia still continued as before, and as usual enjoyed her walks with Captain Lovett, and endeavoured to dispel all thoughts of Bertrand from her mind—but still he haunted her memory—still she must think—she knew she had proved false, but perhaps it was now too late to recal the past. One bright evening saw her walking alone in the lane, where she enjoyed the last walk with Bertrand—she proceeds slow and thoughtful, when suddenly she feels herself unable to proceed further—she is transfixed to the spot—she looks down to see what it is that thus impedes her progress, when oh! horrible—she beholds entwined around her an adder—he is just in the act of raising his head towards her—she is near falling in the agony of despair—she is speechless with fright—when a deliverer arrives in the person of Bertrand—he immediately seizes the viper, frees her from its grasp, and carries her senseless to her home—he watches over her with all the attention of a parent—he will not leave her; she recovers and sees by her side the faithful Bertrand—what must be her feelings at this moment! what her thoughts on learning that he was her deliverer! can she still be stubborn and ungrateful? Yes, she still can spurn him, she still will forsake him—she is betrothed to Lovett and will not break her vow—but can she forget her vow to Bertrand? can she be happy with another, and her conscience stung with the thoughts of him? Impossible! it cannot be—yet will she persevere—yet will she endeavour to forget—still she remains true to Lovett—still does she spurn Bertrand.

A small party is one day formed to take an excursion down the river, of which Lovett and Julia make part—their boat is manned, and the sail is set—they move pleasantly and merrily on—music and songs issue forth from the boat, and the still woods re-echo the sounds—they reach their destination in safety—the merry dance is kept up until a late hour, and at the head of it are to be seen Lovett and Julia—the hour at length arrives at which they must return—the boat is again manned, and the sail is set, and the company enter the boat—they arrive within a mile of their homes, when through the carelessness of the rowers, the boat is upset and they are precipitated into the water—at the instant Bertrand again arrives in time to save the life of Julia—he was enjoying his accustomed walk by the water’s side when seeing the boat upset he hastened to their assistance, and arrived in time to rescue Julia from a watery grave—again has he saved her life—again he offers himself—but no! she still spurns him—still she behaves with cold indifference; she thanks him and expresses her gratitude as a friend to her deliverer, but no further—what is the reason of this great change in her? She who was but a few short years since the loving and the beloved of Bertrand, now spurns him with contempt.—Oh! fickle maid, what must be your thoughts when you muse upon

it—does it not require all the fascinating smiles and beguiling countenance of Lovett to dispel for a moment your thoughts?

Time rolls on, and Bertrand is alone, and each night does he wander forth in the lonely lane where last he enjoyed the company of his Julia—the day had at length arrived when Julia was to be united to Lovett—the nuptial party arrived at the village church of S—, and for the last time appeared Julia in all her former loveliness and beauty; they entered the church and proceeded to the altar, where the priest was in waiting—the nuptial knot was tied, and all retired from the church save one who still lingered behind—it was Bertrand—he had watched the ceremony unseen and now his last hope was past. His cheek was pale, pale as the marble monument on which he leant; he could no longer bear to live—he retired and followed the wedding party home—they were in the midst of mirth and revelry, when the report of a pistol at the door alarmed them—they rushed to the door, when they beheld Bertrand weltering in his blood—he was not dead, he still breathed and in his hand held a letter to Julia, in which he pardoned her for her perfidy and begged with his last breath, that if he had either by word or deed offended he might have forgiveness—this was too much for Julia—this was too much for her stubborn heart—she could no longer forbear—she burst into tears, and fell upon the almost lifeless body of Bertrand—the only words he uttered were, “Tis too late,” and then breathed his last—she could not be prevailed upon to leave the corpse—she was carried frantic into the house—her reason was gone for ever; she continued in a wild and frantic state for a few days and then expired—the only words she was heard to utter were “Bertrand, Bertrand.” In one short week thus died two beings, who might have lived together in the greatest of happiness—they were both buried in one tomb—the day that saw Julia married, in the next week saw her remains deposited in the tomb. Lovett became absorbed in the deepest grief—his reason almost forsook him—he who was but a few short hours since the happy bridegroom was now the bereaved widower. Little did he think that he should so soon lose the being he loved dearer than his life—little did he think that when last he visited the village church on his nuptial day, he should so soon revisit it to pay the last duties of nature to one whom he loved. But such is love, and such is life—and here the old adage was fully verified that “the course of true love never does run smooth.”

Nottingham.

THE WELL OF KASHAN.

“It is a popular belief, that near the city of Kashan in Persia there exists a well of fabulous depth, at the bottom of which are found enchanted groves and gardens.” *Hajji Baba*, vol. 3. p. 35.

It was eve, when alone by the Well of Kashan
 Stood Ali-Ben-Hassan, the gallant young khan;
 All around him was silent, except in the grove,
 Where the bulbul was “pouring its descant” of love,—
 And high in the blue sky above him each star
 Shone bright as the gem in a monarch’s tiar.
 Ali gazed on the well, and he thought of the tales
 That were told of the gardens, and ever green vales,
 And palace of pearl, that lie hid ’neath its waters,
 The abodes of a race fairer far than earth’s daughters,—
 Whose existence, began when our globe had its birth,
 Still continues, enliven’d by pleasure and mirth,
 Nor can end till in chaos once more shall be hurl’d
 From its orbit in space this sin-deform’d world,—
 And sadly he ponder’d on bright hopes destroy’d—
 On friends that had fail’d him—on friends that were dead,—
 On long-hoped-for bliss that had pall’d ere enjoy’d,
 And on clouds of misfortune that hung o’er his head;—
 Oh, he envied those beings that, far down below,
 Live a life enjoyment untinged with woe!

From the well, on a sudden, there rose to his sight
 A beautiful maid in a halo of light;
 The red rose of Sharon bloom'd fresh in her face,
 Her air was majestic—her movements all grace.
 In the fervour of youth *Firdousee never dream'd
 Of so faultless a form, or of beauty so bright,—
 The holiest saint, had he seen her, had deem'd
 That less perfect than she are the angels of light!—
 Ali gazed as entranced till the silence she broke,
 When thus in the sweetest of accents, she spoke:—
 “List to me, Mortal! when Allah on high,
 First hung yonder bright-beaming lamps of the sky,
 And the world was created, he gave to our race,
 With life, all perfection of beauty and grace.
 And as to the frail sons of Adam were given
 A short life on earth, and immortal in heaven;
 For us 'twas ordain'd, that till nature decay,
 Far under the haunts of those creatures of clay,
 In bliss we shall live while the seasons revolve,—
 Then painless and happy in ether resolve.”
 “Mortal! in deepest devotion and love
 Pour out thy thanks to the Prophet above!
 By prejudice blinded, the Shah has decreed
 That Ali-Ben-Hassan to-morrow shall bleed;
 But the †Chief of the faithful, well-pleased has long seen
 How blameless thy thoughts and thy actions have been:
 Though the days thou hast numbered be few, yet he knows
 How many were darken'd by undeserved woes,
 And the happiest moments joy gave, were to thee
 Like sun-gleams that fall on a tempest-toss'd sea.
 Now, (by Allah permitted,) he grants till the day
 When the trumpet shall summon the dead to their doom,
 That with us thou shalt dwell, nor shall age or decay
 Rob thy body of strength, or thy cheek of its bloom!
 Come, then, thou favoured one—far down below
 This world of contention, of vice, and of woe,—
 Come to a region where pleasures can *last*,
 And each morning that dawns is more bright than the past,—
 Where none e'er proved false—where no true friend e'er died. .
 And—saving from love—where no bosom has sighed!
 There thy thanks to the Prophet unceasing will rise,
 And pain or misfortune can visit thee never;—
 And when *we* cease to live, thou shalt soar to the skies,
 And dwell with the blessed for ever and ever!”—
 Ali rush'd to her arms—and she sank with the khan
 To the fathomless depths of the Well of Kashan.

JAMES M' COMBE.

Duke of Norfolk Lodge, Greystoke, Penrith District.

*A celebrated Poet of Persia. The above name (which signifies Paradise) was conferred on him by Mahmood, Salton of Ghizni, the famous conqueror of India, “because he had diffused over his court the delights of Paradise.” vide Malcolm's, “Sketches of Persia.”

†Mahomet.

A LEGEND OF MANCHESTER.

BY JOHN HEWITT.

CHAPTER I.

"The curse of curses rest upon the wretch,
Who, 'neath the cloak of fair religion, hides
The lust of wealth, of crime, or of revenge.

OLD PLAY.

The Reformation, which shook England to its centre, agitated the county of Lancaster in an extraordinary degree. This county has been noted for religious party violence, and when Elizabeth issued her mandate for the restoration of the Church of England worship, which Mary had suppressed, the contending factions of Catholics and Protestants flew to arms; the one to oppose the Queen's mandate, the other to enforce it.

In the town of Manchester, scenes of the most disgraceful nature occurred. A party of the townsmen, headed by Lord de la Warre, forcibly obtained possession of the church, shed the blood of their Catholic adversaries even upon the altar, insulted the Warden, Laurence Vaux, tore down or mutilated the Catholic emblems, and finally triumphantly installed William Birch, Rector of Prestwyche, as the Protestant Warden of the church. But though the Protestants had thus gained possession of the church of Manchester, and had installed a Warden of their own persuasion, the great majority of the inhabitants of Manchester considered Laurence Vaux as their true minister, and secretly resolved to support his claim. On the other hand, the powerful Lord de la Warre favoured the Protestants, and lent them his influence and protection. The domains of Lord de la Warre extended not only over the parish of Manchester, but also the adjoining districts of Prestwyche and Eccles, and it was from these districts that he obtained his chief support. The inhabitants of Manchester had ever been contumacious adherents to the De la Warre, and it was only by means of his Prestwyche and Eccles dependants that he kept them in subjection. Thus the power and influence of the Lord of Manchester (such was his style) was by no means decisive in the question at issue, and when religious animosities undermined the wavering subjection of the inhabitants of Manchester, it only needed a great occasion to array themselves against their lord, and events speedily proved this. Such was the state of party in the town of Manchester at the time our story commences.

Towards the close of a November day, two persons were slowly pacing the aisles of the church of Manchester. The one, from his gown and cassock, seemed to belong to the clerical profession, and the large ebony crucifix which was suspended from his neck, bore token that he acknowledged not the tenets of the established church. He was a man of some sixty years, of a tall commanding figure, slightly bent, but perchance more from anxiety than age. His eye still retained the fire of earlier years, though the pale cheek and wrinkled brow told of penance, of fasting, and soul-subdued feelings. Over his forehead wandered a few grey locks, which harmonized well with the paleness they overshadowed. His step, though proud, was somewhat feeble, and spoke the approach of decay and death. Such was Laurence Vaux, late Catholic Warden of the church of Manchester.

The companion of the Warden was a youth of twenty summers, with a blooming cheek, a laughing eye, and careless step. He was gaily, nay splendidly attired in doublet of crimson satin, which closely fitted his body like a modern waistcoat; it was surmounted with a large cape of silk velvet, and accompanied with close fitting sleeves of the like crimson satin. Over this hung a cloak of rich velvet, embroidered with gold and silver and faced with sable; in his hand he carried a velvet hat, the edges of which were embroidered with gold, and the band studded with gems, and over them floated a lofty plume of black feathers. Over the cloak hung wantonly a few locks of his own bright hair, most curiously and daintily perfumed and arranged, his galligaskin and tasselled boots were in keeping with the splendour of their more important companions, and by his side hung a rapier, the handle of which was richly studded with gems. Such were the two personages whom we introduce to the reader as the principal figures in this Legend of Manchester.

"Ah my son," continued Vaux, after they had been for some time engaged in conversation, "thou little reckest of the sufferings I have undergone because I was

minister of our holy church; I have been scorned and reviled, buffeted and imprisoned, persecuted and almost slain, during this domination of the powers of darkness. On the altar have I beheld the blood of my defenders shed, on the altar have I been felled by the hand of the heretic and blasphemer, whilst the most sacred emblems of our faith have been destroyed by the hands of the ungodly. Reginald West, I have fasted and prayed on the cold stones over which we tread—in the watches of the night when the heretic slumbered, and when the faithful offered up their orisons to the Virgin in heaven—then have I called upon the saints departed in the true faith for aid, to sustain me against the attacks of the evil men of this generation; and to illumine me so that I might find the way whereby our holy faith might triumph, and the heretic be swept from off the earth. Oh! my son," he continued with enthusiasm "the saints have heard my prayers, and thou art the chosen instrument by which this great end may be obtained." "Me, holy father," cried Reginald, slightly laughing, "sayest thou I can achieve this great deed? By my faith, the sword of Reginald West, though it hath ever been his good friend, is all unable to accomplish the destruction of the heretics."

"Peace, I pray thee, foolish boy," replied the Warden, his cheek glowing, "thinkest thou I want thine unassisted sword to do the mighty deed, that thou speakest thus lightly touching a matter of such great moment. But I forgot, thou art also joined with the heretic and sinners, else thou wouldst not appear thus gaudily attired at a season when all true sons of the church should humble themselves in the dust, and implore the aid and protection of the saints in heaven."

"Of a truth, holy father," rejoined Reginald as he complacently surveyed his gorgeous dress, "mine apparel is indifferently well fancied, and I trow the fair dames of Elizabeth's court will not be insensible to the merits of him who conceived so daintily an attire. But touching the matter of mine adherence to the religion of my fathers, thou indeed wrongest me; could my arm or my influence achieve the deliverance of our holy church, by heaven it would rejoice me more than all the world could else bestow."

"Thou canst! thou canst!" eagerly exclaimed the Warden. "By thee, Reginald West, can the church be saved. Listen, whilst I unfold to thee the means by which thou mayst accomplish the good deed." He paused for a moment as if half repenting himself of the purpose, his frame shook, and his eye glared wildly upon his youthful companion; but murmuring, "the end will sanctify the means," he mastered his emotion by a powerful effort. He then led Reginald West into the centre aisle of the church where the altar was situated. In this aisle were hung the banners of the Lords of Manchester, of the De Gresley's, and the De la Warre's; in many a dusky fold they proudly waved, and by their dark magnificence, added to the gloom and solemnity of the place. With their backs to the altar, and their faces towards the banners of departed chieftain warriors, stood the Warden and Reginald West. The cheek of the latter waxed pale as he stood in the gloom of a November day, in the aisle of the church of Manchester, gazing upon the memorials of his dead ancestors, with no companion save an aged enthusiast, whose presence seemed more of the dead than the living. The Warden addressed him in a calm subdued voice.

"Thine uncle," said he, "is mighty among the nobles of the land—let but the banner of De la Warre be unfurled, and in serried thousands would his adherents flock around it. The influence of the De la Warre is great in the northern counties, and if he arrays himself, thousands upon thousands will hasten to his support. But he is a heretic, a reviler and scorner of our holy church; and the power which should be wielded in its defence, he uses for the purpose of its destruction. But if thou, Reginald, wert Lord of Manchester—" The Warden paused, and Reginald eagerly exclaimed, "Were I the Lord of Manchester, I would be the aider and friend of our holy church. At the head of my followers would I battle in its defence, and let the heretics learn that there was one noble in the land who still upheld the true faith."

"My son! my son!" cried the Warden exultingly, "thou speakest like a true son of our holy church; wert thou in thine uncle's stead, the mighty task of the liberation would be achieved. Even now the Percy and the Neville are preparing to raise the cross and battle for the true faith. Their success would be certain could they obtain the assistance of the Lord of Manchester, their defeat inevitable, should he oppose their enterprise. And now, my son," he continued, fixing his piercing eyes upon the varying countenance of Reginald "thou canst remove the obstacle which thus opposes the success of our righteous cause. Thou canst become the deliverer of the church."

By heaven, if thou indeed speakest truth," replied Reginald, "I shall glory in being the means by which so great an end can be obtained. But; good father, mine understanding comprehends not the means by which I can succeed."

"The Warden raised his stately form to its full altitude, then extending his hand, he laid it upon the shoulder of Reginald, and with a deep voice said, "*Thine uncle must die.*" For a time Reginald stood as if bereft of sense, so stunning had been the disclosure of the Warden's meaning, at length clasping his hands violently, he exclaimed, "By heaven, Lawrence Vaux, thou mockest me; what, thou, a minister of our holy church, advise me touching so foul a deed as that thou speakest of—away, away, some fiend of hell hath taken my good preceptor's form, in order to lure me to mine own destruction." The Warden well knew the mind of him to whom he spoke; calmly extending his hand, he pointed down the aisle, and said, "Reginald West, seest thou the banners of thine house as they wave proudly in the Church of Manchester. These banners were consecrated by our holy church—they were borne in the hands of Catholic warriors—they have led on thy fathers to battle, who by the blessing of the saints and their own good swords won honours, riches, and fame; those banners must speedily disappear, thine uncle hath assented to their removal, and the glory of thine house will be laid in the dust—nay, wilt thou, canst thou suffer this, because they are termed relics of popery—the memorials of thine house—away, away, thou art no true son of our holy church. If thou wert Lord of Manchester," he eagerly continued, "the mighty—the powerful Lord of its wide domains, at thy bidding, and at the unfurling of thy banner, thousands of armed men would rise willingly to battle for thee, and the cause thou espousest; with these thou canst league with the Percy and the Neville, and speedily would ye destroy the power of the heretics—then, then, by thee would the deliverance of the church be accomplished if thou wilt aid us; and here do I, one of its ministers, absolve thee from the crime of thine uncle's death."

The Warden paused as he marked the struggles which agitated the breast of his youthful victim. The heart of Reginald was weak—the blessings of the church—the domains of Manchester—the glory of being the deliverer of his faith—all, all conspired to aid the tempter in his work of evil: but still one passion prompted a feeble reply.

"But the lady Sybilla," said the hesitating Reginald, "will she, young and beautiful, be happy, when her father perished by me?"

"Tush, my son," replied the Warden, "the Lady Sybilla shall become thy bride—speak, wilt thou have the blessings of the church, the glory of saving the millions of England from the dominion of the heretic and the blasphemer—wilt thou be earl marshal of England—or wilt thou incur my malediction." Reginald paused for a moment; but the visions of future glory dazzled his better nature, and at the altar he swore to perform the deed of death.

CHAPTER II.

—Is there a crime beneath high heaven,
That is as black as damned assassination.

OLD PLAY.

When Reginald West had pronounced the oath, which bound him to achieve his uncle's death, the Warden cried with a loud voice, "It is done." Instantly the solemn swell of the organ was heard, and voices, from invisible beings, chaunted the "*Te Deum Laudamus*," whilst starting from behind the banners of the departed, a number of armed men filled the aisle, who with drawn swords and couched spears, silently awaited the beck of the Warden.

Reginald sprung from his recumbent posture, and unsheathing his sword, prepared to defend his preceptor, from what he considered to be an hostile force; but the Warden, calmly laying his hand upon the youth's arm, said, "Fear not, my son, they are friends." He waved his hand—the chaunt died away—the swell of the organ ceased, and all was silent as before. The Warden stood upon the steps of the altar with one hand clasped in that of Reginald's, whilst with the other he pointed to the armed men, who stood like marble statues, their swords and spears dimly glancing through the gloom of the fast closing day. The deep and awful voice of the Warden sounded through the church. "Reginald West," said he, "the saints bear witness to the oath thou hast taken—swere not—repent thee not of the deed of death—it must, it shall be done. If thou breakest

thine oath, in tears of blood shalt thou repent.—Behold these armed men! They have sworn to be thy slayers if thou art unfaithful to me,—nay, start not—but hearken unto me;” and deeper and more solemn was the voice of the Warden as he proceeded. “Shouldst thou *not* do the deed, *the assassin will track thy steps*. At the dark midnight and in the blaze of the noon-day sun—in hours of joy—in the rout and the revel, he will be near thee. If thou sailest over the great deep, and sojournest in other and far distant lands, still will he be near thee. Nay, if thou fliest to the foot of Elizabeth’s throne for protection,—if thou surroundest thyself with armed men,—still, still will the dagger reach thine heart; for the arm of the avenger will not rest, nor will his eyes be closed in sleep, until thou art swept from off the earth.” The Warden paused, and with a loud laugh of derision Reginald exclaimed, “Tush, holy father, thou needest not use such means to induce me to perform the deed. By my faith, an’ I did repent me of mine oath, the slightest breath of heaven would as soon lay prostrate the pride of the forest, as these thy threats deter me from my purpose.”

The Warden waved his hand, and the armed troop disappeared behind the dark folds of the banners. “Come, my son,” said he to Reginald, “I trow thou art somewhat fatigued with thy journey hither, and thine interview with me. Thou shalt refresh thyself ere thou joimest the faithful who still offer up their orisons to the virgin and to the saints; and touching the matter of the armed men, thou wilt ever find them thy true friends and supporters.”

“By heaven, I reck not whether they be friends or enemies” replied the undaunted Reginald, “for mine own good sword will ever be my truest, my most faithful companion.”

The Warden led the way from the aisle to a recess which was situated exactly behind the altar. He applied his finger to a secret spring, which discovered a door. They entered a small square chapel, the resting place of the De la Warres. On a marble monument of the first De la Warre, Reginald seated himself; whilst the Warden struck a light, and drew from a niche a huge venison pasty, and a flagon of wine. On these refreshments the pair speedily fell; and by their appetites proved, that though engaged in deeds of darkness, their souls were incapable of fear. The pasty, and the wine, speedily disappeared; and then the Warden proceeded to give his last instructions to his promising pupil.

“My son,” said he, “the work of the church’s deliverance proceedeth well; and it much rejoiceth me to find thou art so willing to serve it to thy utmost!”

“Holy father,” rejoined Reginald, whilst a slight smile of contempt passed over his countenance, “thou rememberest that I am to enjoy certain profits from this matter of mine uncle’s death. Thinkest thou that the deliverance of the church alone moves me to the commission of the deed of blood? The lady Sybilla must be mine—the wide domains of Manchester must be mine—the high dignity of Earl Marshal of England must be mine—or, the De la Warre may live for ever.”

“Assuredly, my son,” replied the Warden, while he fixed his eyes eagerly upon Reginald, “and Edmund de Chadderton, the lover of the lady Sybilla—her favoured lover—must he also be—”

“May the curses of hell light upon him,” cried Reginald, furiously springing from the monument, and hurriedly pacing the small chapel. “By all I hope for, dearer to me would be the conflict of death with Edmund Chadderton, than the possession of the wide domains of mine uncle. Oh, that he were here in arms, to assert his claim to the lady Sybilla; soon—”

“Peace, I pray thee, my son,” calmly replied the Warden, “the hour of vengeance will come; and the heretic blasphemer shall feel the mighty arm of our church: meanwhile Reginald hearken unto me, whilst I unfold the means by which thine uncle must perish.

The Warden slowly drew from beneath his robe a small phial, which he placed in the hand of Reginald. Even while in the act of doing this, he gazed calmly upon the effigies of the De la Warres, as they stood dimly frowning in the pale light, which the taper cast upon them. But, nor remembrance of the dead, nor fear of the living, could alter the inflexible churchman from the commission he had undertaken. For a moment he again gazed around him with a calm, stern eye, and then addressed Reginald.

“My son,” said he, “this phial contains the means of thine uncle’s death! In the festal hour, when the wine-cup circulates, and when in the pride of his heart, the

de la Warre drinks to the confusion of the recusants, let three drops of the liquor contained in this phial be mingled in his cup. Oh, then will he drink the cup of wrath prepared by the church he has persecuted; and truly will the messenger of death perform his task; for know Reginald, that whosoever tasteth this liquor will surely perish from off the earth! The decay of thine uncle will be slow, but sure as the endurance of the true church on earth: and whilst he thus decays, be thine the office of securing and consolidating thy power as thine uncle's successor."

"Fear me not, touching that matter," replied Reginald, "for, by my faith, I feel wonderous eager to become Lord of Manchester, and then," he continued proudly, "let Edmund Chadderton beware!"

"And now," said the Warden, "thou must proceed in thy purpose as steadfastly as the stars of heaven run their course. Meanwhile I will conduct thee to the congregation of the faithful, who still obey me as their spiritual guide." The Warden led Reginald from the chapel. They traversed the south aisle of the church in total darkness, whilst their footsteps echoed drearily through the place. Arrived at the other end of the church, the Warden, after some difficulty, lifted a trap-door, which communicated with a flight of steps leading to the rocks, against which dashed the waves of the Irwell. When the Warden had closed the trap-door after himself and Reginald, he led the way through long passages, and down numerous flights of steps, until suddenly they emerged into a large cavern, brilliantly illuminated, and garnished with all the paraphernalia of Roman Catholic worship. In the cavern was assembled a numerous body, whom Reginald recognized to be inhabitants of Manchester. A mute glance of respect was paid to him, as the Warden led the way to the altar, before which Reginald knelt with all the seeming devotedness of a saint. The Roman Catholic worship was performed by the Warden, with all the pomp of its most splendid days, and fervent was the benediction he bestowed upon the faithful at its close. The service concluded, the congregation silently dispersed, and as if by magic, disappeared in the recesses of the cavern. The Warden and Reginald were left alone. "Thou seest, my son," said the former, "how the persecuted, and reviled faithful, are necessitated to assemble in caverns, in desolate places, and at the dark midnight, to offer their prayers to the saints. Oh!" continued he with fervency, "that the hour was come which beholds the deliverance of the church! Oh! that I might at this moment trample upon the heretic and blasphemer, who laughs to scorn the sufferings of the ministers of heaven!" "Tush, holy father," rejoined Reginald, "thou art somewhat impatient to behold the great consummation; wait but a little until the Percy, the Neville, and the Lord of Manchester, are up in arms; and then let the heretic tremble, for retribution is at hand."

"And now my son," said the Warden, "thou must seek repose. In the morning present thyself to thine uncle, as though thou hadst just arrived from Elizabeth's court. Then seek the time - and remember thine oath!"

The coadjutors retired to a small apartment, communicating with the cavern; and for awhile we will leave them, whilst we introduce our reader to lighter scenes, and better characters, in the town of Manchester.

CHAPTER III.

Now comes the tug of war, and clash on clash,
Proclaims the meeting of the adverse parties;
Woe's me, for my poor country!

OLD PLAY.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the town of Manchester stretched not far from the church, round which the habitations of the Manchesterians clustered like an army around the banner of its leader. Immediately opposite the church, and standing on a rock at the confluence of the Irk and Irwell, the castle of Manchester frowned in stately grandeur, rearing its huge battlements and massy towers, high above the habitations of the followers of its lord. On the other (or south side) of the church stood the market-place, adorned with the dwellings and shops of the free burgesses of Manchester; and it is into one of these dwellings that we must now introduce the reader.

The house stood in the corner of the market-place, and from its superior dimensions, white-washed walls, and grotesque ornaments, seemed the abode of wealth and importance. In fact, it was the domicile of the worshipful Edward Swaynson, Boroughreeve of Manchester. This worthy burgess was by profession a glover, a trade in those days of no mean importance. He was a jolly, red-faced, tun-bellied person,

with much importance, a huge appetite, and little brains; a firm supporter of the Protestant religion, and a staunch adherent of the De la Warres. On the morning after Reginald West's interview with the Warden, the Boroughreeve was seated in a back part of his habitation, pleasantly employed in discussing a huge round of beef, a wheaten loaf, and a tankard of foaming ale, whilst at the same time he kept a keen eye on his shop and goods. Something, however, seemed to discompose the worthy Reeve, for as he proceeded in his repast, he thus soliloquised:—

"Now out upon the ungracious varlet, an' I do not make him repent, may I never taste good ale again. Marry! it were indeed a good joke for me, Edward Swaynson, Reeve of Manchester, to be thus flouted and scorned by mine own apprentice. Were it not that the lad is a true Protestant, and somewhat apt at the sword in these perilous times, he might e'en depart to the wilds of Derbyshire, whence he came; for by my troth little good do I receive from him in the way of mine occupation." The Reeve was interrupted in his complaints by the entrance of a young stranger, of a noble presence and stately air; he was attired in the half military dress of the period, over which a rich velvet cloak was gracefully flung. In fact, his whole appearance bespoke him of noble rank. No sooner did the Reeve behold the stranger, than springing from his seat, he hastened to greet him.

"Welcome! noble master Edmund Chadderton to my poor domicile. Marry, I marvel somewhat that thou art thus so early a sojourner in the town of Manchester, seeing that your young gallants are not fond of early rising. But," continued he, with an arch expression on his jolly countenance, "I trow the lady Sybilla has some influence in this matter,—Ha, say I truly, Master Chadderton?"

"Why," returned Chadderton, "beshrew me, but thou art somewhat of a diviner touching these things. Of a truth, I come for tidings of the lady Sybilla, which, if thou rememberest, thou promised to obtain for me this same morning. Hast thou," he eagerly continued, "ought to impart from the lovely enslaver of mine heart?"

"Truly, master Edmund," returned the Reeve, with a rueful countenance, "thence arises my discomfort. Two hours ago, I despatched mine apprentice, Richard Trevalion, on an embassy to the castle of Manchester, touching some matters between myself and the De la Warre, charging him at the same time to obtain of my daughter some token from the Lady Sybilla to thy noble self. May I never again taste ale if the varlet has yet returned, though I well cautioned him as to his speed."

"Well," replied Chadderton with a sigh, "I must patiently await his return. In the meantime, I crave thy notice as to some matters of great moment." He drew from his bosom some missives, and presenting one of them to the Reeve, he continued, "This, from the Queen's council, empowers thee to assemble and arm the well-disposed of the inhabitants of Manchester; for it is much feared that a rising will take place in the northern counties. To prevent which, the Queen has been pleased to appoint the De la Warre captain over the levies in Lancashire, and I am to be second in command. By mine honour, worthy Edward, I much fear that ere long we shall be engaged in scenes of blood, and it well behoves us to hasten the means of resistance; for we of the Protestant faith must surely perish, should the recusants prevail."

"Truly thou speakest, Master Edmund," returned the Reeve, "we live in perilous times, and the sword, the spear, and the strong arm, can alone decide between us and our adversaries. Marry, let the struggle come, I trow I am still able to battle beneath the banner of the De la Warre; and Edward Swaynson, albeit his body is none of the lightest, will not be lagging in the hour of danger."

"At this moment, the clash of arms and the shouts of combatants resounded through the market-place. The cries of "down with the heretics," "death to the blasphemers," blended with "a De la Warre, a De la Warre," "fight for the true faith," saluted the ears of the Reeve and his young friend. Instantly they sallied forth, the latter exclaiming, "An' that villain of an apprentice of mine be not engaged in this brawl, may I never again taste good ale." Upon emerging into the market-place, they found two parties engaged in mortal combat. The one, though much inferior to the other in numbers, amply compensated for this deficiency by superior skill, and by the determined valour of their leader. Upon obtaining a glimpse of this personage, the Reeve cried, "By mine office, 'tis as I surmised, Fight for the Protestants, strike! Richard, strike! for the honour of the De la Warre," and instantly rushing into the midst of the fray, he fought like a lion in support of the lesser party. When the com-

batants beheld the redoubted Reeve busily engaged in the conflict, they each, as if by mutual consent, suspended operations, and eyeing each other with looks of hatred and defiance, drew off a little. Perceiving this, the Reeve also rested upon his arms; and with as stern a look as his jolly countenance was capable of giving, he addressed the leader of the lesser party.

"How now thou varlet, thou idle, brawling swasher; whence comes it that I find thee thus engaged in mortal strife in the streets of Manchester? Marry, an' I had not come to thine assistance, thou wouldest, ere this, have been a dead man, with a dozen holes pinked through thy body. Answer me touching this matter?" The personage to whom this was addressed, being an important character in this *Legend*, deserves a particular description. Richard Trevallion was a stout, well-built youth, of some twenty summers, with a cadaverous complexion, bushy hair, large blue eyes, and deeply marked brow. Marked, not indeed with wound or scar, but with deep thought. He was in truth, a being superior to the common herd of men, with noble aspirations, exalted sentiments, and exquisite feelings: such as in other times, and under other circumstances, would have made him a magnet in his generation. But the dawn of knowledge, in his day, had but commenced, and seated in an obscure part of England, Trevallion had no means of improving that genius, whose smothered flame burned ardently within him. Placed by his aspirations above his fellows, he had in the solitude of his own ideas, imbibed thoughts and feelings, strange, and somewhat fantastic. The deep and awful mysteries of religion he had scanned, and discarding alike the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and those of the purer Church of England, he had framed for himself a creed, not unlike that of the Puritans in after years. But the passions of Trevallion had never been checked or guided by the influence of education, and the purer feelings of his nature were mingled with the base alloy of ungovernable appetite. Such was he who, with an haughty look, and flashing eye, answered the question of Edward Swaynson.

"In sooth, master of mine, it little recks the why or the wherefore of this matter. Thou knowest how I leathe and despise these worshippers of idols, with their mummeries and foolishness; and having these feelings, I give them vent somewhat too freely. But for so doing, mine own sword is my surety, and mine own body will stand the forfeit."

A loud clamour burst from the adverse party, whilst the friends of Trevallion cheered him with cries of approbation. Edmund Chadderton now stepping forward, addressed Trevallion, "By mine honour, varlet," said he, "thou speakest somewhat proudly touching these things. Methinks the language thou usest savours too much of the high-horn, to suit such as thyself. Remember thee, who and what thou art, and see thou dost not either by thy speech or bearing, again disturb the peace of the town of Manchester." Trevallion hearkened to these words with a proud and haughty look, nor did his eye quail beneath the glance of Chadderton. Calmly sheathing his sword, he advanced a few steps, and then confronting his high-born admonisher, he thus spoke:—

"Master Edmund, it were indeed a grievous wrong for me to receive the command thou layest upon me. By the great God, sooner would I perish than give up this my right of speech and action. Thinkest thou I do as other men, whose ignoble ideas I spurn, as I would the dust beneath my feet? Away, thou knowest not the feelings and the desires which animate this mortal frame of mine, and little dost thou reck of the contempt with which I look down upon the beings whose fellow I am. The Lord of Heaven judge as to my motives and objects; to none save him will I bow. Followers of mine," he continued, "do you swear to obey me in my enterprises? Speak." "We do, we do. Richard Trevallion," cried an hundred voices, "we swear to follow thee in arms!" Trevallion again addressed Edmund Chadderton, "Thou seest," said he, whilst a bitter smile passed over his countenance, "Thou seest that I, the poor despised boy, can command the services of those who will yet make the recusants tremble, but who will ever prove themselves to be the supporters of the De la Warre."

He was interrupted by the approach of the great De la Warre himself, who, accompanied by Reginald West, and followed by a train of armed men, new entered the market-place.

END OF CHAPTER III.

THE NOBLEMAN'S FEAST.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of "*The Village Muse*.")

Alas! what could his Lordship do
Without our labour and the plough?

ANONYMOUS.

A tuneful song, a soothing strain, sounds in my listening ears,
A simple, ancient melody my quiet bosom cheers,
A golden string vibrates awhile, awhile at my command,
Like some old harper's music wild from distant mountain land.

Enwrapt in cheerful solitude, the poet may beseem
The last remaining spirit left in visionary dream;
In happy meditation bound, yet free from earth's control,
A wild, undying melody delights his inmost soul.

In olden time a nobleman a thousand pounds had stored
To give unto a chosen few invited to his board;
There was a hunter, with his horn, a labourer with his spade,
A mason, with his rule and square and a striving man of trade.

There was a weaver from his loom, his web, and woof, and *draught*,*
Who bore his shuttle in his hand, an emblem of his craft:
There was a son of Tubal Cain, who at the stithy toil'd,
With arms and hands like iron bands, yet humble as a child.

There was a son of Crispin came; a moody man was he;
And though he did not come the first, the last he would not be;
There was an aged fisherman, who left his boat on shore,
And journey'd inland to the hall of this great man of yore.

A lawyer uninvited came unto the feast that day;
But every face upon him frown'd, and soon he went away;
A priest intruded on the feast, with forehead low and flat,
His hand old discord's apple held, his head a shovel hat:

No welcome unto him was given: the reason I may tell:
He fain would shew the way to Heaven by sending souls to Hell:
He left the hall reluctantly; and, muttering to himself—
Anathema Marantha—Sought his home to count his pelf.†

An ancient shepherd, join'd the throng, of venerable race,
And his obedient dog soon found a comfortable place
All underneath the groaning board, close by his master's feet,
Where many a savoury morsel fell, for him a dainty treat.

Behind him rear'd the friendly crook, that help'd his upward way,
An emblem true of peace and hope, that knew no savage fray:
The sceptre of a goodly king, the sword of conqueror bold,
The legion-standard of old Rome, with the bird of love in gold,

Was not more worthy human eye, to view with joyous look,
That was that life-supporting staff, the ancient shepherd's crook:
And every eye for him was mild, and every look was free,
And kindest words were said to him for his simplicity.

A wise physician came that way to soothe some sick man's care,
He'd been a-foot from early day to breathe the morning air;
And every hand a welcome gave the venerable sage,
Whose shining silver locks hung over shoulders bent with age.

* The *sketch* or *tie-up*, which delineates the principle on which a fabric is to be woven.

† The manner I have thought proper to introduce the *lawyer* and the *priest*, the conscientious and benevolent of both professions, will not take to themselves,

He look'd around him with a smile, his mild eye brighter shone,
As if he would embrace them all, and bless them as his own.
Then came a sculptor, with his forms of beauty and of light ;
A painter, with his rainbow hues all-gloriously bright.

The last who came unto the feast wore laurel on his brow,
With ivory harp and golden strings he made his humble bow.—
The feast was o'er, and wine, in store, soon circled round the board,
And every soul was lifted high and grateful to this lord.

Then, up the nobleman arose, all dignified and bold ;
He took a glass of generous wine and op'd the bag of gold :
He said : " You see me lord of all these waters and these lands,
I seem some independent power above your humble hands ;

But I would plainly indicate, what you perchance may know,
That I'm dependent on you all, the lowest of the low :
The birds that fly in upper air, the wild beasts every one,
The fish that in the waters breathe have clothing of their own ;

But here is one without whose craft, this poor, this mortal frame,
Would be as naked and expos'd, as when to life it came.
There are of ye, who me supply with what my parks abound,
And others, too, without whose help, my bed would be the ground ;

And others who can ornament each chamber of my hall,
And from the gloom of ages past the kindest spirits call :
The sculptor's forms of heavenly grace, the painter's light and shade,
The vast, unfathomable world a power divine hath made,

Bestow rich treasures at my feet, before my ravish'd sight ;
I thank the God of all for this—this wonderful delight.
Yet, there is one, the gifted bard, most welcome to the feast,
And though he was the last to come, believe me, not the least.

His lyre of ivory and gold, the seraph-strain he sings,
My inmost bosom can unfold, and give me angel-wings
To bear me far above this world, unto the blest abode
Of Him who rules the Universe, the Beautiful ! the God !

The common Father of us all, who pours life's honey-dew,
That we may live and life enjoy, and love each other too :
Then quarrel not, my worthy friends ; life's full of winding ways,
But soon our earthly journey ends, and from its devious maze,

A brighter prospect opens wide, a vast ethereal plain,
A heavenly world of love and light, where purer spirits reign
In one eternal round of bliss, above all human scan :
Words are too feeble to express what God hath done for man.

Come, labourer, here, and count the gold, in portions just and true,
Divide it, share and share alike, and then I'll drink to you :
The gift is free as mountain air, or wave of wildest sea,
And with it you my thanks may share for what you've done for me."

When this was done, the nobleman the wine-cup took in hand,
Beseeching every one around, although he might command,
To be industrious and just, and kind unto each other,
And with mild words discoursing long like brother unto brother,

Then to the poet he did say, " My poor, poetic child !
Thy song shall harmonize us all, the wildest of the wild ;
And should our passions rage away, and blood bedye our fields,
And men become remorseless o'er the blessings nature yields,

Thy song shall charm the vital air, and take the savage mind
 A prisoner in its golden chains, in extacy refined :
 Above the mean of earth thy harp shall vibrate loud and long,
 While viewless winds and waters flow shall live thy soothing song.

And while the morning suns arise and evening zephyrs sigh,
 Poor priest of Nature's Mysteries ! thou—thou shalt never die."
 Then, all the company arose to gratefully rejoice,
 As if one soul, one heart, one mind, gave them a single voice.

And cheerful songs of thankful praise resounded through the hall,
 And words of gladness unrestrain'd until the curfew's call
 For each unto his homeward way : the pallid moon look'd down,
 A sweet, benignant, blessed smile upon them every one.

The poet sang a sweet "Good Night ;" and play'd, with gentle hand,
 A heart-inspiring melody, delighting all the band ;
 And many an aged man can tell the legend strange and true,
 Of this old English Nobleman, and all his chosen few.*

Manchester, December, 1844.

THE DESTINY OF CORNELIA.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN,

(Authoress of the "*Enchanted Opal*," &c.)

Rome had poured forth its thousands to gaze on the triumphal procession of an Improvisatrice, who was on that day to receive the Laurel Crown ; a young Englishman had also joined the crowd anxious to witness a modern Roman holyday, and the objects and associations of all around had led him into a classical reverie, a dream of the triumphs of the Eternal City in the days of the Cæsars, when the tumultuous acclamations proclaimed the approach of the procession. High above the multitude towered a gilded car, drawn by white horses, whose purple reins were wreathed with flowers ; within it stood the Goddess of the hour, the maiden wearer of the laurel crown, attired in the white flowing robes of a muse—thick folds and graceful undulations of the ancient costume gave to her slight but finely rounded figure, an air of queen-like dignity,—her features, faultless in the classical purity of their outline, and the Sappho-like arrangement of her black and glossy hair crowned by the green leaves of the "deathless tree," accorded well with her attire, and as she stood alone, her white hands resting on the golden chords of an ancient lyre, her large dark eyes flashing with inspiration, and the glow of triumph on her cheek, Percy Loraine gazed as if entranced, on this glorious impersonation of the beautiful ideal, which had haunted him in his twilight musings amid the valleys and weed-wreathed ruins of Rome ! The many-coloured crowd swept on—the triumph past away, and Percy was left alone with the fond conviction in his heart that as the fair Improvisatrice was borne near him, her dark eyes glanced towards him and read in that look the impassioned secret of his thoughts.

That night at the conversazione of the Principessa Vivaldi, Percy Loraine was introduced to the beautiful Florentine,—all traces of the muse had disappeared, except the laurel crown which she still wore ; she was reserved and silent, and but for the gallant homage of all around, few would have recognised in Cornelia Malaspina, the God-

*D'Israeli, the elder, in his "Amenities of Literature," mentions that the sum of One Thousand Pounds, which the Earl of Southampton presented to Shakspeare was appropriated to the purchase of theatrical property. Contemplating the very excellent character of that nobleman, I began to shadow forth, somewhat faintly, an English nobleman acting in the manner described in the above ballad. I had no other object in writing it, than my own amusement at the time ; and should it ever be published, a matter which I leave to the discretion of others, I hope that it will chiefly remind the reader of that which is every day gaining firmer ground, i. e. that property has its moral and humanizing duties, as well as vested rights and privileges.

ness of the triumph. She seemed only just to have passed the enchanted portal of childhood, and a fanciful observer might have almost imagined that in the sweet melancholy of her downcast eyes, might be traced a fond regret that she had lost "life's golden morn." She was an orphan, but her illustrious ancestry and surpassing talents made her the idol of the day, the star of the conversaziones, and the admired of the Illustrissimi of Rome.

A few months had elapsed, the young Englishman had quitted Italy, and never more did the Eternal City hear the songs of the young Improvisatrice, or learn the destiny of the beautiful Cornelia!

A golden flood of radiance lingered over the marble terrace, overlooking the green plesauce and bowery walks of the ancient garden at Willonsholme; a young girl sat there, idly gazing on the quaint and fanciful knots of flowers as they alternately caught the tints of purple and crimson from the gorgeous sky; occasionally she dropt a bead from an amber rosary, and put aside with a listening action the long ringlets that hid the hollowness of her waxen cheek, and the throbbing pulses of her temples, whose blue veins were defined in startling clearness, marking the progress of the "canker worm."

"'Tis sunset again," she murmured—I begin to weary of my life,—oh, how happy we were when we roved together day by day in these green old garden walks, and gathered roses and vowed to love for ever! and I thought there was no land like England, no home lovelier than the home of him I loved; but now I am alone,—*alone* for many weary days, and he looks not so fondly, nor speaks so kindly. Alas! for my own lost land, my sunny Italy."—She was a moment silent, and then her low sad voice murmured forth into song,—

"Why hast thou left me here,
Alone to pine?
Each step I hear
My heart springs up, and asks if it be thine!
Oh weary days,
That scarcely pass away;
Whilst here I gaze,
'Watching the shadows o'er the dial play
In this old hall,
My heart grows cold.
The moat and wall
Do even my very thoughts in bondage hold.
They dare not fly
Out to the world and thee!—
Oh! for the sky
Of my *own land*—my sunny Italy!
Oh, radiant clime,
How fresh thy valleys seem!
The vintage time
Floats now before me like a happy dream.
Methinks I see
The dewy tendrils curl
Round the old tree,
Where thy vows won the fond Italian girl,
Who pines alone,
In this dim solitude
Where the winds moan,
And withering leaves around her steps are strew'd.

* * * *

"Cornelia!" said a voice, and she sprang up, smiling through her tears—Percy Loraine clasped her to his heart and all sorrow was forgotten. Again she poured forth her love for him with all the splendid eloquence and the impassioned poetry of language which at times returned to the once brilliant Improvisatrice, but which the domestic quiet and entire solitude of her present life had powerfully repressed. She had no excitement, and the Poetess of the Laurel had become only a devoted and loving woman!—it was her real nature, born to love and to sacrifice all at the altar of her affections, she had given up that glorious world where fame and genius held open the golden gates of immortality, and consigned herself to exile and oblivion; but she loved and was beloved. For a time they had lived together in that ancient mansion, and Cornelia had no wish beyond its walls, they formed her world; but, Percy?—alas! when did man love with such entire singleness of heart! Three years had elapsed and he was now often absent, for days—for weeks—but then she had his letters to treasure up in her bosom,

and to kiss hourly, and she knew the moment of his return, and then what pleasure to adorn her hair as he loved to see it, and to wear his favorite ornaments, and to look down the long chesnut avenue, and be the first to meet him. Such were *her* consolations—but they past away—his letters grew cold, and only reached her at intervals; he came not at the appointed times, at last *he came no more!* and Cornelia watched and wept in vain,—now she wandered through the lonely garden walks, now red and rustling with the fallen leaves, and gazed upon the green old mossy dial in very weariness of heart, and the spirit of song came back again to the shrine which love had desecrated, and found the flowers withered there, and the flame of life about to vanish from the ashes of departed Hope! The voice of the Improvisatrice was often heard wailing upon the wind; sweet but mournful were her songs, the sad outpourings of her breaking heart.

At length, almost maddened by apprehensions for which she had no name, and a sense of utter desolation which she could no longer endure, she sought to fly, whither she knew not, only into that world where Percy dwelt, but found the mansion that once owned her mistress had become her prison; to her passionate commands and entreaties, the ancient housekeeper answered evasively or maintained an obstinate silence—but from a simple country maiden who attended her, Cornelia had the overwhelming horror to discover, that Percy Loraine was wedded to a noble and wealthy English lady, and was then in the very zenith of his bridal festivities—wedded!—and to another!—With what sweet hopes had she knelt in her girlish innocence before the ancient Padre, as he blest her union with Percy—hurried and secret was that lonely bridal, and in a far off land, but not the less holy. Oh, if it were so, *what then was she?*—the proud heart of the Italian girl was crushed into the dust by that dismal fear, and with a shriek of agony she sank into a long and fearful trance; when she recovered, and it was but slowly, it was with looks so altered, that it seemed as if age, not sorrow, had withered her beauty and her strength.

One winter's morning all was confusion at Willowholme—the foreign Lady was gone!—the fragments of a long silk scarf attached to the broken lattice of the cedar room was the only trace to indicate her flight; but never again was that lonely lady seen wringing her white hands, and weeping in that ancient garden.

Wild and stormy was the cold December night—a bleak and piercing wind howled around, whirling the eddying snowdrifts, but in the proud mansion of Percy Loraine all was light, warmth and revelry; the voluptuous notes of music, and the festal laugh, told that its noble mistress held there a princely feast; yet it was long past midnight ere the carriage of its master bore him home: he ascended the marble steps, when his attention was attracted by a female form, sitting or rather kneeling upon them amid the snow, which the storm had thickly gathered; at that moment, the spacious doors were opened, and a blaze of light streamed full upon her; the shadow of death had darkened over the sad pale face, but Percy Loraine knew that he gazed upon his victim—the Laurel crowned—the lost—Cornelia Malaspina!

MAID MARIAN.

In the retired church of Little Dunmow, in Essex, lie the mortal remains of one, whose praise has been sung through the length and breadth of the land, and whose name is familiar to every lover of legendary lore. I mean the maid Marian, who was a sharer in the joys and sorrows of Robin Hood, the far famed outlaw, whose name has become a household word.

I know that it has been argued, that the character of the maid Marian is borrowed from a French pastoral drama, but it must be remembered that Bishop Percy, and Drayton, and others affirm that the name of Marian, was assumed by a lady of noble birth who attached herself to Robin Hood.

The history of her life is strongly characteristic of the times in which she lived; and it is briefly as follows:—She was the daughter of Robert, Baron Fitz-walter, of Baynard Castle; he was leader of the Barons who forced King John to sign Magna Charta, and was also “Marshal of the Army of God and the Holy Church.”

VOL. 9—No. 2—N.

When the maid reached the age of eighteen, her father invited the Barons, Nobles, and Knights to a costly banquet, and to hold six days jousts and tournaments; on the fourth day, a strange knight, cased in mail, entered the lists, and by his valour and dexterity he overcame the bravest of his opponents; and his valour and beauty made a deep impression on the mind of the maid, who had to bestow upon him the reward of his valour. After the ceremonies were over, the stranger retired unseen, and no person knew whether he had gone. Prince John (afterwards King John) who had honoured the Baron with his company, was so smitten with her charms, that he endeavoured to persuade her to become his mistress; but his proposals were rejected with disdain, and he met with no better success when he made the same proposals to the Baron. Burning with anger, the prince collected together his vassals, and attacked Castle Baynard, which he took, and slew the owner; but the maid fled to the greenwood, where she met with the stranger knight; but his armour was now changed for a dress of the Lincoln green, and his spear for a bow and quiver. Gentle, reader! the knight and the archer were one and the same, and no other but the renowned Robin Hood, who was always ready to protect the weak, and to relieve the wants of the poor, and he swore that he would protect her at the expense of his own life, if necessary. But John who was not to be eluded thus, spared no pains to find out her retreat, which he had no sooner done, than he attacked her protector and his merry men, and a bloody engagement took place, during which the maid Marian, who was dressed in male attire, met the prince, who commanded her to yield; but she bade him win her first, and so gallantly did she repulse him, that he was obliged to withdraw his troops, and retire covered with shame.

Soon after this, she was married to Robin Hood, and when he was restored to his Earldom by Richard I, she became Countess of Huntingdon, but she enjoyed her title only for a short time, for when John ascended the throne, he outlawed Robin Hood, and seized his estates; thus he was obliged once more to take to the greenwood, and the Countess as faithful as ever, accompanied him; but his second reign was a short one, for being wearied with the chase, and faint from want of something to quench his thirst, he called at Kirklees, where he had a sister, of whom he requested a drink; she gave him a goblet to drink from, but it was drugged, and in the morning he was found dead, at a little distance from the place, and there he was buried.

The maid Marian, being thus robbed of her protector, retired to Dunmow Priory, in the vain hope of ending her days in peace. In the vain hope, I say; because the revenge of the King followed her into her holy retreat; for he sent a knight with a poisoned bracelet to her, as a token of his love. The name of the Knight was Sir Robert de Medewe. Ignorant of the accursed deed he was sent to accomplish, he obeyed with alacrity the trust reposed in him by his royal master; but he had no sooner fulfilled his errand, than he beheld the fatal effects which were the results of it. The features of Maid Marian became convulsed with agony, and she fell senseless and inanimate before him. She had died from the effects of the poison, with which the bracelet had been anointed. Struck with astonishment, the warrior gazed upon her still lovely countenance, and invoking eternal curses on his own head, he threw himself upon her corpse, from which he was removed by violence; but neither the threats nor promises of his master could win him back to court, for he resigned his armour, and became a brother of the order of St. Augustine.

All the actors in this melancholy drama have long since departed to that land from whence no traveller returns. The weak Monarch lies in Winchester; near the site of the nunnery of Kirklees, lies Robin Hood, but the very place is unknown; Sir Robert de Medewe reposes in the chapel of the Holy Brothers: and Matilda, or Marian, in the Priory Church, of Dunmow, in Essex.

JOHN LONG.

*Yarborough Lodge,
Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire.*

THE YEAR'S PROMISE.

O ! Mary come forth to the cottage door,
 And I'll place the easy chair
 Where the sun-beams fling their warmest store
 Amid the balmy air ;
 For you long have been laid on a bed of pain,
 And I fain would gladden your heart again.
 And now the young spring is abroad on the earth ;
 And I know you love to hear
 The sky-larks chaunting their songs of mirth
 In the heaven's serene and clear,
 And I know you delight the sweet flowers to view
 Courting the sunshine through showers of dew,
 And to taste their scent, as the soft-wing'd wind
 Passes and leaves its stores behind,
 And to list to the murmuring rill, as it flows
 By its velvet banks where the primrose blows,
 And the willow's silvery branches lave
 Their downy cheeks in the crystal wave.
 Come forth ! and I'll tell how departing spring
 The glorious summer months will bring ;
 And how I will off to the forest green,
 And roam the mown heath, as my wont has been ;
 Returning at eve with my trophies sweet,
 And casting them all at my Mary's feet—
 The simple flowers from the wild-wood lone,
 That vulgar eyes ne'er gaz'd upon,
 With their tiny cups and their slender bells,
 Where the honey-dew of the morning dwells,
 And shadows and tints of beauty abide,
 Like the gorgeous heavens at even-tide ;
 And emerald boughs from the thicket deep—
 Where the weary winds retire to sleep,
 And silence reclines o'er her haunted spring
 To chide its faintest murmuring !
 For O ! 'tis a time of high-soul'd glee
 As the summer months fleet hie,
 When the green boughs cluster on every tree,
 And a concert is in the sky ;
 And the tinted flowers spring fresh and sweet
 Wherever you wander, among your feet.
 And out in the forest, and out on the plain
 The things of charm are there,
 The bee, with its humming lullaby strain,
 And the butterfly fragile and fair ;
 And the bird with its song of a thousand thrills,
 And the gush and the sparkle of silver rills !
 Deep, deep in the wild-wood, tangled and lone,
 How sweet are the warblers lays,
 As they dance on some tall bough, dimly seen
 In the warm meridian blaze,
 Or scour away through the green arcades,
 And teach their songs to the echoing glades.
 And I'll tell you of autumn's golden plains,
 And sing you the reaper's joyous strains ;
 And speak with delight of my pageant dreams,
 When slumbering at eve by the tinkling streams ;—
 Of lands that gleam 'mid the orient sky,
 And in beauty smile everlastingly ;

Of lands,—when we bind up the golden sheaves,
 And a thousand tints are abroad on the leaves,
 Where sweetest of music the soft wind fills,
 And the vines droop rich on the sunny hills,
 And the orange bowers, and the tamerand grove
 Are dwellings meet for the spirit of love,
 And the sun looks down with a joyous mien
 And smiles with delight on the beauteous scene !
 Then, Mary, come forth to the cottage door !
 And I'll place the easy chair
 Where the sun-beams fling their warmest store
 Amid the balmy air,
 For you long have been laid on a bed of pain,
 And I fain would gladden your heart again !

W. C.

Lord Byron Lodge, Aberdeen.

THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

To write a lengthened account of the natives of South Australia would be a work of no ordinary difficulty, owing to the absence of a thorough knowledge of their manners, customs, and language, and the fact of their being a race of people who are not at all communicative ; however the following brief sketch of these truly benighted savages is written by one who was an attentive eye witness of their modes of life during a residence of two years and a half in the colony.

The natives of New Holland (more recently named Australia) are perhaps the lowest in the scale of human nature, but they have a lofty and independent spirit, seldom showing that servility so common among negroes in general. There are many opinions respecting their notions of religion, but I believe they have not the most remote idea of a supreme being, or of a future state, and although a few of them that are constantly about the settlement are beginning to show some signs of civilization, it will be a long time before their savage nature can be rooted out ; yet, with all their apparent misery and wretchedness, these poor creatures seem happy in their ignorance, and, if they show surprise, they do not display that envy at the superiority of the white man which might be expected. The whole of them are very filthy ; they never wash themselves, consequently the stench from them is frequently intolerable. They keep themselves constantly greased all over with the fat of any bird, beast, or reptile they can get, mixed with a red powder very much like ochre, which they call "Carrako" With this the hair and beard, which are long, are plentifully bedaubed. Their reason for thus smearing their persons, is for protection against the rays of the burning sun, and also against the attacks of the swarms of flies and mosquitoes. Their features are very unpleasant, more so I should say than any other people on the earth ; their noses are very flat and broad, the mouth is large, but the teeth are very regular and beautifully white. They are of about the middle stature, the body generally fat, and the belly very prominent ; their legs are long and thin, and they have quite an absence of flesh in the rear of the shin bone. They go entirely naked in their primitive state, but the tribe that are generally about Adelaide, are generally induced to wear some little clothing, though that little barely hides their persons, the males wearing nothing except a shirt, while the women throw an old blanket around them, something after the fashion of a cloak, neither sex wearing any covering to the head or feet. I once saw a laughable experiment made on one of the males to try to induce him to wear trowsers. After much labour and amusement in pulling them on, being rather tight for him, and the poor fellow, all the while, half frightened ; they were at length buttoned up, and the savage no sooner tried to walk off than he tumbled head over heels, and lay kicking and roaring as though he was in the hands of a murderer. He had no idea of freeing himself from his troublesome garment, and none could get near him to assist him in doing so, when at length from his incessant kicking the trowsers began to give way, and as soon as he got his legs at liberty, he jumped up and ran off in the direction of his tribe, yelling most piteously,

with the waistband of his troublesome piece of apparel fast round him, and a part of one of the legs flying behind him. Both sexes often wear a piece of bone about five inches long stuck through the cartilage of the nose. In some of the tribes the males on attaining manhood submit to the operation of having one of the incisor teeth punched out, which operation is performed on great numbers at a time, and with ceremonies that are intended to be very solemn. The women in the same way have the little finger of their right hand amputated at the second joint. The colour of the skin in the natives varies but little, although the more than ordinary filth of some individuals seems to impart an unnatural blackness to it. The hair is either straight or curling, but not woolly like that of the African negro, and I have often observed that the unmeaning and almost idiotic smile, which is frequently seen playing round the mouth of the African is rarely observed upon the features of the Australian. In disposition they exhibit jealousy, idleness and cunning. Their sense of sight and hearing are very acute; that of sight has often been remarked with admiration by Europeans. Polygamy is admitted among them according to the will and means of the husband, who in the exercise of a savage and peculiar custom steals his wife by force from a different tribe, which is often the cause of much bloodshed among them. An instance of this kind happened once under my own observation. One morning I saw two tribes mustering rather strong and evidently preparing for war by sharpening their spears, which are entirely of wood. They scrape the points with a piece of shell and wetting them hold them at the same time over the fire until they become as tough as whalebone. They had also an instrument called the "Waddie," a short club from 18 inches to 2 feet long, with a large knob at the end fresh jagged for the facility of holding it better in the hand. This weapon is also rendered formidable by being thrown at the antagonist. Another implement called a "Katta," was also being prepared for its bloody work. It is a piece of hard wood 1 inch and a quarter in diameter, and from 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet long, with one end sharpened to a chisel point for the purpose of ripping up, or impaling alive. They have a shield called "mulla boka," made from the bark of a tree. It is about 2 feet long, 10 or 12 inches wide, and sharpened at both ends. This they use to great advantage in parrying of the showers of spears. Thus equipped the gallant gay Lothario, surrounded by his tribe, advanced towards that of the nymph of his choice, who did not seem at all desirous of his attentions. For some time he was apparently using every argument to soften her heart, but she remained inflexible, when he suddenly lifted his spear and she held up her hand to ward off the blow, but so strong and fatal was the thrust that her arm was pinioned to her side, and the poor young savage fell dead. This was the signal for a general onset and the tribes, yelling most horribly, joined in deadly conflict; spears, which from the close quarters in which the parties were could not be used in the regular way, were broken over the heads of the assailants. The "Waddies" were thrown indiscriminately about, wounding alike both friend and foe; the "Katta" also had its full share of murderous work, and was as often used as a club as for legitimate purposes. Myself and a few others who stood at a short distance, out of the reach of these implements of savage warfare, saw several run out of the fight with their skulls completely cut open; indeed such wounds as would kill any white man. Cases of this kind were thus disposed of. One of them would place a hand on each side of the head, press the wound up close, and tie the hair in knots across the wound, which was all the dressing I saw it have. The fight gradually dropped; both parties seeming to have expended their rage, retired from the spot carrying off the dead and wounded.

All the tribes are more or less tattooed over the body breast and arms. They generally perform the operation on three at a time, who are caused to sit on the ground in a close triangle facing each other; the arms are then bound up tight just above the elbow, after which the viens are cut with a piece of shell, and the arms are held up as high as possible by some of the tribe, so that the blood flows over the heads of the victims, and, running down their bodies, gives them the appearance of being one mass of gore. They are allowed to bleed nearly to death, when the tattooing commences, which is also done with a piece of shell, by which deep cuts are inflicted in different ways across the breast, body and arms. They are then laid down, or if they are able to sit up they do so, while a green twig is placed in each of their hands, to which some mystery is appended, as they constantly carry it about with them while a bit of it remains. The blood being allowed to dry on them they look as though they were japanned all over, and some of the tribe

are in constant attendance to keep the flies from them and attend to their wants. Revolting as this horrid custom appears to us, the poor victims seem to delight in it, and give you to understand that it is very good. Circumcision is also practised among them, the ceremony being performed on large numbers at a time, and like the other is done with much solemnity. The manner of disposing of the dead is somewhat curious, some of them are buried, and in that case, as soon as the poor savage has ceased to breathe, the body is placed in a sitting posture and bound up tight in pieces of old torn skins, dried grass, &c. When this is finished it appears an immense heap of rubbish, and, after the lapse of twenty or thirty hours, it is removed for interment in the following manner:—It is lifted up by as many as can conveniently take hold of the strange looking package; they then start, with their faces to the East, and perform three circuits round the encampment; a stand is then made for a moment, after which they turn round and make three circuits the other way; again they turn round, with their faces to the eastward, and make three more circuits; afterwards, the march to the grave commences, and the corpse is followed by most of the tribe, without any sort of regularity whatever. The hole used as a grave is dug chiefly by the hands; a little use is made of the "Katta" to loosen the earth, and also, of a kind of shovel made of the bark of a tree called a "Yakoo." When the grave is finished, the body is placed in it in the same position as it was originally, bound up, with the head generally on a level with the surface of the ground; a lighted firebrand, brought from the encampment, is then thrown into the grave, which, by what I could understand, in answer to my enquiries, was to operate as a charm, to keep away the evil spirit, in whose existence, like many other savages, they believe. The earth is then trodden tight round the body and heaped up over the head; the party then throw off all signs of sorrow and leave the spot. When the earth is so hard that they cannot dig a grave, they burn the body or secure it in a low bushy tree; in both cases, observing as nearly as possible, the same ceremony as though it were buried. It is a singular fact, that when one of this poor degraded race is dying, the relatives refuse all consolation, nor will they partake of food; but as soon as it is discovered that the vital spark is fled, they rise up and appear quite happy, while others of the tribe with a piece of shell cut off their hair quite close, which makes them look very odd for some time. Cannibalism is very common among them; several white people have been killed and eaten by them, and I have been informed that some of the tribes eat their own female children, in order that they may not exceed the number of the other sex, who are so often thinned by fighting. I have frequently heard them make the remark in their jabbering broken English, "Piccaninny very good, but white man too salt." One of their principal modes of obtaining food is by setting fire to the grass and low brushwood, which being dried by the intense heat of the sun burns with great rapidity. The natives follow up the fire and make the snakes, lizards, and other such reptiles an easy prey. These are in fact their chief articles of food. They are very fond of the ring-tailed opossum, a beautiful little animal somewhat resembling the English squirrel, and to capture which, the natives have to set fire to the tree, unless they choose to climb it, which they do by the following method: as the trees are mostly without branches, to heights varying from thirty to sixty feet, and the diameter is from two feet six inches to six feet, they cannot clasp them in the arms to climb them. They walk attentively round the tree, noticing which side leans from them; then with a small "Katta," or stick of very hard wood, sharpened at the end, they chop a hole in the bark, which is very soft and of great thickness, large enough to rest the foot in; another hole is then made about three feet higher; the left hand is then placed in that, and the foot in the lower hole, the stick being stuck fast in the bark as high as they can reach to form a rest for the right hand, while the body is raised up a step, and so on successively, by which means the highest and largest trees are climbed.

It is very strange that this race of people, so unlike many of the South Sea Islanders, have not the least idea of cultivating the ground. Fruit there is none for them, so they depend entirely on the precarious supply obtained in their wanderings, nor is it less surprising that they have no settled abode of any sort; they never build themselves any thing worth calling a hut; and, although the tribe about Adelaide have had comfortable dwellings erected for them by the government, they will not live in them, but prefer a wandering life, with no other shelter than the lee-side of a bush. Their substitute for a drinking cup is a human skull, but whether of friend or foe I never could ascertain; "the holes that eyes did once inhabit," are stopped up with a kind of gum, in order to

make it hold a greater quantity of water. I have seen them make water hot by heating stones in the fire, and then putting them into this disgusting utensil. Their mode of kindling fire is rather singular; they get a soft piece of wood, something like the wood of the elder tree, and then with a hard piece they drill a hole in it, the end being sharpened for that purpose by working it very quick between the hands. The friction speedily causes flame which catches some dried grass placed round the stick for that purpose. They are very fond of bread, meat, rice, sugar, potatoes, or indeed anything which is eaten by Europeans. The tribe about Adelaide make clever beggars; they go from house to house, with the whining accent of experienced beggars, uttering such words as "Me very hungry picanninny," "hungry me bread," "me chugar," "me cold," "me want shirt," &c. In fact, they easily acquire the worst habits of Europeans without partaking of any of the better ones. Their language is the most unintelligible jargon imaginable. Several murders have been committed by them upon white people who have wandered alone and unarmed, to a distance from the settlement. These murders have been committed with a degree of ferocity seldom heard of, such as impaling the victims alive, tearing the living flesh from the bones, and devouring it, and other most horrid modes of torture.

I will conclude this imperfect sketch, by giving a short account of a dance or merry making, called "Corroberie," a scene to which it is impossible for me to do justice. The "Corroberie" always takes place between two tribes on their making peace after a fight. The first of these scenes to which I was a witness, and which I think I never can forget, took place under some large trees, about one hundred yards from the steep bank of the river Torrens. There might be about twenty white people assembled; when I arrived on the spot, I observed about forty or fifty of the black women with their children, also, some old men sitting round the fire; presently an old man rose up from the fire, and seated himself again about five yards from it, with his face towards the river bank; he then began striking his two "waddies" together, keeping time to a strange noise, or rather yelling, in which he was joined by the women, and in a few seconds the men began to make their appearance from behind the river bank. They were as usual quite naked, and smeared all over with grease and Carraco, added to which, they were striped in various directions with white stuff resembling chalk, the hair quite standing on end with grease and Carraco, and covered with the feathers of various birds without any taste or ornament. The nose had its usual accompaniment of the bone before described; the knees were bound round with branches of dried leaves, which when they moved, made a rattling noise. There were about one hundred of them, and they formed themselves into ranks of fifteen abreast, and advanced, by raising their legs as high as they could get them, and then stamping the feet down on the ground as hard as possible, keeping time with as much precision as a well trained regiment of soldiers, at the same time not advancing more than an inch at a step. I cannot describe my feelings on beholding the naked painted savages in such attitudes. As they advanced they got more excited, and kept yelling and grinning most horribly. The light of the fires glaring upon them, covered as they were with dust and perspiration, made them outlive any representation of demons that can be offered to the public. It was not less amusing to see the women, who were wound up to such a pitch of admiration, that they yelled and capered about in the most ludicrous manner.

Such is the state of these poor benighted wretches, and I believe I can say with truth, that none but those who have witnessed these scenes of savage life, can fully appreciate the blessings of dwelling in a civilized land.

T. HANSON.

Hope of Dartford Lodge, South London District.

THE ELK RUNNERS.

Under this head, the St. Louis "Reveille" relates the particulars of a wild, marvellous, and most singular chase—a chase which has no parallel that we wot of. He vouches for its authenticity too—but we give the narrative in his own words:—

The following extraordinary relation is literally true. It has been communicated to us by one of the oldest and most respectable citizens, and is further substantiated

by the concurring testimony of the senior editor of the above paper, who knew both men spoken of, and has never heard the story doubted. Major John Dougherty, the "Kentuckian" mentioned, is still living, in Clay county, Missouri, which he has represented in the Legislature, besides having filled the important post of Indian agent. He was famous in his youth, among the prairie and mountain men, as a hunter of extraordinary skill and endurance. We should like, of all things, to hear his own statement of an adventure which is certainly among the most marvellous heard of, out of the pages of fiction—if indeed fiction has any thing to compare with it.

In the year 1818, the Missouri Fur Company had a post just below Council Bluff, named Fort-Lisa, after the gentleman who established it. There was much competition in the trade at that time, and it was a great point to select the very best men for runners.

Mr. Lisa had with him a young Kentuckian named D., a fine daring fellow, with a frame of iron, the speed of the ostrich, and the endurance of the camel. He was fortunate, moreover, in the retention of a half-breed called *Mal Bœuf* (Bad Beef,) who, notwithstanding his name, was considered of hardly less merit than D., and between the two men, consequently, a keen rivalry existed. D., had travelled on foot from the Blackbird Hills to Fort Lisa, a distance of ninety miles, in thirteen hours! *Mal Bœuf* also boasted some astonishing feats of "bottom," and both were stationed at the Fort, during the time we speak of, for the purpose of providing venison.

One evening in July, the weather extremely warm, the grass high, and the post unfurnished with meat, the two men were playing at cards, when their employer came up, reproached them with their negligence, and ordered them to start the first thing in the morning on a hunt. Obedience was promised, of course, but the game continued—each moment growing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pervading their hearts in everything, till, finally, the morning broke, as the half-breed declared himself to be *broken*. They fell asleep on the spot, and the sun was well up, when Mr. L. informed of the case, again approached, in no pleasant humour it may be supposed, cursed, *sacre'd*, and *carahoo'd*, till the delinquents, fully aroused and a little ashamed, took their guns and started for Papillon Creek, on the edge of the prairie, about five miles off. There they discovered a gang of elk, when the Kentuckian suggested a plan of approach that would enable them to get a good shot. The half-breed, rankling at his friend's triumph the night previous, observed sulkily.

"I don't kill elk with my *gun*, but with my *knife*!"

The pluck of the other, too, was roused in an instant, rightly interpreting the vaunt as a challenge to a trial of speed and bottom; and on his saying proudly, that what his companion could do, he could do also, both hung their guns in a tree, and approaching the band as near as possible, they suddenly raised the Indian yell, which has a most paralyzing effect upon the animals.

Off they went across a low prairie a few miles in width, leaving their pursuers far behind; but steadily the latter continued their pace nevertheless. They reached the bluff—ascended—crossed—descended—one resolve uppermost in their minds, "never to say fail." League after league the chase and the race continued—the men panting like hounds, cooling their mouths in crossing an occasional "branch," by throwing up the water with their palms, but still unpausing, until, approaching Elk Horn river, a distance of twenty miles, by mutual agreement, they took an circuit with an increase of speed, got ahead of the elk, and actually prevented them from crossing. Leagues and leagues, upon a new track, the chase continued, the animals by this time so exhausted by heat, thirst, and, above all, fright,—for the hunters had incessantly sent forth their yells, in this case as much a scream of mutual defiance, as an artifice of the chase,—that they scarcely exceeded their pursuers in speed; the latter, foaming and maddened with excitement, redoubled their efforts, until the elk, reached a prairie pound, or "sink," the hunters at their heels, plunged despairingly in, lay down, and abandoned themselves, heedless of all else, to the gratification of their thirst. The frantic rivals, knife in hand, dashed in after their prey, began the work of slaughter, paused not until they had butchered sixteen, dragged them from the water, and cut up and prepared the meat for exportation to the fort, whither they had to return for horses.

Had the race ended! No! For victory or death was the inward determination, and as yet, neither had given way. Off dashed again the indomitable half-breed, and at his side the unyielding Kentuckian. Rise and hollow, stream and timber—no yelling now—in desperate silence were left behind. The sun was sinking—blind, staggering,

on they went—they reached the fort haggard, wild and voiceless, as from the fires of the savages, the “gauntlet” of fiends. A crowd gathered round the exhausted men, who arrived together, and now lay fainting, still side and side, a long time before they were enabled, by signs and whispers, to tell that they had run down sixteen elk, and yet couldn’t say which was the best man!

This feat brought upon D. an affection of the lungs, nor did he recover his strength for several years. He is still alive, a quiet and influential citizen. Mal Bœuf became very dissipated, and died in a short time. Our informant tells us, that he has made an examination of the country, forming their race-track himself, and they, without exaggeration, must have run *seventy-five miles* between the hours of eight a. m. and seven p. m. He is fond of reading the New York Spirit of the Times, and wishes to know what are the Barclay and Elsworth breed, when compared with the prairie runners of the West, and thousands of whose exploits remain untold, as matters of common occurrence.

TO MY INFANT SON.

Thou art welcome, my sweet one, as welcome to me
As the fragrance of flowers to the diligent bee :
Though sorrow has humbled the pride of my heart,
And poverty caused all my joys to depart ;
Though the house of thy parents be humble and poor,
Though our pleasures are nought to the pains we endure,
Yet, child of our sorrows, thou ’rt welcome to me
As the bright blush of morn to the lark on the lea !

Our Father, hath sent thee to solace the woes,
Which the mother made childless, in silence foregoes,
Now the care which thou claimest will lighten the gloom
That oft woos her thoughts to the cold, cheerless tomb,
Where our little ones once just as lovely as thee,
From earth and its tumults of sorrows set free
Are calmly reposing. Now bright be our joy,
For thou art right welcome, my innocent boy.

Thou art come at the season of poverty’s frown,
When her cold cheerless manacles fetter me down,
But I’ll strive with fresh ardour again to be free,
For the sake of thy sorrowing mother and thee.
The reign of rude winter is wasting away.
Woods, mountains, and meadows begin to look gay ;
Ere Spring fairly greets us I hope for employ,
Then princes might envy my gladness and joy,

Thou art come to a world that is lovely and fair,
For the works of the God who hath made us are there ;
Yet oh ! it is teeming with sorrow and woe,
For sin is the curse of all creatures below.
What—so soon art thou weeping ! so soon do we hear
Those cries which convince us no comfort is here !
Oh weep not,—the pains which thy infancy feels
Are nought to the sorrows which manhood reveals.

I’ll pray to be with thee, thy childhood to guide,
And to gaze on thy manhood with pleasure and pride ;
It ever shall be my first aim to impart
Those precepts which model a virtuous heart,
Heaven grant ye imbibe them, that when I am gone
No blame on the father may come from the son ;
That when I am dead—the instructions here given
May teach thee to trust in thy Father in heaven.

No gold may be mine to bequeath thee, my son,
 But ere the last grains from my sand-glass be run
 Perchance some small portion of wealth I may give
 Which shall teach thee, how earth's erring children should live ;
 That wealth will be knowledge,—Oh ! may it reveal
 Those joys which too few of our kindred now feel ;
 May it show thee thyself—and teach thee to love,
 The creatures of earth—and thy Maker above.

North Shields.

S. SHERIF.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

A THOUGHT FOR THE HOMELESS.—When we consider what an awful calamity homelessness is, how the sense of utter desolation sinks like iron, into the soul, how it generates hatred towards the fortunate, contempt of life, and despair, arms the suicide against his own life, and disgraces, by the memory of inhumanity and selfishness, all those who live and look on at their fellow-men, when,

“ Homeless, beside a thousand homes he stood,
 “ And, near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food,”

it is folly to say more in praise of night asylums. Let those who have done honour to human nature by establishing such, enjoy the consciousness of having earned heaven ; and let those, in whose streets, while they lie warm in their beds, the destitute perish for want of such, dread the just vengeance of God upon their cold-blooded inhumanity. We sometimes read of such things, and for the inhabitants of towns where such things occur, we feel a contempt amounting almost to hatred. It is a sin and a shame to talk of free-born Englishmen, glorious Constitution, Bill of Rights, and Magna Charta, while people are allowed to perish in the streets. Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, [Liverpool,] and, we hope, many other towns, have redeemed themselves from the charge of this damning disgrace. We don't care a rush for your public buildings, galleries of pictures, scientific institutions, penny knowledge boxes, or whatever else you may choose to be proud of. We tell you plainly, *Messieurs* Mayors, Councillors, and Magistrates, of whatever *quorum* you may be, a refuge for the houseless poor you owe to God, who has given you so much, and others so little ; to your country, of which, while such things occur, you can no longer be justly proud ; to humanity, of which you form, in your own estimation, no inconsiderable part ; to yourselves, as liable, in common with all men, to vicissitudes of fortune no human foresight can predict, and no human providence avert.—*Blackwood.*

THE NIGHTINGALE'S NOTE.—In daylight, when all the other birds are in concert, the nightingale only strikes you as the most active, emulous, and successful of the whole band. At night, especially if it is a calm one, with light enough to give you a wide indistinct view, the solitary music of this bird takes quite another character, from all the associations of the scene, from the languor one feels at the close of the day, and from the stillness of spirits and elevation of mind which come upon one walking out at that time. But it is not always so ; different circumstances will vary in every possible way the effect. Will the nightingale's song sound alike to the man who is going on an adventure to meet his mistress, supposing he hears it at all, and when he loiters along on his return ? The last time I heard the nightingale, it was an experiment of another sort ; it was after a thunder storm, in a wild night, while there was silent lightning every few minutes, first on one side of the heavens, then on the other ; the careless little fellow was piping away in the midst of all this terror. There was no melancholy in his note to me, but a sort of sublimity ; yet it was the same song which I had heard in the morning, and which then seemed nothing but bustle.—*Francis Horner.*

THE GUELPHS AND COBOURGS.—The Queen has no surname in the ordinary acceptance, though her family is called that of Guelph ; according to heraldic practice she would be named Victoria of England. If the Prince of Wales should come to the throne a new dynasty will be established, of which he will be the first, and which will be called the dynasty of Saxe Coburg Gotha. With such dynasty, the dynasty of the Guelphs or House of Brunswick would be at an end, unless revived by the Saxe Coburg

Gotha line. The Prince of Wales has not been, as erroneously stated in the newspapers, created Duke of Saxony, but is like his father and all Princes of the House of Saxony, born Duke of Saxony, Margrave of Misnia, Landgrave of Thuringia, Prince of Cobourg, Saalfeld, and Gotha.

THUNDER STORMS.—The distance of a thunder storm, and consequently the danger is not difficult to ascertain. As light travels at the rate of about 66,426 leagues in a second, or nearly 200,000 miles in one second of time, its effects may be considered as instantaneous within any moderate distance. Sound, on the contrary, is transmitted only at the rate of 1,242 feet in a second. By accurately observing, therefore, the time which intervenes between the flash of light and the beginning of the noise of the thunder which follows it, a very accurate calculation may be made of its distance, viz., when you observe the lightning, and ten seconds elapse before you hear the thunder, you are two miles out of danger: if five seconds elapse between, one mile out of danger; but if you only distinguish one second elapse between the lightning and thunder, then you may estimate yourself only 1,142 feet from the dangerous fluid, and the nearer to the light you hear the thunder within one second, you may count yourself in danger; by having a knowledge of these things, there is no better means of removing apprehensions. If the thunder rumbles seven seconds, you must be aware that the electric fluid has passed through space from the atmosphere to the earth, a distance of nearly one mile and a half. Sometimes the fluid skips from one cloud to another before it comes to the earth. There is no danger to be apprehended from the thunder, but that it operates as a warning when well calculated.

PRICES OF ARTICLES IN THE TIME OF EDWARD I.—Wheat, per quarter, 2s, 2s 4d, 3s 4d, and 5s; maslyn (wheat and rye mixed), per qr. 2s, 2s 4d, 3s, and 4s; barley, per qr., 1s 8d, 2s. 8d, 3s, 3s 4d, and 4s; oats, per qr., 1s 8d, 2s, and 2s. 4d; pill corn, from the mill, per qr., 3, or 3s 8d; an ox, 10s, 11s, and 12s; cow and calf 9s and 10s; bacon hogs, 5s and 5s. 6d; fat pork, 2s and 2s 2d; fat sheep, 1s. 5d, 1s. 6d, 1s 8d, and 2s; lamb, 10d or 1s; goose, 8d; capon, 2d; a hen, 1½; a duck, 1d; four pigeons, 1d; twenty eggs, 1d.

MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and, therefore, 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence—nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound 1142 English feet in a second.

WAR.—I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory, but I confess that even the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but, on the contrary, in endeavouring to destroy each other, as if time did not do this himself with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years, I still think; war, which society draws upon itself, is but an organised barbarism, and an inheritance of the savage state, however disguised or ornamented.—*Louis Buonaparte.*

FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN.—The *Quarterly Review*, in discussing an objection to the Copyright Bill of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, which was taken by Sir Edward Sugden, gives some very curious particulars, about the progeny of literary men. "We are not," says the writer, "going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men, distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort very rarely leave

more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so. Men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line even so far down as in the third generation of any English poet, and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exceptions of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort—except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The granddaughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. When a human race has produced its bright consummate flower in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end." Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and in literature, of our time, were Davy and Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them (Mrs. Lockhart) leaving issue. These are curious facts.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.—This ancient emblem of Scotch pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition: When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and, in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefoot. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

THE TERRITORY OF MIND.—I am not a landlord, but I have a territory, one not entirely in the realms of fancy; I have a territory which I have consecrated in my heart, and peopled beyond the reach of fortune and fate; there I meet with all that is manly and intrepid; there are the lovers of liberty, whose necks never bowed down beneath the yoke of oppression; there I meet scenes the very conception of which exalts the lowliest to the highest grade, there I have found sometimes a claim, if not to the applause, at least to the affection and respect of my fellow-countrymen.—*Professor Wilson.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long lived.—Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but average twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1,000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Mal-lerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.—*Polytechnic.*

IGNORANCE.—It is from our ignorance that our contentions flow: we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and hatred, but of the thing debated upon we

remain in the profoundest ignorance. Like the labourers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which for a common aid we would have ascended to heaven from the hills of earth, remains for ever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language that will re-unite us. As in their sublime allegory the Romans signified that only through virtue we arrive at honour, so let us believe that only through knowledge we can arrive at virtue.

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND.—If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. Treat a man like a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and honesty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions! In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections. Thanks to the benign arrangements of a merciful Father, affections are the only part of our nature the cultivation of which man cannot neglect, however much he may often pervert them. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The filial and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor alike; and is often the stronger in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can truly call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason, are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the mutual benefit of all, this powerful and universally prevailing instrument. The next stage to the tie of parent and child, in the progress of society, is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom, in childhood, by the domestic fireside.—*Rev. Mr. Parkinson.*

ARTISANS OF FORMER DAYS.—At Colchester, in 1296 and 1308, a carpenter's stock was valued at a shilling, and consisted of five tools. Other tradesmen were almost as poor; but a tanner's stock, if there be no mistake, was valued at £9 7s 10d, more than ten times any other. Tanners were principal tradesmen, the chief part of the dress of our ancestors being made of leather, and that article being much used in the warlike as well as peaceable costume of the people of those ages.

SUNDAY PARLIAMENTS.—In ancient times Sunday appears to have been an usual day on which to convene parliaments. From the rolls of Edward II. and VI. there are various tested writs, in which the king commands the attendance of parliament on Sabbath-day, principally at York and Lincoln.

IMPORTANCE OF BATHING.—Knowing, as we do, how greatly the purification and friction of the skin, contribute to preserve an equable circulation, and to maintain a healthy condition of the system, we ought to encourage, in every possible degree, as a national custom, the practice of bathing. It is much a pity that our standard of cleanliness is so low, but this furnishes the greater reason and the ampler opportunity for inducing on our countrymen a better inclination and habit. We are not prepared to say that we suffer more from skin disease than our neighbours, but at least we can affirm that many of the cutaneous ailments that are rife amongst us, would be prevented by the practice of frequent ablution. Imagine the condition of the majority of our mechanics—poor fellows!—with no great variety and change of linen, working till they are bathed in perspiration, and resting until their clothes have dried upon them, with no chance of cleansing their bodies from the accumulated filth which their occupation and exercise induce upon them! All they do is to wash their faces and hands, and having neither opportunity nor inducement to relieve the remainder of their bodies of the hoarded perspiration which is condensed upon and clogs them,—they may be said to be perpetually encased in decomposing dirt. Can it be wondered at, that under such circumstances, with the pores obstructed, and the sources of natural exhalation stopped and the constant effluvia from a filthy surface, visceral obstructions, congestions, enlarged livers, tubercular deposits, fevers, and infectious diseases, should prevail? Many of the ailments which our mechanics and the poorer classes of our community suffer from, are traceable to an imperfect cleansing of the skin. The fetid perspiration, especially of the feet, which the lower orders are peculiarly subject to, are mainly dependant upon dirt, and upon the collection of the animal matter of exhalation. That every man may find opportunity for washing his feet is freely admitted, but we wish to be understood to signify that, as cleanliness, like many other virtues, is a habit, and greatly dependant upon education and discipline, so if we do not inculcate it amongst

our poorer brethren, as we inculcate other moral habits, and give them the liberty of its exercise, we cannot expect that they will in any wise compare with ourselves who are better trained and taught.—*Medical Times*.

CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.—Formerly the Chinese, in the maps of the earth, set down the celestial empire in the middle of a large square, and dotted round it the other kingdoms of the world, supposed to be seventy-two in number, assigning to the latter ridiculous or contemptuous names. One of these, for example, was Seaou-jin-kwo, or the kingdom of Dwarfs, whose inhabitants they imagined to be so small as to be under the necessity of tying themselves together in bunches, to prevent their being carried away by the birds of prey.—*Captain Pidding's Chinese Olio*.

TOUCHING FAIRY TRADITION.—The most touching by far of the traditions at our disposal for illustrating at once the dependence of fairies upon man, and their anxiety concerning their souls' welfare, is one in which the all-important hopes which we have said that they sometimes solicit from the grave and authorized lips of priests, appears as floating on the lightest breath of children. Our immediate author is James Grimm, speaking in his German *Mythology* of the water spirit. The tradition itself is from Sweden, where the mythological being, the solitary water fairy, bears the name of "The Neck." "Two lads were at play by the river side. The Neck sate and touched his harp. The children called to him, 'Why sittest thou there, Neck, and playest? Thou wilt not go to heaven.' Then the Neck began bitterly weeping, flung his harp away, and sunk in the deep water. When the boys came home, they told their father, who was a priest, what had happened. The father said, 'Ye have sinned towards the Neck. Go ye back, and give him the promise of salvation.' When they returned to the river, the Neck sate upon the shore, mourning and weeping. The children said, 'Weep not so, thou Neck. Our father hath said that thy Redeemer, too, liveth.' Then the Neck took joyfully his harp, and played sweetly until long after sun-down. 'I do not know,' tenderly and profoundly suggests Dr. Grimm, 'that anywhere else in our traditions is as significantly expressed how needy of the Christian belief the heathen are, and how mildly it should approach them.'—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch upon the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—*Lord Eldon's Note Book*, quoted in the *Quarterly*.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.—There are some women who start in life with the idea that the golden rule of domestic comfort is comprised in two words, cleanliness and economy. Instead of considering them as mere appliances, they put them in the place of the principal, and believe themselves exceedingly ill-used when their practice is found unproductive of the expected effect. If one be neat and thrifty, they say, what excuse can a man have for leaving his home and neglecting his wife? Alas! will these cold characteristics, wanting the sweet and simple influences of a loving and intelligent nature, satisfy the heart, or make a man's home happy?

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.—A curious instance of this occurs in the silk trade. A pound of silk containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread severally two yards long, will reach to the length of one hundred and eighty-four thousand three hundred and forty yards; or, between one hundred and four, and one hundred and five miles. For a pound of this silk dyed scarlet, does not receive above a drachm additional weight, so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than one hundred yards in length; and yet this minute quality is sufficient to give an intense colour to the silk with which it is combined.

ENGLISH CHRISTIAN NAMES.—It is well known, that, according to the usage of our times, individual men are in general designated by two names, which use authorizes us to call the *Christian name* and *surname*. The Christian name is generally chosen from a list of names, which use has consecrated in each community. I think the number of such names in this country—that is, Christian names, in pretty general acceptance and currency—amounts to about 200. Of course I do not include in my estimate

names seldom used, which caprice and fancy lead men sometimes to adopt; nor foreign names; nor names borrowed from the Scriptures, scarcely sanctioned by custom, as Obadiah, Ezekiel, &c. It not unfrequently happens, that the surname of the mother's family, or of other relatives or honoured friends, is adopted and used for a Christian name. I do not include names of this class.—*Rev. W. Johns, in memoirs of Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.*

CURIOUS FACT.—It is singular that amongst the thirty-five sovereigns who have sat on the English throne since William the Norman, though each of the eleven months has witnessed the accession of one or other of them, not *one* has mounted the throne in the month of May. In the month of January four have come to the throne, Edward III., Edward IV., Charles II., and George IV.; in February two, James II., and William III.; in March, five, Henry V., Edward IV., James I., Charles I., and Queen Anne; in April, three, John, Edward V., and Henry VIII.; in June, five, Richard II., Richard III., George II., William IV., and Queen Victoria; in July, three, Richard I., Edward II., and Queen Mary; in August, four, Henry I., Henry VI., Henry VII., and George I.; in September, two, William Rufus, and Henry IV.; in October, four, William the Norman, Henry II., Henry III., and George III.; in November, two, Edward I., and Elizabeth; and in December, one, Stephen.

ARTFUL TRICK.—While Sir Richard Birnie was magistrate at Union Hall, previously to his going to Bow-street, a working-man picked up a £100 note in the borough, and, not knowing the owner, placed it in the hands of Sir Richard, that it might be restored to the loser when he came forward to claim it. The note was advertised several times in the papers, of course without mentioning the number or date, and, in a few days after, a very respectably dressed man presented himself to Sir Richard, and stating that he had lately lost a note of that amount, inquired if the note advertised were then in court? Sir Richard replied in the affirmative. "Perhaps, then," said the applicant "your worship will oblige me by examining the note, when, if it be the one I have lost, you will see two small marks I invariably make in any notes I receive, just under the figures." Sir Richard looked at it very closely, but could see no marks, and told the gentleman so, "They are very minute, your worship." "Yes," said Sir Richard, "so you said before, but I can't see anything of the kind." "My eyes are younger than your worship's, and perhaps you would be kind enough to allow me an instant's inspection of it?" "Certainly," said Sir Richard, handing the gentleman the note, and quite sure, at the same time, that there were no such marks as the other had described. The applicant glanced at the note in a careless way for a mere instant, pronounced it not to be his, returned it the magistrate, thanked him very politely for the courtesy shown him, and bowing, left the court. A few hours after, another gentleman, equally respectably attired, made a similar application, stating that he had seen the advertisement in the papers, and had no doubt the note was his. "In that case," said Sir Richard, "you will, of course, be able to state the date and number of the note?" "Most assuredly: the date was so-and-so, and the number such-a-number." "Exactly," replied Sir Richard. "those are the date and number; there can't be a doubt that the note is yours, and if you will give a receipt for it and discharge of advertising, you may take it with you." The gentleman acceded, pulled out an apparently well-stocked purse, paid what was demanded, gave the receipt, tucked the note into his pocket-book, and returning thanks, took his leave. Next day the real Simon Pure applied for his note, when a very awkward explanation, as may be imagined, ensued between the worthy knight and the loser, the former strenuously endeavouring to persuade him it was no fault of his the note had not gone to the right quarter, and the latter in high dudgeon at the loss of his property, and pretty audibly expressing his opinion of what he considered Sir Richard's stupidity. It is needless to say the first two applicants were in league with each other, and that the mere cursory glance the second had been favoured with, was sufficient to enable him to carry away the number and date in his head, and his comroque the note in his pocket. Sir Richard used frequently afterwards to relate this anecdote with great unction at Bow-street, when a parallel case came before him, and was almost of opinion that the ingenuity of the plan deserved the success it had obtained.—*London paper.*

PROCRASTINATION.—Sir Walter Scott, writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave him this excellent advice:—You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women very expressly call *dawdling*. Your motto must be, *Hoc age*. Do

instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this; this is a habit of mind, which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

Presentations.

November 29th, 1845, a splendid Snuff Box, value £5, to P. P. G. M. Dunbar, of the Whitehaven District, by the officers of the Loyal Helvellyn Lodge.—April 12th, 1845, a splendid chaste Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. John Jameson, by the Loyal Seven Stars Lodge, Ponteland.—Monday, September 1st, 1845, a Silver Snuff Box, to P. G. William Glover, of the Duke of Lancaster Lodge, by the Loyal Birch Lodge St. Helen's.—January 23, 1844, a valuable Silver Snuff Box, together with a vote of thanks for his unceasing labour in promoting the interest and welfare of the Lodge, to P. G. T. C. Gilland, of the Temple of Friendship Lodge, Birmingham District.—December 1845, a handsome Silver Patent Lever Watch and gold Appendage, value 10 Guineas, to Prov. D. G. M. George Weir, of the Greenock District.—A very handsome Silver Medal, value 4 guineas, to P. Prov. G. M. Henry Ratcliffe, as a tribute of respect by the officers and members of the Poole District.—November 24, 1845, a handsome Silver Medal, to brother J. T. Dudmesh, by the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Lewes District.—

Marriages.

February 11th, 1846, by the Rev. David Rus, Brother William Needham, of Church-Hill Cottage, Beafot Iron Works, to Joanna, second daughter of Mr. Solomon Chilton.—May 23rd, 1845, at Ponteland, brother William Lawes, of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne District, to Miss Ann Oliver.—September 10th, 1845, P. S. Blakesley, of the Loyal Craven Lodge, North London District, to Miss Collins.—November 29th, 1845, at Trinity Church, Southwark, brother F. J. Johnson, of the Loyal Craven Lodge, North London District, to Harriet, eldest daughter of P. Howell, Esq., of Islington.—October 30, at Thornbury Church, by license brother A. B. Marsh, of the Loyal Duke of Norfolk Lodge, Thornbury, Bristol District, to Miss Emily, eldest daughter of Mr. E. O. Robertson, of the Stacket Farm, Thornbury.—November 6, at St. Mary Radcliff Church, Bristol, brother William Benwell, of the same Lodge, Chief Clerk at Her Majesty's Gaol, Bristol, to Miss Mary, only daughter of brother John Thompson, Governor of the Union Workhouse, Thornbury.—December 25th, Edward May, Prov. C. S. Godalming District, to Miss Charlotte Gatcum; also on the same day, P. G. William Timberly, of the Victory Lodge, Godalming, to Miss Caroline Stillwell.—October 2nd, 1845, V. G. Edward Kay, of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Goole District, to Miss Douse, daughter of Mr. G. Douse, Reedness.—October 21, 1845, at the Parish Church of Chattens, by the Rev. M. A. Gathercole, vicar, Mr. Robert Wright, parish clerk, secretary to the Loyal George Lodge, Chattens, to Miss Jane Smith, of the same place.—Tuesday, December 16th, at St. Martin's Church, Worcester, by the Rev. A. Wheeler, M. A., Mr. Joseph Harris, P. D. C. M. to Miss Mary Lacey, both of Worcester.—November 9th, at Haslingden, brother James Chippendale, of the Foothill Dale Lodge, Haslingden District, to Miss Mary Whitehead, of Clitheroe.—P. V. William Smith, to Miss Ann Perry: Secretary James Roe, to Miss Emelia Thorner; brother James Shirley, to Miss Elizabeth Sommer; brother John Farmer, to Miss Emma, Weiden, all of the Loyal Tamworth Hope Lodge.—February 19, at the Wesleyan Chapel, Stranes, brother Frances Sean, of the Flower of the Valley Lodge, Stonehouse District, to Miss Virtue Drew, both of Chalford.—November 19, 1845, brother John Wright, of the Woodland Lodge, Haworth, to Susannah Hartley, both of Haworth.—December 28th, 1845, N. G. James Pickles, of the Woodland Lodge, to Miss Mary Spencer, both of Haworth.—February 7th, P. G. Amand, of the Banks of Ury and Garioch Lodge, to Jane, fourth daughter of John Mathieson, Ury Bank.

Deaths.

October 19, 1845, at Godalming Henry Mellersh, Esq., of the Victory Lodge, No. 3759, Town Clerk of the borough of Godalming in the 32 year, of his age, universally esteemed and regretted.—May 21, 1845, P. G. Samuel Spencer Peat, of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Goole District.—February 11, 1846, the wife of George Gibson, Host, of the Loyal Craven Lodge, North London District.—February 29, 1846, brother William Able, of the Banks of Ury and Garioch Lodge, aged 29, Aberdeen District.—November 25, the wife of brother Pootget, of Newbald, in the Ellington District.—March 11, 1845, Eliza the wife of Thomas Marsh, P. G. of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Kidderminster District.—September 1844, brother Bowman, of the Solway Lodge, October, brother Lightfoot, of the Helvellyn Lodge, November, brother Stainton of the Earl of Egremont Lodge, on Sunday December 14, the wife of brother Southward, of the Helvellyn Lodge, all of the Whitehaven District.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

MARK WARDLE and SON, Printers, 17, Fennel Street, Manchester.



John Dickenson.
G. M.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JULY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1846.

MEMOIR OF JOHN DICKINSON, P. G. M.

John Dickinson was born in a small village between Bolton and Wigan, called Westhoughton, on the 17th day of December, in the year 1802. His father was a Manufacturer in the cotton trade, and general shopkeeper, and, being in easy circumstances, he sent the subject of our biography to a liberal school in early life. He was subsequently sent to a boarding school in Manchester, and remained there for about three years. At the end of that period he was apprenticed to a Stationer in Bolton, and continued for eleven years in the same employ. He afterwards took a situation in Manchester as a journeyman bookbinder, and acted as foreman of the establishment in which he was employed for a period of twelve years. Mr. Dickinson then began business on his own account, but prior to taking this step he joined the Order, being initiated in the Humphrey Chetham Lodge, Manchester District, in the year 1831. For some years he was zealously and actively engaged in establishing himself in his business, and was unable to spare sufficient time to justify him in undertaking an active part in the Institution. In 1837 he took office, and passed through the Chairs of his Lodge with much credit to himself and satisfaction to the members. At the Newcastle-upon-Tyne A. M. C. Mr. Dickinson was appointed D. G. M. of the Order, though he had not previously filled any office in his District, and at Glasgow he has elected G. M.

From the above meagre particulars it will be seen that Mr. Dickinson's life has not been one of stirring events, and affords little scope for the pen of the biographer. It is not, however, those who swell the pages of a memoir who are best entitled to the respect and good-will of their fellow-countrymen. He who labours quietly and earnestly in the sphere in which he is placed is frequently far more worthy of consideration than the man whose actions dazzle the eyes of his contemporaries. Mr. Dickinson possesses the warm regard of a very numerous circle of private friends, and few persons moving in his situation of life are more sincerely respected than himself. He possesses a heart literally overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," and were his means equal to his wishes the amount of human misery would be remarkably small in the world. With a disposition, "open as day to melting charity," he is the sworn enemy of oppression, and is as ready to "help a good fellow out of a ditch as kick a bad one into it." He has had the task of rearing a numerous family, and is devotedly attached to them. To those in his employ he is uniformly kind and indulgent, and he manages to conduct his business more as the head of a family than the employer of a body of workpeople. He has much literary taste and discrimination, and is an enthusiastic admirer of poets and poetry. This has led him to cultivate the acquaintance of authors, several of whom he numbers amongst his intimate friends. He is also a member of different Literary and Scientific Institutions.

Mr. Dickinson has perhaps been placed in more peculiar and trying circumstances since he entered upon his duties as an officer of the Order than any of his predecessors. Situated in the midst of the Manchester District, where it suited the purposes of a party to be continually fomenting an agitation against the measures adopted by the A. M. C., and

VOL. 9—No. 3—M.

those who were pledged to endeavour to carry them into effect, his position was anything but an enviable one; but he was fully aware of the responsibilities which he had undertaken, and he determined to exert what energies he was in possession of to fulfil his duties to those who had honoured him with their confidence. At the sacrifice of many private friendships he applied himself diligently and resolutely to the business of his office, and at whatever personal risk or inconvenience he firmly maintained the authority with which he had been invested, and vindicated the privileges of the combined Council of the Order to form laws and enforce obedience to them. That he discharged his duties fearlessly his worst enemies will bear witness, and that he acted with judgment and impartiality we believe all those will acknowledge who view his conduct without prejudice, Mr. Dickinson speaks with much feeling, and occasionally with considerable eloquence, and his manly and fervid style of delivery commands for him the respect and attention of his auditory. We believe his behaviour, as Chairman of the annual meeting which has just taken place, was such as to secure for him general and decided approbation from the assembled Deputies, and nothing more need be said in his praise than that he won for himself the golden opinions of a body of men who displayed so much temper and wisdom in their deliberations. Mr. Dickinson has well entitled himself to an honourable place in the history of the Order, and we doubt not that, when the heart-burnings of party animosities are forgotten, his memory will be cherished as that of one who used his best efforts to establish the Institution on a sound and enduring foundation.

THE A. M. C. FOR 1846.

The A. M. C., held this year at Bristol, has been looked forward to with more anxiety than any previous meeting which has taken place since the formation of the Order of Oddfellowship. The financial question has been one of an all-absorbing character, and all parties connected with the Institution, of all shades of opinion, have been deeply anxious to ascertain what course would be pursued by the great body of assembled deputies which has just finished its deliberations.

On Monday morning, the 1st of June, this great and interesting meeting commenced its operations in the Public Rooms, Broadmead, Bristol, and such was the desire of the different Districts to be fairly represented, that no less a number than 262 answered to their names as Delegates. On such an important occasion, and one which will be so memorable in the history of the Order, it may not be uninteresting to give the names of the Districts which sent representatives; we, therefore, furnish our readers with the following list:—Aberdeen, Addingham, Alfreton, Ashton-under-lyne, Atherstone, Barnsley, Bath, Bedford, Belvoir Castle, Beacott Bridge, Beverley, Bingley, Birkenhead, Birkenshaw, Birmingham, Bishop Wearmouth, Blackburn, Blackwood, Bolton, Bootle, Bradford, Bramley, Brompton, Bridgenorth, Brierley Hill, Brighouse, Brighton, Bristol, Bromsgrove, Broseley, Burnley, Bury, Bury St. Edmunds, Caerphilly, Cardiff, Carmarthen, Carlisle, Cheltenham, Chepstow, Chorley, Chowbent, Clitheroe, Cockermouth, Collumpton, Cork, Denton, Derby, Devizes, Dewsbury, Didsbury, Dronfield, Dublin, Dudley, Durham, Eccles, Edinburgh, Edmondscote, Exeter, Fazeley, Garstang, Glasgow, Gloucester, Glossop, Gorton, Halifax, Handforth, Haslingden, Hastings, Haverfordwest, Hayle, Hebden Bridge, Hereford, Hindley, Holmfirth, Horsforth, Horwich, Huddersfield, Hull, Hyde, Idle, Isle of Man, Keighley, Kendal, Kersley, Keswick, Kirkham, Knaresborough, Lancarvon, Lancaster, Leeds, Leicester, Leominster, Leyland, Lichfield, Liscard, Littleborough, Liverpool, Llanelly, Llandillo, Llandoverly, London (North), London (South), Loughborough, Lynn, Macclesfield, Maesteg,

Maldon, Malton, Manchester, Mansfield, Masham, Merthyr, Middleton and Heywood, Mosley, Mottram, Nantwich, Neath, Newark, Newbridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, New Mills, Newport, Newton Heath, Northampton, North Shields, Northwich, Norwich, Nottingham, Oldham, Ossett, Otley, Oxford, Plymouth, Pocklington, Pottery and Newcastle, Pontypool, Prescott, Preston, Ripley, Ripponden, Rochdale, Rotherham, Rugby, Saddleworth, St. Helens, Salford, Sandbach, Selby, Shaw, Sheffield, Shipley, Shrewsbury, Slaidburn, Snaith, Southampton, Stafford, Staley Bridge, Stamford, Stepney, Stockport, Stonehouse, Stourbridge, Studley, Swansea, Tadcaster, Tipton, Todmorden, Tredegar, Trowbridge, Ulverstone, Uttoxeter, Wakefield, Warrington, Wells, West Brumwich, West Derby, Whitworth, Wigan, Windsor, Wirksworth, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Worsley, and York.

It will be seen from the above list that the Order was represented in no scanty or partial manner, and the measures which were the result of the meeting may consequently be looked upon as the most likely to convey the wishes of and afford satisfaction to the great majority of the members.

After the names of the Deputies had been called over by Mr. William Ratcliffe, C. S., Mr. John Dickinson, G. M. proceeded to open the business, and in doing so made the following excellent preliminary remarks, which were listened to with the greatest attention.

He stated that, feeling convinced as he did, that no previous meeting had ever been called on to decide upon questions of such vast magnitude and moment to the society for whom they were about to legislate, he should not obtrude upon their attention any lengthened remarks, for he felt that it would be useless to recur to past events at that stage of the proceedings, as they would form the subject of comment at a later period of the meeting, when the conduct of the executive would be fairly before them. He was satisfied that every gentleman present had come deeply impressed with the responsibility attached to his individual exertions, now about to be called into active operation for the salvation—he might, indeed, say, the very existence—of the mightiest organization of working-men the world had yet witnessed. They had beheld its rise from infancy to a flourishing and gigantic manhood, and they had now to endeavour to secure it a healthful old age. Men of influence and station had become impressed with a sense of its advantages, and had advocated its principles at anniversaries and on various other public occasions: it now behoved themselves to give those parties additional reasons for co-operation and support. Those principles to which he had alluded had their seat deep in the recesses of the human heart; they sprung from the common sympathies of our nature, and were sweet to every soul that yearned towards its fellow in sickness and distress. For such an Institution no exertion should be wanting to place it in a position unassailable by adverse fortune, and to secure the objects for which alone it was truly to be valued as an instrument for effecting the largest possible amount of social good (great applause.) They had the experience of past societies to guide them in coming to a decision upon the great financial questions that had been the subject of ceaseless agitation during the last eighteen months. Fortified as he felt himself to be, and surrounded by the united intelligence of the Order, he had a right to assume that something like a permanent settlement would be effected, and conclusions arrived at, calculated to restore that confidence which had, unfortunately, been so rudely disturbed (hear, hear). It was a source of consolation to him that although the resolutions of the preceding meeting had excited a great amount of disaffection, yet they had effected a larger and preponderating balance of good, by directing the attention of the members of the Unity to the peculiar position of their monetary affairs, and had drawn forth a greater amount of intelligence than had ever before been exhibited on any preceding subject which had engaged the attention of the members (hear, hear). It was true a great secession had taken place from their ranks, and no man could more sincerely regret it than himself, for it severed him from many of those whom he respected, and created differences where unanimity and good feeling had hitherto existed; but as a public officer, as the servant of the Unity, he had but one course to pursue, and that course himself and colleagues

had persevered in without favour or affection. Yet although the secession had been of so serious a character, a greater addition had been made to their numbers, and such was the confidence arising from the conviction that the past agitation would promote effective reforms, that no less than 26,148 members had been initiated during the past year, being an actual increase, after the loss occasioned by the secession was deducted, of 3395. (loud applause). The number of lodges opened in the year had been 362, and the gross total of lodges now amounted to 3884. He was fully justified, therefore, in claiming for the Unity, the foremost rank amidst Institutions of a similar nature, it was truly a "*great fact*." This, then, was their position; recent inquiries, with which all were familiar, had shown them that this mighty edifice of their own erection was based upon an insecure foundation, and for the purpose of rendering it as permanent as it was useful, they were that day met together. He trusted that discrimination and judgment would be displayed by all present; they were now there at an expense of something like £20 per hour, and he felt convinced they would not needlessly waste the time in trivial discussion upon unimportant matters, or digressions from the subject more immediately before them. They would doubtless be called upon to display much of temper, self-denial, and mutual forbearance; but he felt certain they would cheerfully accede to each other equal privileges in the expression of differing sentiments; and, for his own part, he was determined to give a patient hearing to every deputy anxious to express his own views or those of his district; he would unreservedly throw himself upon the protection of the meeting should he find it necessary in his capacity as chairman; but he believed that so great was the intelligence and good feeling of the present assembly that he should have little occasion to do so, and without further comment he would declare the meeting duly opened for business. (Mr. Dickinson's address was delivered with great feeling, and received with unanimous and merited applause).

One of the first resolutions that was passed shewed that the parties present had met with the intention of applying themselves to business, without wasting time in idle discussion, which the Grand Master had stated was worth something like £20 per hour. The resolution was, that no deputy should be allowed to address the meeting more than once on the same subject, except the mover of the original motion, who should have the privilege of a reply.

The first day was as usual taken up in electing the sub-committees, chosen for the following purposes:—to examine the proceedings and resolutions connected with the Board of Directors during the last twelve months, together with the Auditors' Report, with power to call for witnesses, books, papers, &c.; to investigate into the various petitions from the different districts for assistance, with power to call for books, papers, and persons; to consider the various applications for the formation of new districts, and the removal of lodges from one district to another; to hear all appeals against fines inflicted by the G. M. and Board of Directors, for illegal cards and clearances; to take into consideration the various estimates for goods for the next twelve months; and for trying appeals.

We give below a copy of the Auditors' Report, a document which throws much light on the financial condition of the Order:—

GENTLEMEN.—We, the undersigned, having examined the whole of the Books, Vouchers, Accounts, and Documents connected with the MANCHESTER UNITY OF INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS for the past year, are entirely satisfied with the manner they have been kept, and beg to pronounce the same correct.

1. On reference to the present Balance Sheet, it will be observed that the Cash in the Bank of Sir B. Heywood & Co. on the 6th of January, 1845, was.. 5309 4 5
6th of January, 1846 4961 9 5

Less this year 347 15 0

The difference is accounted for by districts neglecting to pay up their accounts; on the 6th of January, 1846, the amount Owing by districts, was 138 10 11½
6th of January, 1845..... 825 0 3½

More owing this year 813 10 3

The Gross profits on the Sale of Goods, year ending 6th January, 1846.	2997	9	0½
Ditto. do. do. 1845.	2938	8	2
Shewing an increase of profit this year of.....	59	0	10½
Nett profits realized this year, ending January 6th, 1845.....	813	7	11
Ditto. do. do. 1846.....	551	17	0
Decrease of Nett profit this year.....	261	10	10½

2. This material increase in the expenditure in 1845, has arisen from circumstances over which the G. M. and Board of Directors had no controul, and the peculiar causes that led to such an increase in the disbursements are strikingly apparent; to preserve the unity of the Order, maintain the principles as laid down by the last A. M. C. and defend the Institution from the aggression of its opponents; the executive were compelled to adopt means, and incur expences, that otherwise would not have been, and we hope will never again be necessary.

3. We regret we have ascertained in the pursuit of our labours, that Districts and Lodge Funds are in many instances made unavailable for the specific purposes intended. These Funds have been misappropriated by parties intrusted with them, and others have been locked up in banks by factious and dissatisfied individuals, from whence they can only be recovered by protracted and expensive litigation.

4. We therefore deem it our duty to call your particular attention to this important point, and to decide whether a Special Act of Parliament might not be obtained to legalize our future proceedings at a slight cost, and great advantage to the Order.

5. The past year has been eventful, and required energetic measures to be exercised. The Executive met these with prudence and decision, but the Officers more especially have been critically placed, and though frequently beset with difficulties, have evinced qualities to meet emergencies in an enlightened and prompt manner.

6. We cannot draw our Report to a close without bearing our unqualified testimony to the admirable manner in which all the Books &c., have been kept by C. S. Wm. Ratcliffe; amid the magnitude of his correspondence, the smallest as well as the greatest items are recorded with a correctness and explicitness that reflects the highest honour on his abilities. We regret to find that in the recent agitation his character has been assailed in a very malignant manner, anonymously and otherwise; his integrity has been impeached, and reflections made, and inferences drawn from his actions, deeply injurious to his reputation in the eyes of many parties, and such of the public as are watching our proceedings; but we are gratified in saying that the result is far different, and we anticipate that your approval of the manner in which he has acted as your public servant and in his official capacity, will repel such attempts to impair or destroy his influence, and thereby vindicate his honour, worth, and intelligence.

We are, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servants,

J. S. NELSON, P. P. G. M., Bolton District.

J. M'DOUGALL, P. P. G. M., Greenock District.

G. WALKER, P. P. G. M., Durham District.

On Wednesday morning the G. M. introduced the subject of "applying to parliament for a charter of incorporation, or some kind of legislative enactment, for protecting the funds of the society from fraud." The subject was one of the greatest importance, and he trusted it would meet with calm and dispassionate treatment at their hands.

Mr. RATCLIFFE entered upon the matter, by adverting to the resolutions of previous meetings, and pointed out the strong necessity for something of the kind in connexion with the financial measures, to give increased security and confidence to the members of the Order now spread over the face of the whole kingdom. He detailed, at great length, the steps that had been taken, with the view of ascertaining the practicability of obtaining from the legislature a recognition of the society; he further made some forcible observations on the injurious operations of several clauses in the new "Friendly

Societies' Bill," now before parliament, so far as the Order of Odd Fellows and other similar associations were concerned, stating that if the society were to be ultimately compelled to accept the provisions of that act, it would be virtual exclusion to every member above 40 years of age; and were they prepared to throw those individuals overboard? (Loud cries of "no, no.") Mr. R. then detailed the result of various interviews with Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Tidd Pratt, and other parties upon the subject, and concluded by expressing his own conviction that, at the present juncture, however desirable the measure might be in itself, yet that it was not very likely to be obtained.

Mr. AITKEN, of Ashton-under-Lyne, said that, under existing circumstances, he was convinced it was not advisable to apply for any charter of incorporation. The laws of the unity had ever been fairly and impartially administered, and if the brand of ignominy affixed to those unworthy members who proved false to their trust would not deter them from its commission, then no charter would. They must look much more to themselves and less to acts of parliaments for the cure of a moral evil. He was totally opposed to the proposition at present, and moved "That no motion of that nature be entertained."

Mr. POWELL, of the Potteries, differed from the last speaker as to the efficiency of purely moral checks: he could not consent to forego all ideas of protection, because it did not follow that fraud alone should be guarded against. There were such things as refractory trustees, men to whom their own opinion was of greater moment than the interest of the society they represented, and it was such parties as those he was most anxious to guard against. The society now involved such great and extensive interests, that he felt little doubt if the subject was fairly and firmly pressed upon the attention of government some consideration would be obtained; at all events he would support an application.

The Deputy from Bootle said sufficient care was not displayed on all occasions by lodges in the choice of trustees, or in making arrangements with the bankers. He was happy to say they had no trouble in his district, but the contrary. He should support Mr. Aitken's view of the question.

Mr. ROURKE, of Liverpool, said the case referred to by the last speaker was an exception and not the rule. The deputies from Liverpool could tell a very different tale. To make the society a real benefit to the working-man they must have security for their funds, or it would be little more than humbug. He would propose a short bill to be prepared to lay before parliament, with a view to the legalisation of the society, and he believed the government might be induced to offer no opposition to such an application.

Several deputies followed upon the side of Mr. Aitken.

Mr. LYCETT, of Stafford, supported Mr. Rourke's proposition.

Mr. SALISBURY, of London, moved for a return of frauds committed in different districts.

Mr. RATCLIFFE explained that the returns called for had not yet been sent in.

Mr. BURNS, of Glasgow, and Mr. LIND, of Edinburgh, supported the motion of Mr. Rourke.

Mr. SIMEON, of Bristol, in an energetic address, denounced the whole scheme as absurd and ridiculous, unless the laws and government of the Institution were completely remodelled; and he for one was not disposed to make any such sacrifice of either principles or members.

Mr. MACHAN, of Liverpool, supported Mr. Rourke's proposition.

The deputy from Stonehouse opposed it.

Mr. COLLINS, of Birmingham, was a living monument of the kind interest taken by government in the welfare and safe custody of the most valuable of a working-man's possessions. He could testify to the deep interest displayed by home secretaries upon every occasion they were afforded an opportunity of showing that sympathy. He, however, was not opposed to legislative protection, if it could be obtained at any cost short of the sacrifice of their independence and the other matters alluded to by previous speakers.

Several speakers followed, all addressing themselves to the subject with great skill and tact, and upon a division the numbers were found to be.—For the bill proposed by Mr. Rourke, 81; For Mr. Aitken's proposition, 150; Majority, 69.

The following is a copy of the Resolution :—

That, under existing circumstances, we do not consider ourselves justified in applying for an Act of Parliament or Charter of Incorporation, it having been made known to the Officers of the Order that we could not have an Act of Parliament or Charter of Incorporation, unless at the expence of turning out all our members above 40 years of age.

The meeting then adjourned till Thursday.

On Thursday, after some preliminary observations in reference to the sub-committee appointed to examine the proceedings of the directors for the past year.

Mr. SALISBURY, of London, moved that the returns of the frauds and other losses of a similar nature be printed for the information of the members.

Mr. ASHDOWN, of Stepney, seconded the motion; which was lost by 80 to 111.

Mr. RATCLIFFE then introduced the subject of the financial regulations, as passed at the Glasgow A.M.C., and commented at great length on the various events that had arisen out of the enforcement of those measures. He placed the whole matter before the meeting in a style characterised by knowledge of the subject, and conviction of its importance to the society of which he is so distinguished a servant. He was loudly applauded at the close of his address. A debate of no less than nine hours duration followed upon the question. Mr. Aitken, of Ashton-under-Lyne, contended for the expediency of rescinding the Glasgow resolutions; and Mr. Smith, of Birmingham, and Mr. Ashdown, of Stepney, contended that the principles established at Glasgow were the correct ones, and deprecated the sacrifice of principle to mere expediency. The spirited and argumentative addresses of these three gentlemen, who may be termed the leaders of the rival parties, were received with enthusiastic cheering from every part of the crowded assembly. The leaders were ably seconded by those who followed upon the respective sides—amongst whom Mr. Rourke, of Liverpool, Mr. Nugent, of South London, Mr. Powell, of the Potteries, Mr. Lycett, of Stafford, and Mr. Danes, of Norwich, particularly distinguished themselves. After a protracted discussion, it was argued that the division should be taken upon the proposition of Mr. Collins, that No. 1 scale be the future basis of payment for all the lodges in the unity, which was negatived by a majority of 126 to 79. The question was then put that each district quarterly committee have power to fix the rate of payments for each lodge in the district, which was carried against Mr. Aitken's proposition for leaving the matter with individual lodges, by a majority of 108 to 102.

We give a copy of the Resolution below :—

That each district in the unity shall fix the amount of contributions to be paid by the members of each lodge in the district, to be appropriated solely to pay the sick and bury the dead; also the amount to be paid by each lodge during sickness for such payment, and the amount of funeral donations.

On Friday morning the two following Resolutions were passed :—

That there shall be three Officers of the Order appointed at the A.M.C., who have taken the Purple, viz. G.M., D.G.M., and C.S. Any district in the unity shall be at liberty to nominate candidates to fill such office, and the names of all candidates to be published in the April Reports.

That any member of the Order estimating for, or serving the Order with Goods, shall not be qualified to serve as an officer of the Order or Director.

A question was raised by the deputies from Leeds, viz., that districts should in future be chosen instead of individuals; but on a division for the law remaining as at present, the affirmative was carried by a majority of 110 to 99.

The 7th section of the Sub-Committees Report stated that they were of opinion that members had a right to will their funeral money. This section was adopted, with the alteration, instead of "their funeral money"—"their surplus funeral money, after all expenses of decently interring such member shall have been paid."

Four Delegates from Manchester and Salford attended at Bristol for the expressed purpose of obtaining a hearing before the Sub-Committee, who passed a resolution to hear them. In the meantime these Delegates thought proper to circulate the following document:—

The undersigned having been appointed as a deputation from the Manchester and Salford Districts to attend the A.M.C. now sitting for the purpose of obtaining an equitable adjustment of the funds of those districts, and of making a statement of the facts relating to their arbitrary and illegal suspension, whereby upwards of 12,000 members were at once cut off from the Order; and having applied to the committee appointed to examine the proceedings of the Board of Directors for a hearing without success, have now recourse to this method of making known their views to the Deputies attending the present A.M.C. and respectfully invite you to attend a Meeting for that purpose, to be held this evening, at the house of Mr. T. G. SMITH, Foundry Tavern, Newfoundland-street, at 7 o'clock.

SAMUEL NIELD
GEORGE MOODY,
ROBERT HYDE,
RICHARD HARGREAVES.

The Delegates having taking this ill-advised step, the Sub-Committee came to the following determination.

In consequence of the Delegates from the Manchester and Salford Districts, having printed and circulated a paper to the effect that "having applied to the Committee appointed to examine the proceedings of the Board of Directors for a hearing without success," we had passed a resolution to hear them. But their having placarded the City of Bristol, calling a public meeting to denounce the Officers of the Order for suspending the Manchester and Salford Districts, before they knew the opinions of the Committee, we do consider that they have violated the great principle of truth,—have proved themselves unworthy the confidence of any public or private body; we do therefore unanimously revoke our former decision of giving them a hearing; as men who can be guilty of such breaches of faith, should be taught better conduct by the contempt of their fellow men.

We extract from the Reports some of the most important Resolutions;—

That this meeting fully approves of the conduct of the G.M. and Board of Directors, in reference to the suspensions of the Manchester and Salford Districts.

That all Lodges re-opened under the sanction of the Officers of the Order, shall have the expense of re-opening the same, viz. dispensation, lecture books, charges and duties, lodge seals, and lodge books paid from the funds of the Order.

That all Districts, whose suspensions have been ordered by the A. M. C. under the Resolution of the G.M. and Board of Directors, shall have power of re-admitting such members into the Order and under such terms as such districts may determine in quarterly committee until the 1st of January 1847.

OFFICERS OF THE ORDER.

That D.G.M. Robert Ralph Elliot, of the Manchester District, be G.M. of the Order for the next twelve months.

That P. Prov. G. M. William B. Smith, of the Birmingham District, be the D. G. M. for the next twelve months.

That C.S. William Ratcliffe, of the Manchester District, be re-elected C.S. of the Order for the next twelve months.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

That the following persons in conjunction with the Officers of the Order, form the Board of Directors for the next twelve months.

P. Prov. G. M. Edward Powell, Pottery and Newcastle, P. Prov. G. M. F. W. Simeon, Bristol, P. Prov. G. M. John Bradley, Hyde, P. Prov. G. M. George Skelding, Oxford, P. Prov. G. M. Morris Lemon, Isle of Man, P. Prov. G. M. James Burns, Glasgow, P. Prov. G. M. E. S. Holmes Bradford, P. Prov. G. M. Humphreys, Northampton, Prov. G. M. Collins, Birmingham, P. G. Charles Ashdown, Stepney, P. G. John Sutcliffe, Oldham Prov. C. S. James Roe, North London.

That P. Prov. G. M. John Macdougall, of the Greenock District, and P. Prov. G. M. George Walker, of the Durham District, be the Auditors of the Accounts of the Order for the next twelve months.

That the South London District appoint a qualified past Officer, as Auditor of the Books and Accounts for the next twelve months.

That the 172nd law be rescinded, and the following be substituted in lieu thereof;—
 “That it be discretionary with districts whether they hold their committees quarterly or half-yearly. The annual committee of each district shall be held in the last week in December, or the first week in January, in each year.

That no more Portraits be taken for the purpose of placing the same in the Magazine.

That lodges shall have a discretionary power whether they appoint an Outside Guardian or not.

That, as it appears absolutely necessary, for the preservation of our Unity, that a series of returns should be called for from each lodge in the Unity, respecting the average age, sickness, and mortality of our members, with a view of compiling Tables, from our own experience, as to what amount of contribution should be paid to secure the stability of our Order,—Resolved,—That the executive be requested to issue suitable forms for obtaining such information; also empowered to take what steps they deem necessary to make the information, when obtained and arranged, most valuable and serviceable to the Order.

That the, 17th General law be rescinded, and that the following be substituted;
 “That Districts or Lodges shall be allowed to hold their Lectures at any time a majority of the members in Committee assembled, may think proper, but that they shall be held at least once a quarter of a year; and that fines shall be inflicted for non-attendance and disorder the same as on lodge nights.”

That it be left to the discretion of lodges, whether they get their bye-laws enrolled according to Act of Parliament for Benefit societies.

That all appeals be heard by the Board of Directors, and that their decision be final and conclusive.

That all applications for re-instatement of members, &c. made to the meeting, be referred to the Directors at their first meeting.

That the following words be added to the 191st general law, “and reside in the town where the district takes its name from.”

That the sum of £20. be given to the funds of the Royal Infirmary, and £10. to the General Hospital.

From the foregoing abstract our readers will have an opportunity of forming their own estimate of the measures which have been adopted by the deputies appointed to transact the business of the Institution, and, though some may be of opinion that too much has been sacrificed to meet the expediency of the case, our own opinion is that no course could have been adopted more likely to conciliate the views of conflicting parties than the one which has been arrived at by those appointed to represent their districts at the late A.M.C. We have on all occasions advocated the necessity of a financial reform in the Order, and whether our views have been palatable or not we have freely and fairly put them forth. Of course it would have been more easy to have arrived at popularity by pursuing an opposite path, but we hold that we should have swerved from our duty in doing so, and, therefore, we have not hesitated in expressing our convictions boldly. So far as we are enabled to arrive at the sense of the Order by the expressions of its representatives at the meeting which has just terminated we are fully borne out in what we have hitherto advocated. The necessity of a change in our financial system has been recognised on all hands, and the folly of the old mode of conducting affairs of lodges has been freely admitted. The very inquiry which has recently taken place has been productive of advantages which fully justified the delegates at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Glasgow in coming to their decisions, and the Order has already reaped advantages from those decisions which will materially conduce to its prosperity and efficiency. Lodges have been awakened to a sense of their true positions, and those who were previously content with present prosperity have been led to withdraw their attention from it whilst they calculated the probabilities of the future. That blind unreasoning confidence which formerly existed has

been destroyed, and those beautiful, but ideal notions of perfectability which once prevailed have vanished for ever. So far a positive good has been accomplished, and were the matter to rest here, those who have laboured in the cause would be entitled to the thanks of every well-wisher of our society, but the subject is one which cannot be agitated for a period and then laid at rest for ever. It is a snake which may be scotched, but not killed; the elements of vitality have been created, and their annihilation cannot be accomplished even by those who called them into existence.

The decision which has been adopted of leaving the subject to be regulated by districts is one which, under existing circumstances, may probaly afford more satisfaction than any other. The attention of the members has been aroused, and each locality will now be on the alert to modify and adapt its affairs so as to meet the emergencies which may arise. The broad principle of reform is recognised, and details may for a time be safely left with districts. The seeds are sown, and the fruit will follow in due season. Though some may be disposed to find fault with the doctrine of expediency, we must confess we are not of the number, because we believe that a wise leader will at times see occasion so to shape his course as to attain the object aimed at, though he may appear to deviate from the path which he originally mapped out for himself. If the end be not lost sight of, we are not disposed to find fault with the means which may be used to attain it.

The Order owes a lasting debt of gratitude to those gentlemen who have devoted so much time, and expended so much ability in getting together such a mass of information on the financial question, and the time is advancing when the debt will be paid with interest. It ever has been the case that great truths required time to make their way, and we presume that such is and will be the case now and in future. The mind is not prepared to receive conviction instantaneously, and those who have studied mankind will not expect to indoc-trinate at once a new and leading principle of action, especially one of a pecuniary nature. We have never assumed that the scheme laid down to regulate our financial affairs was a perfect one, and all that we have argued and asked for was that it should be well weighed and fairly discussed. Such has now been the case, and the progress of the matter may be safely left with those who have the control of it. We perfectly agree with our worthy and talented secretary, who stated that we had not yet sufficient information to legislate upon the subject; but that information has lately been vastly increased, and now that the question is left with districts; new and valuable facts may be continually looked for. We believe "there is a good time coming," and we are quite content to "wait a little longer."

ODE TO ERIN.

Though lofty Scotia's mountains,
Where savage grandeur reigns,
Though bright be England's fountains,
And fertile be her plains.
When 'mid their charms I wander,
Of thee I think the while,
And seem of thee the fonder,
My own green Isle.

While many who have left thee
Seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me
Of its endearing claim.
Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still, Ma-Vourneen,
My own green Isle.

Fair as the glittering waters
Thy Emerald banks that lave,
To me thy graceful daughters,
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh, there are hearts within thee,
Which know not shame or guile,
And such proud homage win thee,
My own green Isle.

For their dear sakes I love thee,
Ma-Vourneen, though unseen;
Bright be the sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green.
I long all day to see thee,
My own dear native Isle;
My friends they wish to see me,
To greet me with their smile.

May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken nor defile,
But heaven for ever bless thee,
My own green Isle.
Not long I now shall roam
From thee my lovely Isle,
And may peaceful be my home,
Ma-Vourneen, all the while.

W. P. T.

Widows' Protection Lodge, Walsall.

LINES WRITTEN ON READING OF THE DEATH OF THE
GALLANT MAJOR SOMERSET,

(Eldest son of Lieutenant-General Lord Fitzroy Somerset, &c., &c.,)

*During the late triumphs of the British arms in India.**

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Oh! land of gems and flowers! the nightingale
Sang sweetly in the valley of Cashmere,
Not on the roses fell the iron hail,
War's thunder broke not on the maiden's ear
Rapt in a trance of music, but afar
From that bright dream-land, wild, and stern, and fierce,

* Major Somerset was grand nephew, namesake, and godson of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and grandson of the late venerable and much respected Earl of Mornington.

The battle gathered! through that cloud no star,
 No light except the death-flash, sought to pierce
 Where thousands perished! Wild-eyed Carnage rang
 Her tocsin through the gloom, and Mercy's prayer
 Fell, all unheeded, midst the fearful clang
 Of shots, and cries, and shrieks, and death-groans of despair!
 Hark to that triumph-peal! the Ocean Queen
 Upreared the victor standard of the wave!
 The flag of England's glory o'er that scene
 Unfolding spoke, the triumph of the brave
 Who fought and fell for Albion!

History's page,
 Bright with her thousand conquests, has yet more
 Illustrious names, that many a future age
 Shall honour, and amidst the radiant lore
 Of star-crowned glory, who shall e'er forget
 The laurel on the grave of Arthur Fitzroy Somerset?
 Son of a warrior sire! well hast thou worn
 The honours of thy lineage! Never borne
 Was that renowned name by knight more brave,
 Or heart more truly noble; and thy grave—
 Thy far and foreign grave—is now a shrine
 Hallowed by fame, and crowned with wreaths divine!
 Oh many a kindred heart, with loving thought,
 Breathed prayers for thee, in thine own distant land,
 While thou wert cold upon that Indian strand—
 That far off battle-field; thy task was wrought,
 Thine heritage of glory proudly won,
 And England mourned, and triumphed in her son!

THE MAGICIAN.

BY W. ROWLINSON.

Her dainty lips tinsel her silk-soft sheets,
 Her rose-crown'd cheeks eclipse my dazzled sight,
 O glass with too much joy, my thoughts thou greets,
 And yet thou shewest me day but by twilight.—
 I'll kiss thee for the kindness I have felt:—
 Her lips one kiss would into nectar melt.

H. HOWARD. *Earl of Surrey.*

It was on one of those delightful days so characteristic of that clime where nature bath so lavishly spread her richest stores, that two horsemen were seen traversing the great road leading to Florence. The one was evidently a person of distinction, by the richness of his attire, and the gorgeousness of the trappings, with which his beautiful cream-coloured Arabian steed was decorated. He wore a vest of purple silk velvet, magnificently embroidered with gold, that fitted closely to his body, and that was surmounted by a cloak of crimson velvet, which was also richly decorated with lace. His girdle was richly embossed, and suspended from it hung a rapier, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. His lamberkins were yellow, slashed with blue silk, and he wore a black beaver, on the top of which majestically flowed a large plume of ostrich feathers. His companion, although not so sumptuously attired, wore a costly dress; but was evidently nothing more than secretary to the person he was accompanying

"Beahrew me, William Seymour," said the first "an' we do not reach our destination to night, I cannot bide longer; for this feverish anxiety hath so wrought upon me, that my whole frame is become enervated." "Your lovers," rejoined the other "are the most singular race of beings in existence; they are hot and cold in the same moment, their life is not their own, for the slightest breath can change the feelings of their hearts." "Thou mayst well rail," resumed the other "thou who hast never felt the undefinable sensations of love. I verily believe, that if the flower of beauty in Christendom were collected together before thee, thou wouldst feel insensible to their witchery." "In good truth," retorted the other "my heart is not so entirely divested of sensibility, neither do I lack a feeling of admiration for the gems of creation, as you imagine; but mine heart owns not the same flame for your Italian dames that warms yours, otherwise I might feel sick at heart. Your soft beauties like me not; give me a face, the smile of which is an index to the truth and purity of the heart,—a lip that hath not been rifled of its sweets by every vagrant wanderer; and a bosom that hath never pillowed other head than mine own. Can the world shew such a galaxy of splendid beauty as the court of your royal master?" "Peace Seymour!" said the other "thou knowest I have contended for the truth and immaculate beauty of my peerless Geraldine, at the lance's point; and dost thou imagine that thou canst dissuade me from mine opinion, when thou hast no more proof than thine own idle words? I will have interview with this reverend man, Cornelius Agrippa, and if he be so skilled as report speaks, I shall at least have one doubt solved?"

In this manner they rode on until they came to a low dwelling, in which Cornelius Agrippa abode. They dismounted; and having fastened their steeds to the wicket, they knocked. They received no answer for some time, until their patience was nearly exhausted. "By'r Lady," said Surrey, "but this man of science is tardy in receiving his visitors; an' I had him here, I would teach him that the Champion of beauty should not call thrice at the door of his lover, and remain unanswered! what ho! within there!" reiterated he with vehemence, as the door opened and the magician appeared before them. "Peace!" said the venerable looking personage, "what boisterous braggart art thou?—but one word more of threat, and what thou seekest thou shalt never know." They bowed assent, and the old man returned into his dwelling followed by the two visitors.

He introduced them into his study, and having questioned them as to the purport of their visit, he pointed to the upper end of the apartment and asked Surrey if he saw anything? to which he replied "I see nought but a kind of mistiness, that mine eye cannot penetrate!" "Enough!" said the magician, "take this wand, be of good courage, and let not what thou seest fright thee, wave this wand and if the persons thou wishest to behold be dead, for every year that they may have been dead thou must wave it round ten times; but if the persons be alive, for every day that has elapsed since thou saw them thou must wave it round thrice. The magician began to mutter an incantation, as Surrey waved the wand, until the mist began to dissolve, and displayed a large mirror. "Seest! thou ought now?" enquired the magician. "I perceive the figure of a female," answered Surrey, "but cannot distinguish the features." "Wave on!" exclaimed the magician with vehemence, almost exhausted with the exertion he had undergone.

After waving the wand many more times, Surrey exclaimed "The form is visible, it is Geraldine! I must embrace her!" and rushed forward towards the mirror, when a loud thunder-peal shook the building, and the mirror assumed the same mistiness as at first.

"Thou dealer in potent spells and charms!" said Surrey exasperated "if thou dost not bring before me the image of my heart's idol, thou shalt surely rue it!" "Thou mayst spare thyself these angry words," answered the magician, "not all the power that I am possessed of, could bring the image of the lady again before thine eyes. When thou sawest the vision thou shouldst have quietly contemplated the figure; but the act of endeavouring to embrace her was certain to cause the vision to vanish; and no person can ever look a second time upon that glass without repenting his temerity! thou mayest attempt if thou wilt, but rest assured it will be unavailable." Being convinced of this, the disconsolate lover departed on his journey to Florence.

Manchester.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE;

A LEGEND OF PENDLE HILL.

Amongst the very numerous and various stories of witches, apparitions, and fairies, connected with a legendary lore of Lancashire, I do not remember having seen the following, although it is exceedingly popular in the northern districts. I, of course, cannot pretend to vouch for its authenticity, yet the fact of having received it verbatim from the lips of my Grandmother, who was a native of B——, and who believed in it as faithfully as a Moslem does in the Koran, may in some measure justify its being classed with its well known and more wildly circulated brethren.

Sometimes about the conclusion of the seventeenth century, there dwelt, in the vicinity of the renowned Pendle Hill, a poor but industrious labourer, known by the name of Isaac Heywood; his abode, which was a low, mean-looking, miserably thatched cottage, reared by his own hands, stood in the midst of an extensive tract of sterile land belonging to the parish, and far remote from any human habitation. The knowledge of his being in distress, is perhaps a sufficient reason why none of his more affluent fellow men took the trouble of prying into his affairs, for it is but too common to overlook the wretchedness of our poorer neighbours; and Isaac was suffered to waste the flower of his days in poverty and obscurity.

Six long dreary miles from the before mentioned spot arose the little village of Chatburn, like a bright green knoll in the centre of a bleak bog; and thither it was the fate of our hero to repair every morning to pursue his daily occupation. Winter's cold or summer's heat were alike to this hardy son of industry; in snow, or sunshine true as the clock was he to be heard whistling or singing, as he trudged over the desolate heath between the hours of half-past four and five, A. M., for, whatever might be the subject of his inward ruminations, he always carried a contented exterior, and though toiling harder than the shackled negro, the burthen of his song still ran the same, viz:—*"Britons never, never shall be slaves."* To this outward show of happiness may be added, a lively disposition, great good nature, and a willingness to oblige any one as far as his scanty means would permit.

At this period the existence of fairies was universally credited, and this said heath was pointed out as the theatre of their exploits, and poor Heywood's domicile as the scene of many a mad prank; the unthatching of his roof and covering it again with pancakes, is often quoted as one of the most innocent of their midnight freaks. Moreover, it was believed that this elfin race of beings were perfectly harmless so long as they remained unmolested in their gambols, but any person who had the temerity to intrude himself upon their labours was sure to suffer for his pains. One cold December night, Isaac happened to remain rather later than usual at C——; some people say he had drank too freely of a certain intoxicating beverage called Stout John, and which was given by his master as a recompence for obligations before conferred; on his return therefore it is not to be wondered at that his steps were somewhat irregular, however he contrived to stagger on, though at a snail-like speed, alternately singing and soliloquizing, for like most other men, he was leaky in his cups. He had not proceeded more than half way home when he was interrupted in his moralizing by a sweet shrill chorus of silver-toned voices which seemed to arise from some place not far distant; immediately the thought struck him that it must be the fairies—"Gadsbodikin," exclaimed he, almost stupefied, "there they are junketting sure enough, and I have been foolishly gurgling till midnight, while my poor wife sits half starved, every moment expecting me. Well, God grant these revellers may not do me a mischief this time, and I'll never put it in their power again." Then quickening his pace, he hurried on about a hundred yards further, and again the unearthly sounds saluted him in the following chorus.

Swift on a star-beam far and wide,
O'er mountain and meadow we gaily glide,
When suns are brightest, or mortals sleep,
Or the white moon glittering gems the deep.
When lightnings flash, or thunders roll,
We skim the ether from pole to pole;
When winds roar loudest, and waves foam high,
We kindle the wrath of the stormy sky,
And woe to the mortal whose footstep rude,
Would break on our midnight solitude.

These last words were sufficient; our hero staid not to hear more, but trusting to his good speed, unsteady as he was, ran with all his might; unluckily his head being much heavier than his heels, in descending a low dingle he was precipitated forcibly against the decayed roots of an old tree, and as he lay sprawling upon the ground, a loud laugh from his invisible tormentors made the plain echo again. At this moment the moon which had hitherto been clouded, burst forth in all its splendour, and shining full upon the spot where Isaac lay, discovered to his astonished sight a shining substance not many inches from his right hand, which he stretched forth, and grasped a *silver spoon*. Delighted at this discovery, he arose, and placing the prize very quietly in his pocket was proceeding homewards, when he felt his progress suddenly arrested by some one who remained invisible and heard himself addressed in the following words. "Heywood, thy wants have been noticed—thou art found deserving and shalt have our favour—see thou misuse it not—above all keep this incident a secret from all the world, or dread the consequences. .

Fare thee well! nor foolish be,
But prize the gift we offer thee.

A chorus of voices re-echoed the lines—the moon again was shrouded, and all became still, dark, and dismal as before. Home gained—wife pacified, and all things comfortably arranged, Isaac secretly deposited his valuable treasure in a retired corner of the dwelling, in an aperture between the plaster, and happening to slide his hand again into the pocket from whence he had just taken the spoon, to his infinite wonderment drew out a five shilling piece; this resolved him in his determination to keep the adventure a secret, and he joyfully betook himself to rest, rioting in golden dreams of future greatness.

From this time Heywood's affairs began to assume a more prosperous aspect, he having always money at his command, for no sooner was one dollar expended than another sprung up in its place; by degrees he brought forth his wealth to the astonishment of all who knew him, and not a few ugly stories were circulated to his prejudice; he however seemed careless as to the opinions of the world and firmly resisted the numerous attempts which were made to draw from him the important secret. His good dame would often importune him as to the cause of his being possessed of such riches, and with tears and entreaties, which were equally unavailing, implored him to clear himself from the horrible suspicions attached to his name, for his enemies were not scrupulous in asserting that he had leagued himself with a band of notorious plunderers. Still was he inflexible and all went on prosperously for a time, but, alas! for the great resolves of man: there is a something indescribable in woman, yeapt *curiosity*—this powerful incitative was stirred up within his wife, and come what would, it must be satisfied. In an unguarded moment was he tempted to divulge the mysterious occurrence, and from that moment became miserable, for no sooner did he point out the place where the talisman was secreted than he was stricken with blindness!—feeling perhaps that the wrath of his benefactors was descending upon him—he hastened to secure the spoon—but it was gone!—the charm was broken, and the fairies took ample vengeance. His property wasted—his cattle died—nothing he afterwards undertook would prosper, and he was left to pine away the remainder of his days, bitterly lamenting his ingratitude and folly.

G. H. W.

ON A BABY SLEEPING.

BY RICHARD SHELDON CHADWICK.

(From Heartbreathings of Leisure Hours, an Unpublished Volume.)

Sleep lovely one, I love to hear thee breathing
Amid the stillness of the evening air,
I love to image little cherubs wreathing
Their mystic roses 'mid thy ruffled hair;
Upon thy brow no furrow yet is showing
The foot of time, or sorrows darker gloom,
For there thou sleep'st, all-innocent unknowing,
Whilst every feature struggles into bloom.
I may have seen with beauty nature teeming,
But never saw ought beautiful as thee,
For like an angel thou seems't sweetly dreaming,
Nursed in the fair day-spring of mystery.

Thou seemest something upon which to ponder,
 A page for thought to print its living line,
 To strike attention with enraptured wonder,
 And picture thee an emblem most divine.

Waken sweet Babe; see those fair lids unclosing,
 Like two twin clouds that curtain o'er the sun;
 And like two stars in pearly light reposing
 Are those twin eyes my infant lovely one.

Oh, who would think that sin is in thy nature,
 Oh, who would call thine heart polluted now?
 For loveliness dwells silent on each feature,
 And not a trace of guilt upon thy brow.

How sweet thy smile, thy look how undesembled,
 Like some pure snow drop rising from a lawn;
 Oh, all mankind, thine infant form resembl'd,
 Ere sorrow brought the darkness of it dawn,
 May'st thou be fondled like a summer blossom,
 Amid the smiles, a mother's love bestows,
 And may thy tender form-receiving bosom,
 Feel not the cold impressive touch of woes.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

I stand all lonely on the mountain's brow,
 And muse upon the thoughts of other days,
 As in my heart, adorned with the glow
 Of their fresh beauty, once again they raise
 A throb of happiness; and as I gaze
 On scenes of quiet loveliness, the dream
 Of those fond moments which amidst life's maze
 Of good and evil, blest me with a gleam
 Of joyousness, a bright reality doth seem.

Star of my being! can I think of thee,
 Amidst the darkness of my wayward heart?
 Can thy sweet accents float upon the sea
 Of varying fancy? can thy image start
 Into its beautiful existence? forming part
 Of all the fond imaginings, which pour
 Their radiance o'er the soul, blunting the dart
 Of memory, and giving a rich dower
 Of changeful thoughts unto this silent hour.

Yes! yes! I think of thee, and of the days
 When all was light as thine own fairy tread;
 When we were gay as insect is that plays
 At eve o'er silent waters; nought had fled
 That joy could cherish. O'er our thoughts was shed
 The glow of youthful feeling, prompt to bless
 All that the eye could rest upon. Oh! led
 By mighty love, our hearts could not express
 In words the aching sense of their own happiness.

And if perchance, some thoughts of sorrow rose
 To dim the visions fancy oft might weave,
 They were but as the clouds that at the close
 Of daylight's hour, upon a July eve,
 Float light beneath the sunbeams, born to leave
 A glory to the earth, and to the sky
 A varied beauty; nought did we receive
 Of good or evil, that our feelings high
 Gave not response unto in tones of extacy.

J. H.

A VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

- Farewell to the shore where my father is sleeping!
Oh, sweet and unbroken his rest may it be!
Farewell to the home where my mother is weeping
Her first born—her dearest—alas! alien me!
Far away from the friends whom I loved in my childhood,
Estranged from the hearts that I clung to of yore,
I will seek me a rest in the desert or wildwood,
And my country and kindred shall see me no more.

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

"Arrah, yer sowl, but you've kil't me entirely. Oh! me ribs is bruk in two, Ooh! Ooh!" exclaimed a square raw-boned native of the Emerald Isle to a fellow workman who was lending his assistance to a knot of seamen engaged in landing a vessel moored alongside the quays at the Cove of Cork.

"Sure an' I called out to yez to lave the way, ye spalpeen,—an' me wid the big box on me shoullder, an' could'nt see the length of me nose wid the weight binding me to the ground."

"A big cup of sorrow to yez for yer trouble, Larry O'Neil—ma' be I won't show yez some divarsion when the captain yonder gives us our hard earn't pinny an' discharges uz. It is my mother's son will tache yez the time o'day, ma' bouchal." A sharp inward twinge seizing him at the moment recalled him to a sense of his injury, for he had been much hurt by an accidental blow from his helpmate. "Oh! thin, but I'm bad all out, an' what'll Biddy and the childer do an' me gone to the hospital wid me murdered bones."

"Faix is it Biddy yez manes," tauntingly replied Larry, who was well known as a quiz, "troth its herself will be likely to crack yer canister when ye see her purty face this blessed night if yez only look crucked at her wid one eye. An' if yez want satisfaction for the bit of a poke ye tuk, it's myself is the boy, any day. Whooh! whoop! me hand is wanting a bit of practice, an the childer is playing wid me illigant shillelaghs, case I've no use for 'em this many a day."

"Hurroo! y'er sowl!" Tim Lannagan's blood was up, and forgetting his aches and pains he fell upon Larry with the fury of a tiger, and clinging round his neck tried to bring him to the ground. Tim might have pocketed the poke in the ribs which Larry had given him, and have returned vaunt for vaunt, jeer for jeer, without seeking to revenge himself further, but the allusion to Biddy the 'ooman's pugnacious propensities was too much for his hot blood to bear, it was pressing him close on a point about which he was exceedingly sensitive, the whole of the Irishman contained in his stalwart frame was roused on the instant, and he flew to revenge his injured honour. English habits have not yet so far naturalised themselves in the sister isle as to induce the peasantry and lower orders about the towns to seek a fair stand up fight when they happen to quarrel, which is not of unfrequent occurrence. They cannot see the reason why an advantage gained is not to be improved; nor conceive the use of knocking a man down if he is to be protected until he rises again. An Irishman's impulse when in personal collision with an opponent is to drag him to the earth and there pummel him until he has, as he says, "knocked the seven senses out of him:" and the surrounding mob will smash that lackless wight into smithereens who interferes between two combatants and attempts to raise a fallen one to his legs. Larry was a fair match for his opponent, so far as size and apparent strength went, but taken aback by his sudden onset, hestaggered against a coil of rope laying on the deck and would have fallen overboard had he not been locked in the iron embrace of the enraged Tim. Amidst the din and bustle of the preparations on deck, the rolling of casks, the thumping of blocks, and the loud voices of the sailors, it was probable that this little transaction would have passed unnoticed, or, if noticed at all, only to excite laughter at their ludicrous attitudes, and the volubility with which they uttered their passionate taunts and expletives. It happened that the captain was on deck superintending the stowage of the heterogeneous collection of boxes, barrels and trunks, to be found in every passenger ship's hold, and as the wind was veering round in the desired direction, and a number of the passengers were already on board, he was anxious to expedite proceedings as much as possible and get a fair start out to sea. Well was it for Larry that this was the case. If it had been otherwise he might have bidden adieu to earth and sky, to Ireland the land of his nativity, to home the centre of attraction for a hungry group of ragged urchins as dear to his heart as though dressed in purple and fine linen. Powerless as an infant Tim bent him over the bulwarks until the blood gushed from his

VOL. 9—No. 3—O.

mouth and nostrils, and his ribs appeared to snap one after the other like burning timber. He continued glaring into his countenance with all the ferocity of deep maniacal passions but seldom raised, and would doubtless have consummated the tragedy by heaving him into the salt sea beneath, had not the captain peremptorily ordered two of the sailors to release the senseless man from the gripe of his infuriated assailant. Promptly obeying the order they took hold of his hands and endeavoured to make him loose his grasp, but in vain—the foul fiend was too thoroughly raised to be easily baffled in its object, and he clung to his victim with greater tenacity. Sailors are generally men of slow words but of active deeds, a monosyllable, a telegraphic look is sufficient to make them comprehend all that is required of their hands. Without wasting time by a discussion of the pros and cons, the probabilities and chances of the acts, they simultaneously applied their strength to the bodies of the two men, and slinging them round with a half turn cast them on the deck, thus reversing the position they had hitherto held relative to each other. In this compulsory gyration the hard skull of Tim Lannagan came into immediate contact with the still harder surface of the deck, making the very timbers rattle with the force of the concussion, and bedewing the deck with gore from an ominous gash in the back of his head. Rendered senseless by the blow he soon relaxed his grasp on the person of his antagonist and suffered him to drop inanimate by his side. Rough and ready restoratives were quickly at hand. With an intuitive knowledge of the “cold water cure” which has since made so much noise in the world, a bucket was dropped over the ship’s side and returned laden with liquid salts, which being applied in plentiful ablution, soon had the effect of restoring to consciousness both the choleric Tim and the chopfallen Larry whose inadvertence had first originated the affray. The latter indeed was in much the worst state of the two, but a repetition of the same simple and efficacious means sufficed to restore him to heedfulness and place him “foremost” his late antagonist, exhibiting strange and peculiar contortions of face in his endeavour to recall from oblivion the transactions of the bye-gone hour. The whole affair did not occupy a quarter of an hour, but short as the time was it was sufficient to effect a great change in the deportment of the aggressor. I think I see him now. His face trickling with the purple fluid, his clothes dripping with the briny and not over clear or crystal water, while his senses were wandering in search of the why’s and wherefore’s of his present circumstances, and his digits were most industriously applied to the apex of his pericranium striving to extract the requisite knowledge from that dishevelled mass of tangled hair which hung down his broad shoulders. He presented a most comical and mirth moving picture to the idlers on board who had drawn towards the scene of action.

“Ugh! Ugh! what did ye do it for, avick?” accompanied by a sly look at the other, was Larry’s first token of recognition. Whatever feelings of resentment might still have lingered in their minds and induced another outbreak, it is impossible to say, had not the national relish for satirical amusement added to a keen perception of the ludicrous been stamped in their composition to the full as much as in any other of the sons of the Emerald Isle. Notwithstanding his recent rage and present pains Tim could not refrain from a sarcastic allusion to his comrade’s appearance.

Uttering his words in a half deprecating tone of voice, “Sure now, Larry” said he “what a beauty you look this blessed minute, quite aquil to the quality themselves. Won’t none of yez fetch him a beautifying glass, just to shew him his purty face and his illigant skin as white an’ as fair as a young colleen’s?”

Larry looked askance at himself for the space of a second, doubtful perhaps of his ability to continue the contest, and then oblivious of his recent extremity burst into a loud laugh, giving vent during the intervals of his merriment to the following repartee “Och thin, misther Lannagan, but its yerself don’t want any paint, sure you’re a born genteel yerself all out, any day. Troth, but they’ll take uz for twins.”

A good laugh is the most companionable thing in the world, no barrier can withstand its influence, and little more was needed to make these slips of the green isle gather up their lengthy limbs and shake hands in token of amity and peace in time to come. However as work in their present condition was entirely out of the question they were paid off and dismissed the ship, and departed to drown in a glass of Murphy’s best distilled dew, “the rale crather itself,” the remembrance of their recent “ruction.” Meantime the business of embarkation went on; the captain was too anxious to bid adieu to the land of repeal and potatoes, to permit unnecessary waste of time in dwelling on the accident of the late encounter, while the crew catching his spirit set manfully to work to

clear the decks of the accumulating luggage. At length the principal part was deposited in the capacious hold, except such small packages as could be stowed for a few days in various portions of the deck without impeding the working of the ship. The wind continued blowing moderately out to sea, and notice was sent to the passengers who were not already on board that the vessel would weigh anchor before nightfall. The Tower of Babel with its thousands of astonished workmen, speaking, in unknown tongues, is no inapt illustration of the hubbub and distraction taking place on the decks of an outward bound vessel on the eve of departure. When first you step on board and are engaged in scanning the faces of your fellow voyagers, and the number of boxes and barrels piled in heaps wondering where they can all be accommodated, a huge block comes thundering from aloft, within an inch of your nose, causing you to spring back in affright at your seeming narrow escape from destruction; now a barrel of biscuit jams you up against the bulwarks inflicting sad punishment on your tender corns, until a lurch of the ship sends it driving in an opposite direction; then possibly, as you stand musing on your fate in being separated from friends dear to your heart who have just taken a last affectionate farewell, a bristly grunter who has broken quarantine and is trying to escape from the grasp of a jolly tar who follows him close, dodges between your legs, destroying your equilibrium and compelling you to measure your length along the hard planks, while many a rough joke and hearty laugh are made at your expense. 'Tis folly to frown and look big, every dog has his day, and the gallant but unmannerly fellows who are enjoying your mishap, are now having theirs. Pocket your mortification and shew your indifference by joining in the laugh, add to this a stiff glass of grog some cold night or an inch of the fragrant weed, and you will find them ready to obey your slightest wish and swear through everything that "your honour" is one of the right sort. Our vessel was freighted with a living cargo, two companies of the Royal Artillery marched down with a band playing their liveliest tunes, followed by the usual compliment of women and children. The cabin was also fully engaged, but these passengers came straggling in as though wind and tide were completely at their own disposal. That delays are dangerous has long been proverbial, and so a gentleman found by that best of all teachers, experience. Doubting the correctness of the captain's intimation in the morning he remained on shore willing to protract his stay to the latest moment, but not heeding a second message the captain's patience would hold out no longer, so with a word the windlass spun round, the anchor gradually rose with a yo-heave-ho, the canvass was spread to the wind, and we imperceptibly glided from the shore. Our dallying friend found to his consternation that the captain was a man of his word, and with difficulty engaged a small fishing smack to endeavour to overtake us, but we had coasted a goodly number of long sea miles before he succeeded in running alongside.

However humble the home of the cottager may be; however deficient in convenience and comfort, it is still vastly superior to the accommodation afforded to the soldier or emigrant leaving his native land. Strange and bewildering as are the proceedings above deck to the novice, they are far overshadowed below. Privacy, solitude and quiet are things not to be thought of. A space wherein a tall man must bend his head, surrounded on all sides by broad shelves called sleeping berths in close proximity to each other, covered by a roof whereon an eternal racket and din takes place, while beneath yawns a dark and treacherous abyss in which putrid waters congregate and send forth their obnoxious exhalations. Into this space are crowded as many human beings as it will hold, with the general intermixture of tongues and nations—the rich brogue of the son of the Emerald Isle—the broad burr of the man from the North Country—the mellifluous twang of those who are leaving the hills and the heather, the banks and braes o' bonny Scotland—each contending for the best berth, the best situation, where all are indifferent. To this join the faint hearted whisper or shrill treble of some daughter of Eve who follows her wandering swain to share his weal or woe in the ups and downs of life, and we have a scene at once bewildering and repugnant to the feelings of those, who now for the first time cross the ocean's broad track. Still as the noise is gradually subsiding the ship careers along with a light and steady breeze stretching her canvass, and the low shores and lofty inland mountains of old Ireland fade from the view, the highest ridges appearing no larger than molehills jutting above the edge of the horizon. The bright foam dashed against her gallant bows as she walked through the long waves like a thing of life, leaving a long train of dead water in her wake, soon however absorbed in the rolling waves that followed our course. Night came welcome as the sun of summer.

Passengers and crew fatigued with the day's exertions tranquilly laid themselves down to court refreshing sleep, and despite the novelty of berth and hammock soon dropped into slumbering silence. A few remained upon deck, kept there by duty to assist in working the ship, and watch the aspect of the heavens to guard against the consequences of a sudden squall. Can we wonder that the mariner is so prone to superstition? What phantasies may not occupy his busy brain in the long hours of the midnight watch! What strange and vivid thoughts—thoughts of the wondrous productions of the Creator may not fill his mind as he gazes on the star-lit heavens, or leans musingly over the bulwarks endeavouring to explore the hidden treasures of the deep. And then those interminable yarns of impossible adventures mingled with superstitious lore of which he is the repository, forbid that he should emancipate himself from its thralldom. Subject to the greatest extremes he invariably acts from the impulse of the moment, and plunges into danger and joviality with the same boisterous carelessness and sang froid. One moment we see him seated with two or three shipmates listening attentively to some marvellous tale of Afric's burning shores or Greenland's frigid zone, while the ship scuds along before the breeze; the next all is uproar and destruction, a hurricane has caught the ship, rending her sails into tatters, the waves make awful breaches over her as she flounders and struggles in the trough of the sea, and the poor seamen are washed away, their last despairing shriek dying unheeded on the blast, or only striking dismay into the hearts of the survivors, who long for the cheerful light of day to restore their confidence and dissipate the saddened gloom of grief from their countenance. Sea voyages resemble each other so closely in their general outlines and have been so often described that there is scarce room to advance anything with which a moderate reader might not allege that he was already acquainted. Yet it is reasonable to suppose that there are some whose years or avocations have not allowed them opportunities to make the same boast, and as it is proper that these should taste somewhat of salt water and be able to appreciate the perils of the deep I am emboldened to proceed with my story.

We experienced a succession of fine open days with steady brisk winds for about a week, and got clear of the Channel, without encountering its dangerous short seas which are so much more destructive to life and property than the longer rise and swell of the ocean, where the vessel has room to tack or run before the wind. The most timid and squeamish among us could not help thinking that the perils of a sea-going life were more exaggerated than real, and we began to congratulate each other on our superior good fortune, hoping to reach the welcome shores of the new world before Neptune roused himself from his sleep of peace. Now and then however an old hand would damp our sunny expectations by prophetically whispering, "ay mon don't be in a hurry, we'll no gang along this gate far without a bit o' a squall; then y'll see wha's the braw sailor laddies so fu' o' coourage. May-be y'll no jist like the cast o' his countenance when ye see 't." True enough, true as the predictions of any sage were these monitions in fulfilment. The sky over which not a cloud had flitted since we left the coast of Ireland became overcast and threatening, the wind swept along in fitful hollow gusts, moaning and whistling among the shrouds and ratlines, heaving the sea into long and angry waves which increased in size and force with every passing breeze. Our ship gallantly sped on her way, maintaining a tolerable equilibrium, but occasionally pitched forward, dashing through the rising waves in seeming anger at the prospect around. The stormy petrel, or in seafaring phrase Mother Carey's chickens skimmed here and there on the top of the waves, sometimes near enough to feel the spray that rebounded from our bows, at others gliding away in mockery of the Leviathan who must abide the fury of the elements. As the gale increased the captain took his post on deck quickening the movements of the sailors, who instinctively feeling the necessity for exertion, became at once active and expert. Every portable article above deck was removed or secured, the caboose or cooking house was firmly lashed down, and the fires extinguished; the guns received an extra half hitch, and the port holes were closed, for all expected and many dreaded the approaching tempest. Aloft everything was a-tant-o, sails closely furled and ropes secured; indeed there was little choice, the wind having increased to such a height that we could carry but one sail besides her jibs, and that was almost too much for her to bear. Between decks all was confusion and despair. The jerking and rolling of the ship, now backwards, now forwards, now on either side, the horrible din on deck as the sailors ran to and fro in haste, with the close and confined state of the atmosphere produced its never failing effect on the cramped specimens of humanity, and the sympathetic influences of sea sickness spread from one to

all, prostrating both mind and body. The roaring of a steam engine when letting off its superfluous steam is as nothing compared to the roar of the wind in a sea storm, and when the huge waves rise high over the level of the deck encompassing the vessel on every side, ready to swallow her up in their frowning majesty and power, it is a scene terrific and sublime, though calculated to make the stoutest heart quail. The waves dashed over us, deluging the decks with a mass of water which swept every thing before it, and would have carried the sailors away in its course had they not lashed themselves to the rigging. The hatches were well battened down with canvass nailed over to prevent the ingress of the briny fluid to those below, who were in a sufficiently miserable plight as it was, without being subject to this gratuitous shower bath. A perfect hurricane was blowing and the ship strained and laboured so much that our only sail was ordered in with the intention of easing her. The ropes were slackened, the sail flapped once, the next second the wind caught it with redoubled force and rent it into fifty fragments, causing a report like the sound of a cannon. We were now at the mercy of the waves, having only a jib sail which sufficed to make the ship answer to the helm, and thus we remained for three long days and nights, the hurricane blowing without intermission. About the close of the third night, in the midst of what appeared the mingling of the elements, chaos was established, for what with the heavy rain, the wind, and the plunging sea breaking over our devoted vessel it was impossible to distinguish one from the other; a tremendous crash was heard, followed on the instant by a loud report. The ship staggered for a moment like a man overwhelmed with sudden news, a ripping, grating ominous sound succeeded and the mizen mast fell over to leeward. Simultaneously an unearthly shriek, a yell of pent up anguish, a concentrated cry of horror burst from the lower deck louder than the angry roar of the elements. Mortal souls in agony calling upon their Maker to rescue them from a watery grave. The pangs of death got hold upon them, the strong man was bowed down to the dust, weeping females dropped into hysterical unconsciousness, and those prayed then whose lips had never uttered a prayer since first they left their father's hearth. I can never forget that moment. A hundred life-times of imploring energy exploded in that one great call for protection, safety, mercy. "Pass along the hatchets. Clear away the deck. Quick there!" bawled forth the captain through his speaking trumpet, with stentorian lungs. "Cut loose the rigging. Out with your knives. Be smart, forward there I say, or the ship will be stove in." His admonition to alacrity was little needed. Almost before the speaking trumpet had touched his lips two of the men had cast themselves loose from their lashings, and darting below for the hatchets, returned running under cover of the bulwarks to the spot where the mast was hanging nearly over the ship's side, and with two or three blows had severed the larger ropes. Others cut away the smaller lines, and in a brief space the broken mast drifted clear of the ship. It was a service of imminent danger but fortunately no casualty occurred. Freed of this encumbrance the vessel quickly righted herself and came up with the next billow with a spring that made every timber creak and strain, but proved that she was perfectly seaworthy. Having happily averted the catastrophe of being foundered, by the mast clogging the motions of the vessel, or by thumping a hole in her side, the captain could do nothing further for her safety than place an extra hand at the helm to keep her from swinging round and meeting the waves with her broadside. Uncertain as to the real situation of the vessel, wavering between hope and dread, the unfortunate passengers bewailed their lot in the most abject terms; dismay sat on every countenance, in anticipation of the worst. Could they have seen the extent of the danger or have been forced to assist in remedying the damage, it would have given occupation and consequently solace to their minds, but shut down in that noisome hole, enduring all the agonies of suspense, it was no wonder their fortitude sunk under the trial. Memory! how thou crowdest thy thousand reminiscences of home, of errors both of omission and commission, of feeling long since forgotten, upon the stricken heart at such times as these; and lovest to mock the ambition, the pursuit of gain, nay even love—holy love—the offspring of heaven, which has tempted the wanderer from the home of his childhood to seek his idol in a stranger land. With the near approach of death how ready the summing up of numberless matters hitherto consigned to darkest oblivion! For the sterner mind of man these perils are startling, but for the tender and delicate female they are absolutely overwhelming; it is too much for their sensitive feelings to encounter: their place is not on the stormy ocean, it is to give gaiety to the town, cheerfulness to the country, happiness to the bright firesides of their native land.

The females on board our vessel were in a sad condition, half dead with apprehension and sickness of heart, without the slightest means of consolation or comfort in their reach. The steward went upon deck and returned with assurances of safety, but neither his word nor that of the captain could reassure their minds and remove their uneasiness. The gale lasted for twelve hours after the mast went by the board, by which time it was evident its fury was exhausted, gradually subsiding into low sullen moans, leaving a long heavy swell upon the ocean which lasted for several days. As soon as possible the hatches were thrown open and the imprisoned passengers gladly looked out on the face of day once more. A few came upon deck where the crew had already fixed a sort of jury mast to supply the place of the missing one, and were busy bending the ropes and lines to make it serviceable, so that the ship did not appear so much out of her usual trim as they were led to expect. Happy were they all to shew their pale faces in the open light of day and feel the cool breeze fan their throbbing temples after so long a confinement in the unwholesome atmosphere between decks. The fires were quickly lighted under the coppers and a strong brew of tea served round to cheer their drooping frames, and it proved a most acceptable beverage after the hard biscuit and not over nice water which had been their sole subsistence during the continuance of the gale. A few days set matters in their usual train again, cheerfulness resumed her sway among all parties, yet it was observable that even in their most elated moments furtive glances were cast around in inward apprehension of another storm. The prognostics of the weather became a standing topic of conversation, for the memory of their late disaster remained vivid on their minds, but the sun broke forth day by day and restored their confidence and hilarity. Dancing, flute playing, and a variety of simple amusements sufficed to break the monotony of our life and wile away the long hours of the afternoon. As we approached the banks of Newfoundland shoals of porpoises gambolled around us, affording much amusement at their clumsy antics, and not less at the attempts of some of the seamen to strike them with the harpoon. When one was caught he was hauled on board by a crowd of willing hands, and after undergoing a general examination was thrown into his native element to become the prey of those smaller fry he had hitherto been the enemy of. Here also we first caught a glimpse of that voracious tyrant the shark, as well as of the grampus, a small species of whale; the former favoured us with his company the greater portion of our voyage, calmly resisting all our attempts to capture him with a baited hook. Strange birds occasionally perched upon the top rigging or sailed majestically by, out of reach of a gun shot. But the most exciting occasion of the time was the preparation for cod-fishing, millions of which tenant these seas at certain portions of the year. We had good success in the sport, and caught more than sufficient for the consumption of all on board while it could be kept fresh. An attempt was made to dry a quantity so as to prolong the luxury, but with indifferent success, for it soon tainted and we had to resume our wonted fare of tough junk. Soon after we had passed by the fisheries one of those events occurred which so forcibly remind us of our mortality. An epidemic had broken out amongst the children and had brought several to the last stage of existence, in which they lingered for several days. An adult had also been attacked, and from some peculiarity of constitution was unable to bear up against the disease which attacked him in all its virulence, and quickly numbered him with the dead. The last sad offices had to be promptly performed to his remains, for the sake of the living, and his body was consigned to the deep with the usual touching solemnities. A funeral on land is of an impressive character, but a similar occurrence at sea is inexpressibly affecting. The mustered crew dressed with unusual neatness, the passengers ranged around in perfect stillness gazing upon the breathless clay enveloped in his hammock shotted at the feet, the deep tones of the captain as he slowly enunciates the service for the dead, with the final splash into the water, and the corpse slowly meandering its way to the bottom, tell upon the heart, giving birth to devotional and melancholy reflections. Before we concluded our voyage we had to witness eight of these mementos of our end, such being the number of victims who were cut off in their infancy. In about six weeks from the time we bade adieu to Ireland we could just distinguish the outlines of the Isle of Newfoundland, but it was only a glance as we went sailing by, yet even that distant prospect of terra firma was refreshing after a prolonged confinement on board a ship. Evidences of our proximity to the American Continent became frequent, in the immense quantities of sea weed which floated past, as well as in the appearance of certain birds which invariably welcome the voyager to his destination. Small islands seemed here and

there to rise out of the sea like an oasis in the desert, and we more frequently spoke to ships homeward bound, gladly availing ourselves of the opportunity to forward letters to our distant and anxious friends. We were now fairly in the gulph of St. Lawrence, with light three quarter winds which rapidly bore us onward to the wished-for shore. To our dismay a thick fog arose and obscured every object; indeed it was difficult to discern your nearest neighbour on deck except by his voice, and so our joyful anticipations in watching for land were dashed with alloy even when the object seemed within our grasp. Thus it ever is in this terrestrial world, our happiness is seldom complete when we obtain our every wish. The fog continued with varying intensity, completely baffling the light winds which occasionally played about us, unable to dissipate the hazy mist that frequently sent us below penetrated with wet. It had well nigh cost us dear, and we but by a miracle escaped an alarming collision which would probably have terminated in our destruction. The look-out man was at his post perched on the bowsprit, peering through the surrounding gloom to give timely notice to the helmsman of the approach of another vessel, but from some unexplained cause a huge hulk rose unheeded from the mist, and passed across our bows so close that a man might have sprang from one vessel into the other with tolerable ease. The lights on board were seen for a moment and then lost entirely; our unexpected appearance caused them as much amazement as we experienced at their presence. Many others bore down upon us and came within hail before they altered their course, but as the mist dispersed we escaped the possibility of a collision, and feasted our eyes on the land discovered by the genius and enterprise of Columbus. A stiff land-breeze completely dispelled the fog, and we caught a bird's eye view of the heights of Quebec where the gallan Wolfe fell in victorious strife.

"Hurrah, boys for land and liberty — no more salt junk, tough beef, hard biscuit. Fresh meat, fresh bread, fresh water, fresh faces, fresh everything," shouted out an old peninsular hero in the exuberance of his delight.

"Sure an' I'm dying for a taste of the backey. I hav'nt lit me pipe this tin days, bad luck to it for say thravelling. They say its mortal chape," chined in another whose strong accent betokened the place of his birth.

Whatever thoughts might reign paramount in their minds, unfeigned joy was apparent in every face, and they dwelt with minute accuracy on the distinguishing features of the coast they were steadily passing. Clustered upon deck like a swarm of bees, curiously scanning the country that was to be their home and resting-place for years yet unborn, a tedious and comfortless voyage nearly at an end, can we wonder if they looked forward into the vista of years with elated hope and pleasurable emotion, and that the swelling heart found utterance in the silent tear. Unconsciously many had looked for the last time on the old familiar faces of childhood, and were destined to leave their bones far from their kindred and country. Fortunately for mankind the intentions of Providence are inscrutable and altogether past their finding out.

The approach to Quebec presents a truly novel appearance. The high ramparts of the garrison bristle with guns and command a large extent of beach. The tall quaint looking buildings of the town rise one above the other from the verge of the water to the highest point of the steep hill not occupied by military defences. The Bomb-proof garrison and magazines tell of desperate deeds of strife in which British valour and heroism have ever stood foremost. The broad St. Lawrence here mixes its clear stream with the periodical influx of the sea, and stretches into a width capable of accomodating a whole fleet. We cast anchor a short distance below the City in company with some men of war and other large vessels, and were surprised to find in a few hours that the water was receding, ultimately leaving us stranded on our side embedded in a thick stratum of mud. When the tide is up vessels of the largest tonnage may sail close under the City and discharge their cargoes, but when the tide has ebbed an active man may cross to the opposite shore without having to swim more than a few yards midway in the channel. The following morning found us up and stirring, busy in preparations for disembarking; hurry and bustle was the order of the day. A few hours were sufficient to effect this purpose and we stepped into a large batteaux with innumerable small packages, leaving the heavy luggage to be discharged in due course of time. A few strokes of the oars and the boat touched the shore, one spring and we are on the strand pressing our parent earth after a two month's sojourn on ship-board, with only a plank between ourselves and the surly waves. Emotions crowd fast upon the heart, yet this is no time to indulge them, for even as we set foot on the shore the

necessities of life demand our instant attention, and we disperse in little groups to engage a temporary residence. Our voyage was now happily concluded, but some weeks elapsed before we could divest ourselves of the sensation that the streets were swaying up and down with the influence of the sea, or sleep a night without hearing the waves thump and the ropes rattle, so strongly had habit impressed our imaginations with the illusory motion. Thus we became denizens of a vast continent, peopled with men of our own blood and lineage with whom we speedily formed new connections, insensibly imbibing their feelings and prejudices, and though their manners and customs differed in many material points from those of the old country, yet not so much as to prevent our countrymen from assimilating to their standard of life, and in many instances according it the preference. May the ruthless hand of war long be withheld from those fair regions, and peace and prosperity reign triumphant, adding to their store of happiness and wealth.

JAMES PENNOCK.

Earl Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.

THE SORROW OF IANTHE.

FROM A M. S. DRAMA.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

He loved me once,
In my youth's prime, and I look'd coldly on
His heart's enamour'd worship, and his gaze
Of passionate idolatry had such
Return as alabaster might bestow,
The marble coldness of a sculptured maid.
Years have gone by, the treasures of my life
Lie were my hopes were wreck'd, and he lives on,
But loves no more! and in those simple words,
"He loves no more," is centred such despair
As a life's agony may not express,
But must endure. Helena, gentle maid,
Cast not away such love; thou shalt not find
A dearer treasure in the jewelled East
Than the true passion of a faithful heart.
Oh, weariness of life, when love no more
Casts roses on our path, or sadder still
The spirit's loneliness in sorrow's hour,
With no fond watcher, no consoler near,
No plighted heart whose shelter is thine own,
Folding the dove's wing o'er the troubled soul.
Weep not for me—I wrought my doom, and feel
How just the penance, yet the thorns have pierced
Deeply and long. Oh, must I still despair!
Sweet Helen, hide not in thy heart of hearts
A sorrow like Ianthé's.

Leds.

A LEGEND OF MANCHESTER.

BY JOHN HEWITT.

CHAPTER IV.

Not all the skill of fencing France, cowardly bravo,
 Shall shield this flash of lightning from thine eyes.

OLD PLAY.

As Lord de la Warre entered the market place, thousands of voices greeted him; and pouring forth from all quarters, the adherents of his house thronged around their lord. Shout on shout rent the air, and loud blessings were pronounced on the head of the De la Warre. On a noble steed richly caparisoned, the De la Warre slowly advanced towards the dwelling of the boroughreeve. Before him was borne the proud banner of his house; and attendant on his will five hundred of the most faithful of his followers of Eccles and Prestwyche, thronged after their lord, their bright spears glancing through the mist of the dark November morning. The noble peer to whom this pomp and homage was rendered, was in truth well fitted to sustain his high dignity. He was a man of a proud, though gentle disposition, with a countenance on which honour and nobleness sat enshrined; and with a bearing such as well became the mighty lord of Manchester. It was somewhat singular to mark the deportment of the boroughreeve, of De Chadderton, and of Richard Trevallion, as the De la Warre approached the place where they stood. The reeve bent lowly and humbly before his mighty lord, with a glance of the most profound respect. Edmund de Chadderton stood erect, with the ease and dignity which became his high birth; yet he was somewhat touched by the presence of the father of the Lady Sybilla. Richard Trevallion heeded not the Lord of Manchester nor the pomp by which he was surrounded. His eye was bent on Reginald West, who rode by his uncle's side; and strange and impassioned feelings seemed to arise in his breast at the presence of the destined murderer. For a moment he clutched his sword, whilst his countenance assumed an ashy paleness: but recovering himself, he murmured, "Away, away, the time is not yet come." He then strove to assume an appearance of calmness, but his phrenzied eye, and trembling frame betokened that all within was stormy as the troubled waves of the ocean.

The De la Warre and his party dismounted from their steeds, and stood before the dwelling of the boroughreeve. Edmund de Chadderton advanced and gracefully saluted the father of his love. "Noble De la Warre," he exclaimed, "it much rejoiceth me thus to encounter thee at this moment. I come charged with missives from the queen's council, empowering thee to command the levies in Lancashire; as certain information has been obtained that the recusants in the northern counties are about to rise in rebellion." Great was the effect produced by these words on the De la Warre. For a time he glanced around with a stern look, and many were there who quailed beneath it. The gaze of the baron for a moment rested on Reginald West, but calm and indifferent was the air and demeanour of the youth; nor could the strictest observer discover in his countenance the deep designs he meditated. At length, in a voice of thunder, the De la Warre exclaimed, "By heaven! it much moves me what thou sayest, right noble De Chadderton. If indeed the queen's council have learned the truth touching these matters, it well behoves us to be stirring in our defence. Vassals of Manchester," he continued "I warn ye that if there be any amongst ye who meditate joining in this rebellion, ye had better for your lives and the lives of your children repent yourselves of your intentions; for assuredly with the strong arm, the sharp weapon, and the burning brand will I visit those who dare to lift the spear against the queen and the De la Warre. Away, away to your homes, and ponder well the words I have spoken."

The inhabitants of Manchester slowly dispersed with looks of anger, and defiance impressed on their countenances; baleful were the glances they cast upon the De la Warre, and many were there amongst them who clutched their weapons, as if anticipating the moment when they should meet in mortal strife with their lord. At length they had all departed from the market place; and of all the crowd who, with joyful voices and hollow hearts hailed the De la Warre, not a single person remained.

"Thou seest, De Chadderton" said the baron, "How truly my vassals of Manchester love their lord. Were it not for these my faithful followers of Eccles and Prestwyche, brief would be the existence of mine house. Curse on the varlets who thus laud me in my presence, and sharpen the weapon against me, in the hour of solitude and

darkness. But thou, my faithful Edward," he continued, addressing the reeve, "Thou, my delegated ruler over the base churls of Manchester; tell me, whence arose the brawl I witnessed as I entered the market place? God of heaven! it seems as if the rebellious of this devoted town, were in truth resolved to pull down the red destruction on their heads! the arm of the avenger shall yet rest heavily upon them, and fearful will be the account they must render to the house of De la Warre!"

The baron paused, and the reeve, lowly bending, now addressed him—"Of a truth, mine honoured lord, it much grieves me that these brawls should thus disturb the peace of Manchester. Marry, were it not that mine arm is somewhat of the strongest, I should soon be spitted on a sword, for the knaves care no more for mine office than they care for an Apple John. Bat touching the present matter, this varlet of mine can best explain it."

The attention of all was now directed to Richard Trevallion, who stood gazing on Reginald West with looks of mingled scorn, hatred, and defiance. Reginald West returned these looks with a glance of the most supreme contempt, and with an air of the most perfect indifference. To the demand of the baron, as to the cause of the late affray, Richard Trevallion calmly answered—

"Most dread lord, thou hadst better enquire of thy nephew, for methinks he can best explain why the idolators of Manchester talk thus loudly as to his becoming the lord of Manchester. De la Warre, there is now danger abroad, and I warn thee, mark well the recusant Reginald West, for he hath even now a strong party in the town, and speedily, if thou restrainest him not, will he work thy destruction, and the ruin of thine house."

"Now, by mine honour, varlet," returned Reginald West, with the greatest composure, "Were it not for thy base birth, I would, with my rapier mark liar in thy throat! tush, thou art beneath my notice, else thou should render thy life as the forfeit of thy monstrous falsehood."

"Liar in thy teeth! Reginald West," cried Trevallion, sheathing his sword, "Curses be on thee, miserable slanderer, thou darest not for thy soul bare thy weapon and meet me in mortal combat. Away, liar! coward! unmanly villain!" Reginald West instantly unsheathed his sword, and they closed in combat. After a few parries, by a dexterous movement, Trevallion struck the weapon from his adversary's hand, and hurled him to the earth. "For her who loves *thee*, and whom *I* love," shouted Trevallion, as he raised his sword to plunge it into the bosom of Reginald West, but his arm was arrested by the powerful grasp of the reeve, and the spears of the baron's followers closed around Reginald.

"Away, away, foolish boy," whispered the reeve to Trevallion, or thou mayest rue thy exploit."

"I will not depart," cried Trevallion, "And I call upon the De la Warre to right me, touching this matter."

"Richard Trevallion," said the baron, "Thou needest not fear that the De la Warre will wrong thee. Present thyself on the morrow at the Castle of Manchester, and if thou provest thy assertions, Reginald West shall become alien to my house and heart; but if thou doest not, terrible will be the vengeance I will inflict on the slanderer of my nephew."

"In the hand of heaven let the issue be," replied Trevallion. "Noble De la Warre, on the morrow I will attend thy bidding."

"And now, De Chadderton, I trust thou wilt accompany us to the Castle of Manchester," said the baron, "For much will it rejoice Sybilla to behold the friend and companion of her early years."

The baron's party left the market place, and proceeded towards the Castle of Manchester—Reginald West preserving throughout a disdainful silence.

CHAPTER V.

"Aye, she doth love most hopelessly, for he
No more regards her than he doth the stars."—OLD PLAY.

In a small, antique apartment in the Castle of Manchester, adorned with rich tapestry hanging, curiously stained windows, and massy gothic carving, stood the Lady Sybilla West. She was a female of a small, but exquisitely moulded form; with a light blue eye, pale golden ringlets, and a cheek where the faint blush of crimson strove with dazzling whiteness for the mastery. Her's was the look of innocence and joy,

mingled with the graver, though not less lovely glances of opening womanhood. At the time she is introduced to the reader she was playfully conversing with a female, whose beauty more than equalled her own. In truth Edith Swaynson was too lovely. The dark eye rolling in liquid lustre, the massy curls of raven hair falling in rich profusion over the neck and bosom—the dark glowing cheek, and the graceful form and step of transcendent loveliness, were her's, the fairest of earth's daughters. Yet, in the eye of Edith Swaynson, there reigned a troubled glory, for her's were not the free glances of unsubdued beauty, but those of the restless and stormy bosom.

The Lady Sybilla was standing in the middle of the apartment, pointing with an arch look at Edith Swaynson, who leaned in the window niche, with one hand pressing her bosom and the other supporting her fair cheek.

"Holy Saint Sybil, my good patroness, defend me from the look thou wearest," said the Lady Sybilla laughingly. "Of a truth thou art wondrous grave, most melancholy Edith! Now out upon my foolish tongue," she continued, as if recollecting herself. "If my recusant hating father were present to hear the name of Holy Saint Sybil trolled from my tongue, it were strange if he did not sorely misuse his dutiful daughter."

"A truce to thy raillery most noble Lady," replied Edith, "Methinks thou little reckest of thy true love De Chadderton when thou art thus merry, though his rival, Reginald West, sojourns here."

The countenance of the Lady Sybilla changed. Her look of playfulness assumed that of woman's stern determination. Proudly pressing her bosom, she raised her lovely head, and in a calm, slow voice exclaimed:—

"Thinkest thou Edith I reck little of Edmund de Chadderton? I tell thee, foolish one, I will never become another's bride! Not the arts of Reginald West, nor the power of my father shall make me false to him I love. The name of De Chadderton is mighty in the land, and he, and his armed vassals, will protect the daughter of the De la Warre in her hour of peril. Never, never will I become the bride of Reginald West!"

For a moment after the Lady Sybilla had ceased, Edith Swaynson stood as if still listening to the sound which to her were messengers of hope. A wild gleam of unutterable delight passed over her countenance, as she gazed in her beauty, on the daughter of the De la Warre; then rushing forward she knelt before the Lady Sybilla, and bathing her hands with kisses, murmured "Blessings be upon thee, noble Lady, for thou hast given unto me life and hope. Oh dearly, dearly do I love Reginald West, fearfully, madly, do I love *him*, the ruler of Edith Swaynson's destiny."

"Hush, thou foolish prattler," said the Lady Sybilla, gently raising her, "Methinks thou needest not kneel to me, because I love not he whom thou regardest. But beware, my gentle Edith," she continued, "For I trow the love thou bearest my cousin may work thine own destruction, shouldst thou thus proclaim thy feelings unto him. Much do I fear, that Reginald West is no honourer of woman's purity."

"Lady," replied Edith, proudly, whilst her dark eye flashed in its splendour and her fair white bosom heaved convulsively, "Lady, the pride of my heart is greater than my love. Thinkest thou I cannot wear the garb of indifference in the presence of him I honour? If the dark water, or the burning poison be my portion, I will never, never sue to Reginald West. In the depths of my own heart will I bury my mighty love, never to be breathed, save in the fitting hour, And thou the friend, the noble friend of the lowly Edith Swaynson, wilt still bear towards me the same kind aspect ever worn?"—

"Tush, thou needest not thus speak fair Edith," exclaimed the Lady Sybilla, "Truly thou knowest I love thee, and much would it rejoice me to behold in thee the bride of my wayward consin."

A low tap at the door of the apartment arrested their attention. A few convulsive heavings of the bosom, a few wild glances of the eye, and Edith Swaynson stood calm, and collected. The Lady Sybilla advanced and admitted the intruder. Lowly and reverently bending before the daughter of the De la Warre, the aged seneschal of the Castle of Manchester entered the apartment, bearing in his hand the staff of office.

"Mine honoured Lady," said he "Thy noble father requests thy presence in the great hall, where the De Chadderton waits to greet the Lady Sybilla." A glance, a hurried glance of unutterable joy beamed from the eyes of the Lady Sybilla, and then with a proud though gentle motion, she intimated her acquiescence in her father's wish. The vassal bowed and retired.

"Now out upon my head gear," cried the Lady Sybilla as she surveyed her fair person in a massively framed mirror. "Methinks my gentle Edith, my tire-valiant sits somewhat awry on my forehead, and credit me not," she continued, "If my ringlets have the same flow they were used to display."

"Now indeed thou art somewhat touched" said Edith smiling, "For methinks none but a love sick maiden would have quarrelled with so exquisite a tire-valiant, and such gracefully flowing ringlets."

"Nay, now thou art mocking," replied the Lady Sybilla; with a gratified smile, which proved her woman's weakness. "But I tarry through this foolish trifling." She slightly struck the gothic carving, and instantly a number of female attendants entered the apartment.

"Now, my fair damsels" she cried, "prepare to attend your lady to the Castle Hall, but first Madeline, do thou hand me my bracelets, my tiffany, my pendants, and mine ostrich feather-fan. For thou knowest," she continued, addressing Edith, "It would ill beseem the daughter of De la Warre to receive her father's guests, unless she were decked in the bravery which becomes her noble station."

The obsequious damsels adorned their mistress with the splendid jewels which she thus wore in honour of her station; and after casting one gratified look at the mirror, the Lady Sybilla left the apartment with a proud step, and a beating heart; attended by her train of damsels.

Edith Swaynson remained alone in the solitude of her hopeless love. Terrible were the emotions which agitated her lovely frame, as she hurriedly paced the apartment. "Aye, thou goest in the joy of thy loving heart to meet him who returns thine affections," she murmured, "Would that I were the daughter of some mighty noble, for then Reginald West would sue, humbly sue, for the hand of the high born Edith—but now he regards me not; and the daughter of the De la Warre and the princely domains of Manchester alone he prizes. Never, never can Edith Swaynson rejoice as she hath before rejoiced, for her being is centred in him who regards her not." She flung herself upon a seat, and the tears fell fast upon her heaving bosom, and deep sobs burst in anguish from her heart. She was roused from her grief by sounds proceeding from behind the gothic carving. A few moments of terror elapsed, a sliding pannel was displaced, and Richard Trevallion entered the apartment.

CHAPTER VI.

"In life's young morning, when the wing
Of fancy's wild imagining
Drew fairy forms and visions bright,
And purer than the blest starlight,
I met thee, love, and thou didst seem
Some image of a holy dream."

W. ROWLINSON.

Trevallion paused when he found himself in the presence of Edith Swaynson. His soul seemed to have forsaken its mortal tenement, so motionless did he appear. The maiden seemed no less astonished at the presence of her unlooked-for visitor. Her cheek waxed pale, and then flushed the deepest crimson, whilst her frame trembled, and her eye quailed beneath the still bright glance of Trevallion. But these appearances on the part of either were short. The emotions of Edith Swaynson seemed to subside, and with a look of offended pride and outraged modesty she exclaimed, "Whence comes it, Richard Trevallion, that thou thus appearest as a spy in the castle of Manchester? Methinks the daughter of the reeve of Manchester claims more from thee than this sudden and uncalled for intrusion on her privacy.

The frame of Trevallion shook convulsively, and tumultuous passions seemed to rage in his bosom. The sweat of anguish stood upon his brow, and the deep heavings of his breast were as the foaming billows of ocean. He approached Edith Swaynson, and, placing his hand upon her arm, which shrunk beneath the burning pressure, he exclaimed—

"Lady, I come not to insult thee in thy privacy, but to lay before thee the uncontrollable emotions of a heart, in the deep throbbings of which thou bearest sway. I come not to thee in thine hour of retirement as a spy; but as one who must, and will proclaim the fearful thoughts which burn within him. Lady," he continued, whilst

the big tear dropped from his phrenzied eye, "I pray thee pardon mine abrupt intrusion in this matter; but thou art the decider of my fate, and from thee I receive the words of life, or the withering confirmation of my fearful forebodings." Trevallion paused—the deep throbbings of his heart seemed to subside—the pale hue of death succeeded the burning flush which had hitherto glowed on his cheek—and his whole bearing became calm and collected. "Lady," he continued, "I come hither to speak to thee of love, not such as other men feel; but of love nursed in solitude and darkness, when I trod my native hills a free denizen of earth." The maiden shrunk from his grasp, and falling upon a seat, covered her face with her fair white hands. The tears glided through her slender fingers and fell upon the head of Trevallion, who had flung himself on his knees before her.

"Trevallion, I must not, cannot hear thee speak of love," murmured the weeping Edith, "thou little reckest of mine heart when thou thus woundest it with words of affection to her who regardeth thee not." "Lady, I do reckon of thine heart," exclaimed Trevallion, springing upon his feet. "Lady," he repeated, in a voice so appalling that the maiden sprang from her seat, and wildly gazed upon him, whose very being seemed to change whilst he spoke. "*Lady, I do reckon of thine heart, for thou lovest another.*" The maiden replied not, but sank again on the seat, whilst the deep sobs which burst from her bosom proclaimed her soul's anguish. "Hear me," continued Trevallion, with a softened voice which ill contrasted with the strange, wild glare of his eye—"Hear me, Lady, for I will speak, though each word drops like blood from my heart. In mine early youth, when the mountains of my native Derbyshire were trodden by me, a fearless boy, I oft times mused upon that love which was sung of by the minstrels of our wild forest homes. In my day-dreams, when I slumbered upon the mountain's brow, a form of beauty floated before me, and a voice of sweetest melody saluted mine ear. In hours of darkness, when my spirit quailed, and the weariness of existence came over me, that form, that voice, visited me in my loneliness, and cast a spell of light over the dark workings of my heart. I blessed the messenger of heaven, and fondly deemed some being of brighter world than our's loved the lowly Trevallion. Oh! I have walked in glory on the mountain's side, and that bright one hath been with me; I have shouted in mine heart's gladness, and the voice I loved hath poured its tones on the wild breezes, whilst I have hearkened to its melody. Methought I was happy, and yet the vision of beauty was not always with me. Other beings visited mine heart's wildness, and told of the battle-field—of banners, and spears glancing in the light of victory—of armies hailing me the conqueror of banded nations—of thrones awaiting my coming to mount them, and to sway the destinies of mighty Empires. They have told me of wild breathings from my forest harp, which were listened to by a bright throng of the fair and the noble—of a laurel crown, which decked the brow of the mountain boy—of the bright glance of admiration and the soft murmur of applause, whilst I poured forth in song the mighty aspirations which burned within me. But that form, that voice visited me when these visions had passed, and methought they were far, far dearer to me than the wild dreams of battle and minstrelsy." Trevallion paused, his voice trembled as he proceeded—after some moments of strong emotion—"Lady, I was called hither, and I came from the free mountains of Derbyshire—rejoicing in the wild dreams of my fearless heart, I saw thee in the glory of thy beauty, and found in thee the being who blessed the visions of the lone Trevallion. I heard thy voice—the voice which answered me on the mountain side, and foundly deemed I was blessed for ever. But thou, lady, recked not of mine heart's thrill as I gazed upon thee, and darkness came over my spirit—I have lived in thine eyes' bright splendour, though thou regarded not the wild, the wayward Trevallion; and I come now to hear from thee the destiny of him whom thou hast bound in chains of withering anguish."

Trevallion ceased, and stood as if the fearfulness of his coming doom had paralyzed every faculty. His look changed not, nor did his eye glance, nor did the paleness of his look vary; whilst he awaited in fearful calmness the answer of Edith Swaynson. The maiden flung back her raven ringlets, and bared her fair face to the light of heaven. She rose from her seat, and gazed for a moment on the fixed figure of the hapless Trevallion. Then came forth the words never to be repeated; the words of death to the loving heart. "Trevallion thou knowest, for thou hast spoken it. *I do love another.* Not for thee Trevallion can the heart of Edith Swaynson beat; and she who thus proclaims unto thee the words of truth, doth it not in mockery of thine anguish, but in sorrow

for thine heart's agony." The maiden sunk again upon the seat and faintly continued. "I pray thee Trevallion leave me, I have spoken as thou desirest, and I am all unfit to sustain more of this heart-withering scene."

The faculties of Trevallion seemed slowly to return, but the calm fixedness of his features, and the strange wild glance of his eye still continued. He seemed to dwell for a time on some dark thought, and then slowly approached the pannel. For a moment he gazed fearfully on Edith Swaynson. A strange calm sound of "Farewell Lady" burst from his lips, and he disappeared through the pannel.

We must now follow the Lady Sybilla, to the Castle Hall. It were needless to relate the lofty courtesies which passed between the daughter of the De la Warre, and the noble De Chadderton; nor the glances of affection which passed between the lover and his mistress; glances marked well by Reginald West who treasured the remembrance of them in his dark heart. The De la Warre had retired ere the Lady Sybilla entered the Hall, but he now returned, and addressing De Chadderton exclaimed—"Thou knowest De Chadderton that the Lords of Manchester were ever hospitable to their noble guests; and by mine honour it would ill beseem me if I did not honour mine ally in the matter of the levies of Lancashire. Thou must therefore tarry here until the morrow, and partake of the poor cheer of the De la Warre. In a few hours attend thou the banquet, and see whether our wine can equal that drank at the hall of De Chadderton. De Chadderton joyfully acceded to the baron's request; and Reginald West who had calmly listened to De la Warre's announcement of the banquet—the banquet of death to the baron—now humbly requested a private audience of his uncle.—The De la Warre acceded, and they both left the hall.

De Chadderton and his mistress, now left alone, were quickly engaged in (to them) a very interesting conversation, during which they unconsciously strayed from the hall to a more retired apartment. It were fruitless to relate the vows of love which were plighted by De Chadderton, and received by the Lady Sybilla; or to notice the sweet kiss of affection imprinted by the lover on the fair cheek of his mistress. Suffice it to observe that it was only by a summons to the Lady Sybilla to dress for the banquet, that the lovers were roused from their dreams of bliss. She obeyed, and another summons warned De Chadderton that the De la Warre awaited his presence in the great hall of the Castle. The banquet which sealed the destinies of the De la Warre was now prepared.

END OF CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I believe I am one of the best friends he has. But, if he dosen't change a good deal, I shall have to cut his acquaintance," said a young man, named Ellis, pettishly. He was speaking to a group of two or three persons.

"So shall I," was replied by one of the company "His manner, at times, is really insufferable."

"What is there in Gordon's manner so very peculiar?" asked another of the group who had listened for some time in silence to sundry vague allegations against an absent friend. This individual's name was Carver.

"Enough to make him a very unpleasant companion at times. Have you ever differed in opinion with him?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he insult you before you were done talking?"

"No."

"Can you say as much?" addressing another of the company.

"No."

"How did he insult you?" asked Mr. Carver.

"By his words and manner. The first were rude, and the latter was anything but the manner of a gentleman. Have you never observed this marked defect in his character?"

"I certainly have noticed that he is sometimes very unfortunate in the choice of his words while engaged in argument, and that his way of expressing himself is not always as guarded as it should be."

"Humph! I should think not. The fact is, he is downright insulting."

"O no, gentlemen."

"Yes he is. He has insulted me over and over again, until I am out of all patience with him," replied Ellis.

"Insulted you over and over again!" said Carver. "That is strange! no man should ever insult me deliberately more than once. I wonder that you suffered him to repeat the outrage. An insult, of course, is in the intention of the person who offers it."

"I don't pretend to say that Gordon meant to insult me."

"Then it was not really an insult; for that must come from the will. It must be a deliberate act intended to give offence. You daily charge that upon him?"

Oh, no. But still his manner of speaking, and the words themselves that he utters, are often exceedingly unbecoming, and calculated to outrage the feelings of almost any one. For instance, it was only last evening that in conversing with him he said, with a slight curl of the lip—"You don't know what you are talking about!" now I call that downright rudeness."

"So do I," returned Mr. Carver. "But do you think Gordon intended to be rude?"

"I am sure I don't know. I should hope not."

"Don't let your feelings carry you away. Are you not very certain that he was innocent of any such an intention?"

"Perhaps he was, but then there is no excuse for such conduct. It is easy enough to be a gentleman."

"Not so easy, perhaps as you may think. Every one has something about him that offends more or less certain persons who come in contact with him, yet all the while he is perfectly unconscious of the fact, and innocent of any intention to offend. And yet this rough corner on his character may be one of the deformities of self-love, to which his partial eyes are blind. We should for each other stand upon a broad basis."

"That is, should tolerate what is wrong in others."

"We should tolerate it far enough to give us the power to aid others in its removal—not tolerate it for calling evil good. Suppose, now, you were to get angry with Gordon, because he suffered himself, in the warmth of an unguarded moment, to speak with seeming discourteousness—do you think that would help him to correct his fault of character?"

"I don't know that it would. But I cannot exactly see what I have to do with helping him to correct his faults; let him correct them himself.—Let him learn to be a gentleman if he expects to associate with gentlemen."

"So say I," was warmly responded by another of the company; "For one, I see no reason for tolerating such conduct. If a man doesn't know how to treat people, with whom he is allowed to associate, with common civility, he ought to be dropped. And I for one shall drop Mr. Gordon, if he doesn't take plagued good care of himself."

The individual against whom such severe things were said, was a young man who had graduated a year or two previously at Harvard University, with distinguished honours. He possessed many good qualities, but had all the faults so bitterly complained of by the persons just introduced. He was opinionated, and pertinacious in adhering to his opinions.—But what was worst, he forgot, in the warmth with which he maintained his own views, to respect the views of others. Therefore, it was a common thing for him to treat with a sort of contempt what others advanced in opposition to any favorite theory of science or philosophy that he held. It mattered little whether the opponent were a man of his own age or a man twenty years his senior. He treated one just as he did the other.

To balance this, were sincerity and a willingness to make sacrifices for the good of others. The defects in his character were marked, and so were the good qualities. Of both he seemed unconscious. No one ever made free to tell him his faults, and as he was not aware that he possessed the particular fault complained of, he could not correct it.

Not long after the conversation given above had taken place, Mr. Carver fell in with Ellis, the young man who had expressed himself most warmly against Gordon. After a few general observations, the latter said.—

"You remember what passed the last time I met you?"

"Yes."

"I have met Gordon since."

"Have you?"

"Yes. And it was as much as I could do to keep from insulting him. His manner was outrageous.—If it hadn't been that there were ladies present, I don't know what I might have been tempted to do."

"You are wrong," was Mr. Carver's serious reply, "In permitting yourself for a moment to think of doing anything so highly improper. Why not rather go at once to Gordon, and tell him in a friendly way that, although he may not be aware of it, his manner is at times not pleasant, and that if he would endeavor to correct it, he would make himself much more agreeable to his friends."

"That is, humbly beg him to treat me with common civility. Oh, no, I haven't come to that yet. If he isn't a gentleman, he shouldn't be permitted to associate with gentlemen. I don't ask any one to tolerate me; to make sacrifices of feeling in favour of my boorishness."

"No. But it is barely possible that you may have peculiarities of character that are not always the most agreeable to your friends."

"Me! what do you mean, Mr. Carver?" The blood mounted to the young man's face.

"Simply what I have said. We are none of us perfect. One sins against his fellow in this way and another in that. We should all of us, therefore, be indulgent towards the faults of others, that are not violations of moral law."

"But what have you to bring against me, Mr. Carver?"

The young man's wounded self-love would not permit him to see any thing but the insinuation that he was not perfect.

"I didn't think you could bear to be told of a fault."

"Why not?"

"The mere intimation, on my part, that you are not perfect, has disturbed you deeply."

"Oh, yes I could. If you have any thing to say, speak out plainly."

"And you will promise not to be offended?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. You never were at college?"

"No."

"But Gordon has passed through Harvard University."

"Yes, and I don't see that it has made anything wonderful of him. It hasn't given him common sense, nor a common perception of truth."

"The fact that he has been to college and you not, doesn't give you the right to offer him an indignity."

"Mr. Carver, that is rather a singular remark."

"No doubt it seems so, for the reason that you are perhaps as unconscious of having been rude to Gordon, as he is of having been rude to you."

"I rude to Gordon, or to any one? Impossible!"

"Not at all. Both you and I may, under certain excitements, be led to say or do a rude thing almost unconsciously."

The young man shook his head.

"Let me specify, then," said Mr. Carver. "A few weeks ago I was present when, in conversation with Gordon, you made this remark. 'I never saw a college-bred man in my life, who had not about him a degree of self-sufficiency, or arrogance, that made his society only tolerable.' Do you remember having said so?"

"Yes, very well. And I meant to say it."

"Because you were conversing with a college-bred man, and meant to offer him an insult. Was that it?"

"Why, no, not exactly. I did not wish to insult him."

"Although you meant to hit him very hard."

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Reverse the matter, or rather change positions, and think how you would have felt had you been in his place. Do you think you would have treated the matter as coolly as he did?"

"I don't know that I would."

"Mr. Ellis—the fact is, I must say plainly that I think you have done a much more offensive thing to him than he has ever done to you."

"But he provoked me to it."

"Innocently; but you insulted him deliberately."

"No; don't say that."

"You thought about what you were doing."

"Partially; but I was led away by an impulse. If I had reflected, I hardly think I would have said what I did."

"I am glad to find you so ready to see an error. Is it not possible, that if you were to speak as plainly to Gordon as I have spoken to you, he would be as quick to perceive his offensive peculiarity?"

"I hardly think he would."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he is self-sufficient and proud. He do wrong! Oh, no; that idea could not be entertained for a moment. I should not like to be the one to tell him of a fault."

"Because you think he would get angry, and take your kind effort as an insult."

"I certainly do."

"I must give you credit for one thing, at least."

"What is that?"

"The disposition to think the worst of your friends."

The young man felt much annoyed at this. His face coloured, and when he attempted to reply, his lip quivered. He was conscious that the charge was not without foundation; and the idea that another should bring it home to him, wounded his pride and disturbed his feelings.

"So you see, that even you are not without your faults," coolly remarked Mr. Carver, the moral force and consistency of whose character enabled him to speak to all his friends with great freedom.

"And you are not at all backward in telling me of them."

"How much better that I should speak to *you* of your faults. I might talk about them to others, but could that do you any good?"

"Certainly not."

"And you would think me very much to blame if I were to do so."

"I should most assuredly; very much to blame. No man ought to talk about his neighbours disparagingly, unless he is guilty of some moral declension. It can do no good, and must do harm."

"The matter is clear enough, I perceive, when your good name is at stake. But you forgot this very sensible view when our friend Gordon was concerned."

Another flush passed over the young man's face. At first he felt angry and could with difficulty refrain from uttering a harsh reply. But he rallied his better feelings by a strong effort, and kept silence until he could speak as became him.

"You talk very plain sometimes, Mr. Carver," he said, forcing a smile.

"Isn't it always best to be frank and honest with our friends?"

"I suppose it is if we can be so."

"I have been perfectly frank with you, and I hardly think you are offended with me."

"Oh, no—no. Certainly not."

"I suppose you act with similar frankness towards Gordon. I have heard you say that you were one of his best friends."

"I cannot do it."

"Why?"

"I am sure he would not take it kindly."

"You are too positive. It is my opinion, that if some one would speak to him in the right spirit, and show him how offensive his manner often is, he would be very thankful for the hint, and strive to reform himself."

"He would never bear it. I know him too well."

"You do?"

"Yes. He is puffed up with his good opinion of himself. So much so that he would instantly fling aside any one who would presume to point out a fault."

"He has many good qualities."

"Oh, yes. With all the unpleasant features about him, I like him in many things."

"Are you anxious to give up his friendship?"

"Oh, not if I can retain both it and my self-respect."

"If it were not for his very unpleasant manners at times, he would be a general favourite."

VOL. 9—NO. 3—H.

"Yes. No one would be more liked."

"Then, it seems to me, that some one ought to go to him and plainly tell him his fault."

"It might, or it might not do good."

"Still inclined, I see, to think the worst."

"I can't help it."

"Because you are——But I won't speak any plainer to you at this time."

"Oh, yes—speak out."

"Oh, it is not worth while. I shall have to go to Gordon, I see. You are all quick enough to notice the faults of your acquaintances and ready enough to complain of them, but how few of you have the moral courage to go forward and seek in a right spirit the correction of those faults. But here comes Gordon now. There can be no better time for an interview on this unpleasant subject than the present."

"Oh, no. Don't say anything about it now for the world," quickly replied the young man.

"Why not?"

"I don't care about his knowing that I made any complaint of him."

But Mr. Carver was not going to let him draw back from meeting the issue. Gordon came up at the moment and stopped with a pleasant salutation for his two friends.

"You seemed to be in grave converse just now, or I should judge so from the expression of your faces," he said.

"And so we were," replied Mr. Carver.

"What was the great and mighty subject?"

"Yourself."

"Me!"

"Yes."

"What have I done to cause a conversation about me to affect any of my friends so seriously?"

The companion of Carver, looked at him imploringly.

"I have heard a sad account of you," said Carver.

"What have I been doing?"

"Offending against the good laws by which social intercourse is conducted."

"I have?"

"Yes, and the complaints against you are loud."

The countenance of Gordon, which before was smiling, now changed into a serious expression.

"Are you really in earnest?" he asked.

"I certainly am; and if I had not met you now, I should have called upon you at my earliest leisure."

"Who accuses me?"

"Here is one of your accusers," was promptly replied; and Carver looked at Ellis, who turned pale, and seemed very much confused. He made out to stammer forth—

"I—I—don't—know—that I accused Mr. Gordon of anything. I—I—only objected to—to his manner of speaking sometimes."

"Is there anything offensive in my manner of speaking, Mr. Ellis? If there is, tell me at once what it is, and I will try to correct it. I shall not be offended, but really obliged to you."

"Spoken like a man, and just as I knew it would be," returned Carver, in an animated tone.

"But this is all a mystery, gentlemen. You allege something serious against me, and keep me in the dark as to its nature. Will you explain yourselves at once?"

"Its nothing of any consequence," remarked the weak minded Ellis.

"I think it of consequence and so did you just now," was the rebuking reply of Carver.

"Am I accused of any crime?" asked Gordon.

"Only against good manners."

"Is that all. Well, I stand almost ready to plead guilty even before the specific charge is made, for I am well aware that I am not faultless. But let the axe fall, and if it take off my very head I will not murmur. In what way have I sinned?"

"In this," replied Mr. Carver; "You have not been generally courteous while engaged in animated conversation, especially if a difference of opinion arose. Your

manner, and sometimes your language, is felt to be rude."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Gordon, dropping his eyes to the ground and standing for some moments deeply abstracted. At length he said:

"This may all be so and doubtless is, but I am utterly unconscious of it. For having called my attention to it, I am very greatly obliged to you. I feel deeply mortified to think that I could have so grossly violated one of the cardinal virtues of social life. But are you sure I have offended seriously?"

"I have heard several young men, Mr. Ellis here among others, complain bitterly of your offensive manner, especially while in argument. And I myself have noticed that your manner is often lightly sneering when an opinion opposite to some favourite one of your own is advanced. This cannot but give offence. In the eyes of gentlemen it is almost unpardonable."

"From my heart I thank you for what you have said," returned the young man. "I will endeavor to correct what is complained of so as no more to injure the feelings of others. I would like to talk more about this now, but I was hurrying to fulfil an engagement when I came up and cannot stop a moment longer. So good-day, both of you. We will talk more about this hereafter."

And then Gordon hurried away, and left Mr. Carver and his companion alone.

"What do you think of Gordon, now?" asked the former.

Ellis tossed his head, and replied in a slightly contemptuous tone—

"He talks fair."

"And what is more, will act fair."

"We shall see."

And they did see. From that time, Gordon was very much changed. In conversation he was guarded, and was rarely betrayed into the rudeness of which so much complaint had been made.

I am sorry to have to record that the young man who had been most bitter in his complaints against the "college-bred" Gordon, never could forgive either him or Mr. Carver fully. Can the reader understand the reason?

In this rather imperfect sketch the writer has not succeeded in bringing out to his own satisfaction all that was in his mind on the subject discussed. But he hopes enough will be seen to point a moral, if not very richly adorn a tale. To all who complain of offensive peculiarities in their friends, he would suggest the propriety of imitating Mr. Carver in a frank avowal of the truth. In nine cases out of ten, it will be found that such a course will do good. We do not give to others half the credit they deserve for honest intentions and a generous desire to make themselves agreeable. Very few men are offensive from design, but generally so from some defect of character. A true friend will always seek to help another in the correction of his defects, rather than be angry with him or meet an unintentional rudeness by a deliberate insult.

THE PERFECTABILITY OF OUR SPECIES.

BY GEORGE CANDELET.

"Tis universal love which smiles arround,
From seeming evils still educing good,
And better thence again and better still,
In infinite progression.

THOMSON.

Among the many and various speculations of philosophy, there is none more delightful than that which contemplates the human race, as capable of attaining such high degrees of improvement in knowledge and virtue, that at length they will scarcely admit of farther advances. An inexhaustible course of reasoning might with ease, be adduced to justify the assumption—that the perfection of the human species is one of the objects of the Deity in the creation,—and this doctrine appears to furnish one of the most instructive and cheering questions which could engage the attention of the human mind. The most superficial investigation of human nature is sufficient to convince us, the characteristic distinction of man, when brought into comparison with the

inferior animals, is that among men the discoveries of individuals may be communicated to their fellow-men; and that thus every succeeding generation, by extending these discoveries and carrying on these improvements, is capable of excelling its predecessors in an unlimited, *progression*. Nothing analogous to this appears to take place among other animals; for we have no reason to conclude that the *cow* and the *horse*, of the present generation, are in any respect superior to the same species of animals in any former generation. On the contrary, we have abundant evidence for believing that they have ever remained stationary, if we except a very few instances in which peculiar circumstances have produced occasional variations from the general rule.

Ascending in the scale of rational being, from the horse to the savage, we shall find that the successive improvements of different generations bear a proportion to the progress which any community has made in civilization. The exertions of the savage are solitary; his few improvements are seldom known to his tribe; and his successor generally begins at the very point with which he himself commenced. In civilized society there is a combination of exertion; and every man usually commences where his predecessor terminates. These are the reasons that savage nations make such little *progress* when compared with the rapid advances of civilized communities; and it is the operation of these causes which will produce, in the course of successive generations degrees of improvement in knowledge, virtue, and consequently of happiness, of which the present age can form but a very imperfect conception. Individual improvement is the lever of Archimedes to raise the world. Let it be observed also, that the completion of these designs is in all respects worthy of infinite power and benevolence—that the operations of the laws of nature are conspiring to produce the "*Perfection of the Species*," while that of the individual has been provided for by an express revelation from the God of Nature.

In *progression* is embraced every essential to man's felicity and happiness; we learn that the human family by nature are ordained social; that each hath his peculiar value and that each forms a dependant atom in the aggregate mass. Its signification consists in the encouragement of learning; in this sense of it, society can dissipate those early errors and prejudices, with which the rudiments of all institutions are clogged; behind the shapeless masses of which sophisms are converted into the semblance of truths, and men acquire the logic of vice or become wicked from principle. *Progression* acknowledges no classification of men; no inequality of privileges, no inequality of burdens; errors in the arrangements of all communities at variance with the ordination of nature; pregnant with consequences vitally destructive to man's social happiness and the proper direction of mental *progression*. The superiority of man over all other animals (in his structure) is ocular evidence he was destined in his mission through this world to leave it better than he found it; to cultivate the qualities with which nature has endowed him and employ his genius to the advantage of his fellow creatures. *Progression* is the only genuine passport to fame; and all that is ennobling to the dignity of man; fame not in self aggrandizement—the accumulation of wealth upon the poverty and want of others; nor in the destruction of human life; or the carnage and pillage of the property of our associates. True fame consists in the pursuit of virtue and wisdom and moderate wealth as the best means of securing the highest enjoyment of every period of life, under every view of its possible duration, and consequently of making the best preparation for a dignified old age. The term virtue is used in its most extended meaning; including the cultivation of the moral powers, and in particular the exercise and expansion of the benevolent affections.

Between wisdom and virtue there is a most intimate connection. He who expects a high degree of virtue without *progression* in intellectual improvement is doomed to disappointment. This however is certain that a taste for mental pleasures is the best guardian of virtue, and in general, an effectual preservative from every species of frivolity and dissipation. The extermination of ignorance and vice should be the object of the highest ambition with every friend to human happiness "Fame shall invariably be given to distinguished merit." The retrospections in memory of a life of *progression* constitute a source of pleasure, permanently commensurate with the duration of our faculties. Future enjoyments are, with respect to our knowledge, purely contingent; but past gratifications are beyond the power of the fates; and being deposited in the storehouse of memory, may at any time be produced to furnish a feast of purest feeling. By memory, the past is ours, almost beyond the possibility of deprivation; while through the medium of the imagination, we can derive delight from the treasures of futurity; and darting

beyond the little boundary of this infancy of intellect, we may enjoy in anticipation, the happiness we shall derive from eternal advances in intellectual and moral excellencies, during our approximation to the source of all perfection. As we *progress* in the march of intellectual improvement in the same proportion crime will disappear. It is from the uneducated portion of society that proceeds the offenders against the laws, and the victims of public justice. Man is the creature of habit, and his character is generally the result, the issue of the circumstances in which he is placed. It is probable, therefore, that a perfect change of their circumstances in infancy and in youth, admitting such a change to be possible, would have placed the criminal upon the bench and the judge at the bar; no philosophy can supply a reason for clemency so cogent. A system of society which depends upon *punishment* for the prevention of crime is based upon erroneous principles; they defeat their own object, they have no affinity with the march of improvement and are totally at variance with genuine *progression*. Degredation in the moral character is inseparable from uneducated indigence. The advances in intellectual improvement speak trumpet-tongued for annihilation of vice and rendering the criminal code useless. It is better by the inculcation of sound morality to prevent crime. To counteract the force of early habits in vice, it is necessary essential objects of vicious imitation should be removed. A man of *progression* will use every energy to eradicate prejudice. It is the bane of improvement in morals, science and civilization, by blinding the human mind in fetters, and preventing it from judging correctly, by throwing a shade over virtue, and by dressing error and vice in false colours. How many who are under the despotism of this tyrant, unconsciously shun the society of the really good and wise to follow the sons and daughters of error. How many, by being thus deluded, live and die strangers to those pleasures which alone have their origin from a knowledge of the truth. Here, then, is a sufficient motive (were there no other,) for every friend of humanity to put his shoulder to the wheel of the car of knowledge, that it might crush into atoms the numerous plants of prejudice. As population increases and spreads, let the march of education, literature, and science keep pace with the augmentation, adding new acquisitions to the great mass of general information.

Sayeth Belsham, "The *progress* of improvement, intellectual and moral, individual and natural, is like the flowing tide. A wave advances beyond the rest, and it falls back again; you would suppose that the sea was retreating; but the next wave pushes farther still, and the succeeding wave goes beyond that; so that by a gradual and for some time imperceptible, but sure and irresistible *progress*, the mighty element bears down every obstruction, and in due time occupies its destined station. Even before the inadvertent spectator is aware, the soil and slime and all unsightly and rugged objects disappear, and the whole space is occupied by the beautiful and majestic main." The march of civilization will *progress* until it reach its destination, ("The *Perfection of the Human Species*,") when vice will not be detested, or ignorance abhorred, for they will be unknown; when the spirits of Plato, Cicero, Seneca and others, will issue from their graves and offer up thanks to the genius of printing; and smile at the petty attempts of ambition and despotism which hath used its every effort to subvert knowledge and virtue; essentials to the desideratum of human life. *Progression* contemplates the encouragement of benevolence; from which we find it is continually in our power to assist or relieve mankind, and at the same time derive great advantages or be wholly disinterested. Thus we purchase valuable productions, paintings, statues, and philosophical apparatus; we encourage the arts and sciences; if we take a box at a play-house or become the member of a debating society we encourage wisdom and eloquence. If we practice a useful trade or profession such as farming, physic, or shoemaking, we obtain a livelihood and become a useful member of society.

Perfectability also aims at the inculcation of disinterested benevolence: and here opens a scene which it is to be hoped will not only stimulate us to be more serviceable than what we are in general, but will also show us how most of our actions may tend towards the happiness of our fellow-creatures. Disinterested benevolence is without one selfish motive, frequently and secretly assisting the poor, founding or publicly subscribing to philanthropic institutions, giving and lending valuable books, conversing on important topics, modestly persuading the vicious and the prejudiced to follow the dictates or sentiments of virtue and wisdom—magnanimously opposing, and sometimes punishing vice and insolence, taking every opportunity to oblige—composing and disseminating learning and useful productions, struggling for liberty and zealously propagating the doctrines of truth.

There is an inseparable affinity betwixt charity and "*The Perfectability of our Species*." A charitable man will endeavour to see everything through the mirror of good nature which mends and beautifies all objects. He will never hate any body or community of men provided there be nothing immoral in their profession, however he may dislike some individuals in it. He will not pass a hard and precipitate condemnation or censure upon any man's ideas, until he hath examined and tested their utility to society—his motives are purely philanthropic and he is actuated with a disinterested desire to aid the march of "*Perfectability*." It is an ungenerous thought to engender in the human mind that utility is limited to or excluded from any place. It is diffused throughout all nations, all sects, all persuasions, all ranks, and orders of men. A free and uninterrupted expression of opinion is alone conducive to knowledge, the safeguard of individual liberty, the basis of public virtue, the only security against tyranny and the foundation of natural greatness. To crush or confine ideas which may be fraught with blessings is inimical to genuine progression in the march of human perfection. It is too often the case (through ignorance,) men condemn that they do not understand. But fortunately for mankind truth lives when its author is no more. Numerous instances are upon record in ancient and modern history, where from a want of that charity which is so necessary and essentially due from man to his fellow—in bestowing a timely reflection upon each other's ideas,—"*The Perfectability of our Species*" hath been impeded,—improvement hath been obstructed and consequently all that was intended and all that was designed for our comfort, welfare and happiness,—still bearing us in that chaotic confusion of *caste*, which impregnates conflicting interests and retards the progress of a harmonious and social intercourse with each other in our journey through life. It will immediately be recognized as a considerable recommendation to the several objects of pursuit mentioned in this essay as laying the best foundation for a dignified old age, that so far from being opposed to each other, they are naturally connected, and seem to introduce each other spontaneously. It may, indeed, be granted, that virtue and wisdom are not absolutely essential to the acquisition of wealth, and that immense degrees of it are frequently acquired without their troublesome interference. But as no wise man would wish to possess that wealth which guilt hath polluted, so he who gives up the season of activity to its exclusive pursuit, must be content with an old age, either of insignificance or contempt. Happy is the man who commences the career of life with perceptions sufficiently accurate to discern the value of the objects enumerated in this essay, as the best means of approaching its termination with honour, and has sufficient resolution to engage in their pursuit with all the ardour of a prompt decision; his career will be honourable to himself, because it will possess all the regularity of system; it will be no less useful to his fellow-men, because it will have the order and uniformity of a plan; he will impress virtue and wisdom on the passing hour, and his retrospections of the days and years that are gone will furnish materials for delightful recollections, and constitute one of the sources of his purest pleasures.

Mechanic Lodge, Hyde District.

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL—A LANCASHIRE WAKES;

OR RUSH-BEARING, THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of the "*Village Muse*.")

LET me not court Olympian Jove,
Nor Cytherea, Queen of Love;
Nor Saxon Woden, God of war,
Nor the great thunder-bearing Thor;
Nor e'en the ancient muses nine,
Of the old sacred art divine,
Lest they perchance might all refuse
To grant a simple village muse
One spark of those electric chains,
Which poets strike in forceful strains,

Charming the heart in sweetest skill,
 With heavenly harmony at will,
 Imprinting on their deathless pages
 Thoughts to endure for endless ages.

O! let me hail the maid divine,
 Exalted, an eternal sign,
 Who bears of justice the true scales
 In rightful hand, that never fails;
 On earth she dwelt in olden days,
 And found men prone to error's ways;
 Repell'd by pride, and power, and lies,
 She veil'd her face and sought the skies.
 Eternal Virgin! purify
 My clouded mind, and darken'd eye;
 Thine equipoise keep in my sight;
 And give my reason stronger light;
 My heart more hope, more peace my life,
 And free the savage world from strife;
 Drag from the bench the judge unjust
 And lay his ermin'd robes in dust;
 Disperse the clouds that o'er me lour,
 Destroy the foul oppressor's power;
 Let each man live upon the land,
 That's cultur'd by his own strong hand;
 The various shades of mind set free,
 And I will kneel and worship thee.*

Come, aid and strengthen my weak heart,
 My burden'd memory may impart
 A portion of unworldly treasure,
 Not for a profit, but a pleasure;
 And if I please, in these, our days,
 The few who love the ancient ways,
 And manners, and delightful books,—
 Exciting no ungentle looks,
 Reciprocating all the while
 That most congenial, quiet smile,
 Which pays my heart for envy's frown,
 And puts the ugly malice down,—
 I may keep calm my own fire-side,
 And rest supremely satisfied,
 As Cato told the Gods and died.

In that sweet season of the year,
 When August's golden crops appear;
 When harvest cheers the hall and cot,
 And poor men may not be forgot;—
 The rye and oats their skill require,
 And heavy wheat-sheaves strong arms tire;
 When fruit in plenteousness abound,
 And the old gard'ner goes his round,
 And nought his gath'ring hand escapes—
 Pears, peaches, apricots, nor grapes;—
 When polyanthus, mignonette,
 And some choice flowers are smiling yet;
 When trees and shrubs still spread their blooms
 In gardens, and in pleasant rooms,

* The Scales following the Virgin, in the Zodiac, furnish reasonable ground for converting her into Astrea, the goddess of justice.

And the quick-climbing virgin's bower,
 And the all-beauteous passion-flower;—
 When wastes, and marshes, and wild heaths,
 O'er which the scented zephyr breathes,
 Display gorse-flowers, and broad fern-leaves,
 Which the observant eye perceives,
 In richest purple, green and gold,
 Its own light sparkling to behold
 Their beauty to the orb of day
 Pay gold for gold, and ray for ray;
 When birds resume their songs of spring,
 Their lovely music lingering;
 And wood and barn-owls loudly shout,
 As if were near some rabble-rout;
 And beach-trees drop the yellow leaf,
 A type of human hope and grief;
 And tiny wild-flowers leave the sun,
 Their pretty love-tasks being done;
 And Nature with exhaustless charms,
 Lets Summer die in Autumn's arms:—

There is a merry, happy time
 To grace withal this simple rhyme;
 There is a jovial, joyous hour
 Of mirth and jollity in store:
 The Wakes—the Wakes—the jocund Wakes;
 My wand'ring mem'ry now forsakes
 The present busy scene of things,
 Erratic, upon fancy's wings,
 For olden times, with garlands crown'd;
 And rush-carts green, on many a mound;
 In hamlets bearing the great name,
 The first in astronomic fame;*
 With buoyant youth and modest maid,
 All skipping o'er the green-sward glade;
 With laughing eyes, and ravished sight,
 To view once more, the old delight.
 O! now, there comes, and let's partake
 Of nuts, spice-bread and Eccles-pake;
 There's flying boxes, whirligigs,
 And sundry, rustic pranks and rigs;
 And old Chum† cracking nuts and jokes,
 To entertain the country folks;
 But more to sell, and turn a penny,
 And get an honest living any,
 Aye, any humble, striving way,
 Than do what shuns the light of day.

Behold the rush-cart and the throng
 Of lads and lasses pass along;
 Now, view the nimble morris-dancers,
 The blithe, fantastic, antic prancers,—
 Bedeck'd in gaudiest profusion,
 With ribbons in a sweet confusion
 Of brilliant colours, richest dyes,
 Like wings of moths, and butterflies,—

* Of course this is an allusion to the Chapelry, and the name of our great astronomer—Newton.

† Old Chum was an eccentric character, and well known to country people. In the latter years of his life he officiated as a collector of the rents at the Manchester races. By some unaccountable fatality, this humorous fellow committed suicide, some years ago.

Waving white kerchiefs in the air
 And crossing here, re-crossing there,
 And up and down, and every where;
 Springing, bounding, gaily skipping,
 Deftly, briskly, no one tripping;
 All young fellows, blithe and hearty,
 Numb'ring sixty in the party;
 And on the foot-paths may be seen
 Their sweet-hearts, from each lane and green,
 And cottage home; all fain to see
 This festival of rural glee;—
 The love betroth'd—the fond heart plighted,
 And with the witching scene delighted:—
 In modest guise, in simple graces,
 The roses blushing on their faces:—
 Ah! what denotes—or, what bespeaks
 Love more than those sweet apple-cheeks?

Behold the strong-limb'd horses stand,
 The pride and boast of every land;
 Fitted to move in shafts or chains,
 With plaited, glossy tails and manes;
 Their bold heads each a garland bears
 Of quaint devices—suns, and stars,
 And roses, tinsel-wrought, abound,
 The silver plate one-hundred-pound,*
 With green oak boughs the cart is crown'd,
 The strong, gaunt horses shake the ground.

Now, see, the welcome host appears,
 And thirsty mouths the ale-draught cheers;
 Draught after draught is quickly gone—
 Come here's a health to every one—
 Away with care, and doleful thinking!
 The cup goes 'round—what hearty drinking!
 While many a youth the lips is smacking,
 And the two drivers' whips are cracking;
 Now, strike up, music—the old tune—
 And louder, quicker, old Bassoon;
 Come, bustle, lads, for one dance more,
 And then *cross morris three times o'er*.

Another jug—see how it foams;
 And next the brown October comes,
 Full five years old the host declares,
 And, if you doubt it, loudly swears
 It is the best in any town,
 And ten-penny ale, the old nut-brown.
 And who was he, that jovial fellow,
 With his strong ale, a little mellow?
 A huge, unwieldy man was he,
 Like Falstaff fat, and full of glee;
 His belly like a thirty-six;†
 Now, reader, your attention fix;
 In loose habiliments he stands,
 Broad-shoulder'd and with brawny hands;
 Good humour beaming in his eye,
 And the fresh, rude simplicity;

* The value of the silver plate, usually displayed in front of the rush-cart.

† A thirty-six gallon barrel.

And ever ready, for rough or smooth,
 The rare, old fellow, Bill-a-Booth !
 Who, when brave Nelson's fun'ral train
 Pass'd Temple-Bar, in George's reign,
 While countless thousands mourn'd and wept,
 The rare, old fellow snoring slept.*

Aye, thus it was in my young days,
 As thus I state in simple lays;
 Aye, thus it was in my *mesh* youth,
 Those days of happy love and truth;
 For ever thus, in that sweet prime,
 This vestige of the olden time,
 The annual festivity.
 Of the four-township-chapelry.†

And, one, for forty years and more,
 The garland-maker, ever bore
 The palm at rich devices, and
 Most plenteous stores he could command.
 Fond hearts of love ! mild arts of peace!
 When will tumultuous passions cease?
 Can the repulsive battle-scene,
 Which human pride can never screen
 From the all-seeing, searching eye
 Of Nature's sovereign deity;
 Tho' music, banners, feats of arms,
 Death-dealing bolts, and fierce alarms;
 Tho' Queen's and country's honour call
 You forth to conquer or to fall;
 The weak to struggle with the strong,
 Regardless of the right, or wrong,
 Till cloven down at one fell blow,
 In death, unyielding, brave the foe :
 The stirring words, " free, willing, able,"
 The courage strong, indomitable,
 Never forsake the Briton brave,
 But shed a halo o'er his grave :—‡

Can this dread work a moment vie
 With this old village mystery?
 Can they who forge the sword and gun,
 And they who use them, pause upon
 Their final destiny with calm
 And patient quietude, the balm
 Of guileless, recreative skill,
 Ever attendant on the will
 Of this poor garland-craftsman, who

* It is related of him, on his visit to London in order to witness the funeral honours paid to the immortal Nelson, that he fell asleep in the room, for which he had liberally paid to be admitted; and did not awaken until the funeral ceremonies had been some time concluded.

† The townships of Newton, Fallsword, Moston, and Droylsden, constitute the chapelry of Newton, and respectively, in a kind of quaternion, as above enumerated, take their annual turn in providing the rush-cart, &c. The wakes are held at Newton principally, in consequence of the township being the locality of the ancient, as well as the present church, or chapel. The old structure fell down on the morning of Monday the second of May, 1808, and providentially about twelve hours after the pastor and his congregation had retired from their pious duties. The rushes, of which the rush-cart was composed, were deposited in the chapel when the wakes, were over:

‡ Repulsive as all wars must be to the feeling heart, yet the late battles in the Sikh country called for as they were, by the encroachments of the enemy, must be a matter of exultation to every true Briton; and all honours and rewards must fade in comparison to the glory gained by the British arms.

Found love and peace, in these tasks, too;
 And died, at last, afar, away
 From torrid Titan's* scorching ray;
 From scenes of blood on India's plains,
 Those vast and arid sands, where reigns
 His burning beams eternally,
 Depriving one of his memory;†
 Another found an early grave;‡
 No kith, nor kin to soothe, or save,
 At Gaudaloue gave up the ghost,
 To me, alas! for ever lost:
 They chose to join the savage wars,
 And seek proud honour's glorious scars;
 But one preferr'd to yield his breath
 Resignedly in peaceful death;
 And still to sleep-seal'd eyes doth come,
 The garland-craftsman—"Uncle Tum."§

And now the merry wakes are o'er;
 The rushes on the chapel-floor
 Are spread, in time for winter's cold,
 To warm the feet of young and old;
 When simple hearts the sacred lays
 Chaunt to our great Creator's praise.

Adieu! I bid ye all adieu,
 In Newton, Failsworth, Moston too;
 And Droylsden; aye and Medlock-vale,
 And that sweet spot, calm Alder-dale.
 How have I vainly sought to find
 My happiness amongst mankind
 Absorb'd in aggrandizing schemes,
 As selfish as the miser's dreams;
 Monopolizing all for self,
 And idolizing filthy pelf;
 Without, within the church's pale,
 Vain as a peacock with its tail;
 Supporting heresies and creeds,
 By statutes, fines, and cruel deeds,
 Even in the Almighty's name,
 Unto their own eternal shame.
 How have I vainly striv'n to be
 From the fond old haunts of infancy;
 Return I may—in part or whole—
 Enough for me—I give my soul
 To Him, by whom I had it given;
 If not unstained, in hope of heaven;
 And should these rhymes in memory live,
 While these old past-times pleasure give,
 Then will they be remember'd well,
 When all the muse disdains to tell
 Of stubborn pride and wealth's forgotten,
 And all their acts and deeds|| are rotten.

* A name of the sun used by Spenser and others.

† My uncle, Serjeant William Collinson, discharged in 1809, or 10, from loss of memory, having been stricken with the coup de soleil, while on duty, this complaint, and the flux attacking the troops generally at that period.

‡ My uncle, Charles Collinson, died at Gaudaloue, in the West Indies.

§ My uncle, Thomas Collinson, the subject of the poem of this name, which appeared in the Manchester Examiner of April 11, of the current year, and the artisan of the garlands.

|| The class of persons to whom this more particularly applies, however ignorant they may be in some respects, will understand the meaning of this seemingly tautological phraseology. The signature is the act, and the written parchment is the deed, from and to, the vendor and the vendee.

ON THE ADVANCEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE AND CIVILIZATION.

The object of this article is to give a popular and interesting sketch of the progress of knowledge and civilization. The compiler makes no pretensions to originality, but at once freely confesses that he has availed himself of such materials as seemed to him likely to aid him in his object. He thought it useless to clog the article with notes stating the sources to which he has had reference, as his object has not been to lay claim to the labours of others, but to condense as much information as he could in a limited space for the benefit of the reader, without seeking for any credit to be attached to himself.

As a fitting commencement of our subject we must enumerate some of the modes which were adopted in remote times to record facts, perpetuate ideas and effect an interchange of thoughts and opinions.

The most ancient way of writing was on bricks, tiles, and oyster-shells, and on tables of stone; afterwards on plates of various materials, on ivory, and on the bark and leaves of trees. There are several Bibles in existence written on palm-leaves; and there is little doubt but that the ancients wrote on any leaves they found fit for use. This is the derivation of the leaf of a book. The law which was written by the finger of God, and received by Moses, was on tables of stone. Letters were first given by Moses to the Jews, and the first written language was the Samaritan. The Roman Laws of the Twelve Tables were so termed from their being written or engraved on twelve slabs or tablets of brass, ivory, or oak, and hung up for public inspection. The Greek laws were engraven on triangular tables of brass, and the public monuments of France were formerly inscribed on silver. The ancient Chaldeans stamped or engraved their astronomical observations on bricks; and in the palace of Strozzi at Rome, there is or was lately a book made of marble, the leaves of which were cut to a wonderful thinness. The disciples of Mahammed first wrote the Koran on palm-leaves, and the shoulder bones of mutton, and it was kept in a domestic chest by one of Mohammed's wives. Of the six synagogue copies of the Pentateuch in rolls, which are all at present known in England, exclusive of those in the possession of the Jews, five are upon skins or leather, and the other upon vellum. One of these is in the Collegiate Library at Manchester, and has never been collated. It is written upon basil, or brown African skins, and measures in length 106 feet, and is about 20 inches in breadth. The letters are black, and well preserved; and the whole text is without points, accents, or marginal additions. In 1699 a very ancient book was bought at Rome with leaden leaves, which had rings fastened on the back by a small leaden rod to keep them together. The treaties between the Romans, Spartans, and Jews, were written on brass, and estates, for better security were made over on this enduring metal. The discharges of soldiers may be found in many cabinets, written on copper-plates. This custom has been discovered in India: a bill of feoffment on copper has been dug up near Bengal, dated a century before the birth of Christ. Of course many of these early inventions were rude and poor substitutes for better materials; and the pastoral poets were often obliged to write their songs with thorns and awls on straps of leather, which they twisted around their crooks. The Icelanders used to write their *runes*, a sort of hieroglyphics, on walls; and one of them built a large house, on the bulks and spars of which he had engraved the history of his own and more ancient times; and another northern hero chronicled his valorous acts on his chair and bed. There are twelve wooden boards preserved in the town-hall of Hanover, overlaid with bees' wax, and on them are inscribed the names of owners of houses, but not the names of streets. These *wooden manuscripts* must have been formed previous to the year 1423, at which time Hanover was first laid out in streets. Other manuscripts of a similar character are kept in public collections. The ancient Arabs used to carve an account of striking events on the shoulder bones of sheep, and then tying them with a string, they hung their sheep-bone histories up. Wooden tables covered with a coating of wax were also formerly used for writing upon. Roman school-boys were in the habit of writing on tablets of wood spread over with wax, and for this purpose they made use of an iron bodkin, which they termed a *stylus*. This instrument was made sharp at the one end and blunt at the other, so that by turning it they could erase any portion of what they had written, and make corrections. These sharp instruments were at length forbidden to be used by the Romans, on account of many parties having employed them as a substitute for daggers; and it is related that one schoolmaster was killed by his own scholars with their stylus and table books. They adopted, instead of the iron stylus,

one formed of bone. To write on softer substances, reeds and canes were used, split at the points like the pens of the present day. Some of these tables books must have been of a large and heavy nature, and were at times converted into weapons for other purposes than those for which they were originally invented, for Plautus represents a school-boy as breaking his master's head with his table book. In time, different kinds of ink were invented, and other materials had to be sought for, on which to use it. They employed the thin bark of certain trees or plants, or linen, and afterwards they prepared the skins of animals. The first place where these skins were dressed was *Pergamus* in Asia; from which comes the Latin name of *Pergamene* or parchment. The ancients had parchment of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. White parchment was not liked at Rome, because it was liable to be soiled sooner than the others, and dazzled the sight. They mostly wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple or violet parchment. This was the custom during the early ages of the church; and copies of the evangelists of this description are now in the British Museum. The manuscripts written upon parchment or vellum were sometimes so bulky that they had to be carried on the shoulder. One youth who was exceedingly anxious to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, borrowed a Hebrew manuscript from a converted Jew; and he was assisted on his journey by his tutor, who carried for him the huge manuscript, (which had the appearance of an entire calf skin,) upon his shoulder like a porter. The price of parchment was so great, that the monks and others who could write were frequently unable to purchase it. This occasioned many losses to the cause of literature, for the copyists often erased from the parchment the works of the ancients, and wrote in their place the compositions of more modern authors. The Greeks as well as the Latins did not scruple to efface the first manuscripts which came in their way, when they were in want of parchment on which to copy their religious works. The Egyptians began to employ for writing, the bark of a plant or reed, called papyrus, or paper-rush, and from its greater convenience, all other materials became in a great measure superseded. This plant formerly was found in great abundance in the marshes of Egypt. The paper now used derives its name from this papyrus, though it is formed of entirely different substances. Before the Romans used either parchment or papyrus, they made use of the thin peel found between the wood and the bark of trees. This substance was called *liber*, from which comes the Latin word *liber*, a book, and *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French *livre* for book; but we of northern origin derive our *book* from the Danish *bog*, the beech-tree, because that being the most plentiful in Denmark was used for engraving upon. They did not anciently fold their paper or parchment as we do at the present time, but they rolled it as they wrote upon it; and the Latin name for these rolls is given by us to our books. Though our works are composed of leaves bound together, we still call them *volumes*. The ancient books were folded around a roller, and placed on the shelves erect, with their titles in red letters or rubrics on the outside; and they had the appearance of so many small pillars on the shelves. Many of the books of former times were splendidly ornamented, and besides the tint of purple with which they stained their vellum, and the liquid gold which they used for ink, their covers were inlaid with precious stones; and in the library at Triers or Treves, there is a manuscript, the donation of some princess to a monastery, which manuscript is studded with heads wrought in fine cameos. They painted a figure of a dying Christ on the outside of their books during the early age of the church; and Sir William Jones gives an account of an oriental manuscript in which the name of Mohammed was fancifully ornamented with a wreath of tulips and carnations painted in the most glowing hues. The choice books of Persia are upon fine silky paper, the ground of which is frequently powdered with gold or silver dust; the leaves are illuminated, and the work perfumed with essence of roses or sandal wood. There is now in the library of a Norfolk gentleman, the original book upon which all our kings, from Henry the first to Edward the sixth, took the coronation oath. It is a manuscript of the four evangelists, written on vellum; the letters of which approach in beauty and shape to Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and got ready for the coronation of Henry the first. The original binding is in a wooden case, and consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch in thickness, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right-hand side (as the book is opened) of the outer cover is a crucifix of brass, double gilt; which was kissed by the kings upon their inauguration, and the whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins.

The tenth century was one of intellectual darkness and its religion can scarcely be said to be deserving of the name. A rational creed, a good system of morals, and a decent and interesting ceremonial, the best legacy of the fourth century, were superseded by uniting the most absurd doctrines with ceremonies the most ridiculous ; and by the joining crimes of the blackest description with credulity of the most degrading and ignorant nature. Their code of laws was of a similar character, for when the barbarians migrated from their native forests, they took upon themselves to decide individually on the nature of wrongs and offences, and of the punishments which should be inflicted ; and not only did they reserve to themselves the task of executing private, but even public justice. This was followed by affixing certain prices to certain crimes, and thus were the rich and powerful enabled to add to their incomes by selling the lives of those who fell into their hands. This inadequate and partial way of settling matters gave rise to a variety of other codes of laws and expedients, and amongst them those ordeals which were looked upon as appeals to the judgment of God ; and which were in fact direct appeals to his justice, and an open demand of his interference. The trial by battle or the duel was amongst the most popular of these ordeals, and was well accommodated to the rude and martial spirit of the times. Even when learning began to revive, and the other appeals to the judgments of God were done away with, this military appeal was still agreeable to the spirit of chivalry, and the last that gave place to the Roman laws.

It was utterly impossible that knowledge should progress whilst such a state of things existed. The rich and the great were rival robbers, and licensed banditti ; ravage and revenge were their pursuits, and their amusements and common recreations were all tainted with barbarism and sensuality. The lower order of people were still more unlikely to be the advancers of anything which had reference to learning or intellect ; they were either the ajeet slaves of the proud and powerful barons, the associates of their arms, or the companions of their table. The secular clergy were very little removed from their barbarous hearers, and joined with them in the amusements of the field, and shared in the toils and booty of a military life. The monastic orders themselves, grown rich and luxurious, had relaxed from the wholesome severity of their original institution. The tiara crowned the brows of monsters and savages ; and the broken and imperfect records of the times are too full of the crimes and profligacy of the Roman pontiffs, too luminous in the display of such atrocities as disgrace humanity. Learning must have been inevitably destroyed but for the refuge it found in the cloister, and for the preservation of its choicest volumes in the conventual libraries, for better days and better service. That their possessors were unacquainted with their use and value may be known from the fact that more legal forms and securities were made use of to secure the return of a book than the repayment of a sum of money. The art of transcribing books was in danger of perishing ; there were few works of any interest published, and for a very wretched collection of sermons, a price was charged that would now stock a large library.

The schools that existed at this time were made of very little use. Charlemagne was a liberal founder of schools, and his example had been followed by many others, so that at the period of which we are now speaking, there was scarcely a convent, a cathedral, or a church of any eminence which was destitute of one ; but within the walls of these schools very little indeed was taught that had a tendency to make the scholar useful as a citizen or happy as an individual. The education which was given might as well have been given by a master of arms. Such characters as the philosophic and contemplative student were unknown to them, and very likely above their comprehension. The only professions in existence were the military and the theological ; those destined for the former profession found academies more suited to them in the baronial hall ; those designed for the latter profession remained long in the trammels of discipline, and their instructors are to be blamed that they did not leave them much wiser and better.

According to our earliest record, the education of the ancient Britons consisted in their skill in certain field sports, healthful pastimes and domestic amusements. They did not know how to read, but learned hymns by heart, and sang and danced to music. Such were the pursuits of the mass of the people : indeed, they held it disonourable to learn to read and write. The Druids possessed extraordinary power over the minds of the people, and learning was entirely confined to them. Their education is believed to have been a poetical one ; they learned by rote several thousand verses, in which all the knowledge was then contained. They were the priests, and probably the lawgivers, of the people ; their doctrines were not reduced into writing, but repeated from one genera-

tion to another, so that little is known of their actual history. Though the observation has been often quoted that "Knowledge is power," it cannot be repeated too often; for nothing is more certain than that, where the greatest cultivation of the mind is, it will always be found that those who possess it exercise a command and an irresistible influence over their fellow-men. So it was with the Druids; and so it must be—those who are ignorant and unlearned must ever be but as slaves and inferior beings in the hands of those whose time has been devoted to acquiring useful and practical knowledge. The mind of the rude and uneducated man may be compared to the useless reed, and that of the educated man to the same reed when formed into a pen. This is beautifully illustrated in the following lines from the Greek of Menecrates. They are entitled "The Poet's Pen:—"

I was a useless reed; no clusters hung
 My brow with purple grapes; no blossom flung
 The coronet of crimson on my stem;
 No apple blushed upon me, nor—the gem
 Of flowers—the violet strewed the yellow heath
 Around my feet, nor jessamine's sweet wreath
 Robed me in silver: day and night I pined
 On the lone moor, and shivered in the wind.
 At length a poet found me. From my side
 He smoothed the pale and withered leaves, and dyed
 My lips in *Helicon*. From that high hour
 I *speak*! my words were flame and living power;
 All the wide wonders of the world were mine,
 Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine;
 Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;
 High as the hills with thunder-clouds are palled.
 And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
 Had never wet so sweet on violet blue.
 To me the mighty sceptre was a wand;
 The roar of nations pealed at my command;
 To me, the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
 I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain;
 Or, towering o'er them all, without a plume,
 I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom;
 Till blazed th' Olympian glories on my eye,
 Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—infinity.

With respect to the degree of knowledge and civilization possessed by the ancient Britons at the period of their invasion by the Romans, it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. The country was for the greater part covered with woods and marshes, except such forest fastnesses as have been discovered even amongst the rudest savages, and in all probability they were without roads, except a few tracks which were merely sufficient to show the way from one locality to another, and afforded little means of convenient communication. They are said to have been a people, in battle at least, showing themselves half naked—without books or letters—without any arts, save the simplest and rudest—without even other habitations than mud-hovels, not reared for permanent occupation, but hastily put together to be crept into for a few months or weeks, and then perhaps to be abandoned or set on fire at the approach of an enemy or on any other occasion that might make it convenient for their occupants to alter their quarters. Thus, in the impressive sketch of Tacitus, the day following the fatal battle of the Grampians is described as having displayed to the view of the victors a vast silence all around, the hills a wide expanse of loneliness, houses smoking in the distance, not a human being to be met with anywhere by the parties sent out to scour in all directions. This was it is true in the wilder regions of the north, but in the contests betwixt the various parties that were taking place almost incessantly even in the southern parts of the island, the people were in the habit of flying for safety to the woods, when a hostile band, too strong to be resisted, swept the country, and they left unhesitatingly their slight and miserable abodes to be trodden under foot. Their habitations seem to have borne a resemblance to the huts which are now to be met with on commons, and occasionally in some of our smallest villages. The walls consisted of stakes and wattlings, filled in with clay or moss; and the roofs were constructed of boughs of trees, thatched with reeds or straw, as a security against the weather. Some houses were afterwards formed by laying large stones upon each other, without mortar between them. Other houses or huts were built of wood, and were made of a circular shape, with roofs rising almost to a point; at the top or centre of which was an opening to let in the light and

let out the smoke. They bore a likeness to the large tea-cannisters in the windows of grocers' shops, with the lid off for the light and smoke: there were no windows, but the doors being lofty, admitted plenty of light and air. Thus it will be perceived that the habitations of the ancient Britons, and the mansions which had to serve the noblest of our ancestors for withdrawing rooms, parlours and similar apartments, would, if built of stone, have made a small tile-kiln of the present day. Before this country was invaded by the Romans, our towns and cities were only assemblages of huts, in a tract of woody country, surrounded by a mound or ditch for the security of the Britons and their cattle. The Romans brought with them architects, sculptors, and painters, and built many superb villas and palaces, as the discovery of beautiful pavements, or floors, to this day testify. The habits of the Britons were then previously to the conquest of the country by Julius Cæsar, those of savages: though there was existing in the midst of all this rudeness, some indications of a social state of much more advancement. They seem to have carried on a commercial intercourse with the adjacent coast of Gaul, and also with other and far more distant portions of the universe, from which traders regularly came to several parts of the island. Those who resided in the south coast we are told were not clothed in skins, and it may therefore be inferred that they had garments made of woollen cloth, or some other woven material. They did not depend solely for subsistence either upon the chase or upon pasturage, but sowed corn, as well as possessed great plenty of cattle. They were numerous, and had a rude kind of money. The fact too of their having war-chariots, and arms formed of metal, and not merely of bone or wood, proves that they possessed some mechanical knowledge. The civilization of the Britons of the south was of a similar kind, though most likely inferior to their neighbours the Gauls. They were living in a social condition, but though they had some of the most homely accommodations of life, they possessed none of its luxuries, or at least nothing which we of the present day should give that name to. Their principal gratifications and amusements were there is no doubt those which appertain to a savage state—war, the chase, the delights of roving adventure, and festive merriment, and such other indulgences of little more than mere animal passion, which need not the aid of art, and they had scarcely any materials except such as are spontaneously produced by nature. The concluding portion of the tenth century was probably, a period of as deep intellectual darkness in England as that which prevailed throughout most other parts of Europe. The schools rose again however, and flourished under Canute, who was a wise as well as powerful sovereign. The historian Ingulphus, who wrote immediately after the Norman conquest, but whose boyhood coincided with the early part of the reign of Edward the Confessor, says that at that time schools of the higher, as well as elementary branches of learning, were then in existence in England. He says that, having been born in the city of London, he was first sent to school at Westminster; and that from Westminster he went to Oxford, where he studied the Aristotelian philosophy and the rhetorical writings of Cicero. This is believed to be the earliest express mention of the University of Oxford.

The clergy of all orders were ranked with the nobility, or rather were considered to occupy a still higher place in the state. The word of a bishop, like that of a king, was conclusive in itself, and was not required to be confirmed by oath. The lowest priest was considered as equal to a knight or nobleman, and ranked with him in the scale of society.

Tacitus says that the Germans treated their slaves with lenity, though at the same time, he says that when a master happened to kill a slave, as sometimes happened in the heat of passion, he did so with impunity. There is no reason to think that the Anglo-Saxons differed in this respect from their ancestors. The life of a serf indeed had no more protection from the law than that of any inferior animal; but he was generally of considerably more value to his master than a cow or an ox, and nearly as much as a horse; and therefore we may conclude that the slaves would be about as well treated as the cattle. They were not, however, entirely deprived of the means and opportunities of acquiring property; and though the law did not protect their lives, it took care that they were subjected to fines and penalties if they committed any offence. They frequently were able to purchase their freedom, and instances occurred of masters emancipating their slaves, which practice became more common as the power of the church was extended, and religious feelings were diffused throughout the community. Every peasant was obliged by law, if he had not a dwelling of his own, to find a householder who would

take him into his service, and allow him to become one of his household. Any householder who permitted a person to pass three nights under his roof became responsible for the conduct of that person, and appears to have been compelled to retain him, at least for a certain time, as an inmate. Associations for various purposes were common amongst all classes, and some of them were of the same nature as modern friendly or benefit societies, whilst others were only convivial clubs. Some were associations of the traders or artisans of particular kinds in the cities and burghs; and these appear to have been permanent institutions, which perhaps took their rise from the colleges of operatives in the Roman towns, and may be regarded as perpetuated in the guilds, or incorporated trades, of our own times. As the burghs gradually obtained more of the right of self-government, these fraternities or companies may be supposed to have acquired a share in the appointment of the municipal officers, and in the general direction of affairs.

The respect paid to women, and the influence which they exercised, appear to have been greater among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors than some of the general characteristics of their state of society might have led us to expect. Very seldom, if ever, in the illuminated manuscripts which relate to this period do we find women represented as taking a part in the labours of the field, but even in those which are the of highest kind, men only are employed. The shepherd who tended his flock also milked the ewes and made cheese; and women were more exclusively occupied within doors than in the present day. Women were therefore within that sphere which is most favourable to their influence. In the East, the most liberal Mahometans, who allow a future state and future felicity to women, maintain that they will not be allowed to enter the same Paradise as men; but amongst the Anglo-Saxons women were invested both in their families, in the eye of the law, and by political circumstances, with their fair share of influence. They were possessors of land, of slaves, and other property, and had the privilege of making wills bequeathing their possessions. It is true that by one of the canons of Edgar, women were not allowed to approach the altar; though it is difficult to account for such a regulation, unless its object was to prevent those engaged in the offices from being disturbed in their ideas by the presence of female beauty.

The ancient Saxons had been addicted to eating raw flesh; but amongst their descendants in this island, one of the canons of the church directed that "If a person ate anything half dressed, ignorantly, he should fast three days; if knowingly, four days." The following ecclesiastical regulations have also the same tendency as the one just mentioned: it is worded thus—"For eating or drinking what a cat or dog has spoiled, he (the offending person) shall sing a hundred psalms, or fast a day. For giving another any liquor in which a mouse or a weasel shall be found dead, a layman shall do penance for four days; a monk shall sing three hundred psalms." Truly they must have had most refined tastes and customs in those days, when it was thought necessary that laws should be made to prevent things such as the above. Excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks, in which they spent whole nights and days without intermission. Even the festival days of the church were disgraced by intemperance; and it was on the festival of St. Augustin, in 946, that Edmund the first was murdered—a catastrophe which might have been prevented but for the inebriated state of the king's attendants and the nobles who were present. Edgar the Peaceable, as he was called, tried to check this vice and put a stop to the numerous quarrels which were the consequence of it. It was the practice to hand round to the company a common drinking-vessel, which the guests used to vie with each other in trying who could drain to the greatest depth. He ordered that these vessels should be made with knobs of brass at certain distances from each other, so that no one might be obliged to drink more at a draught than from one of the knobs to another. The harp, as well as the drinking-cup was handed round at festive meetings, and each guest was expected to sing and play on the instrument in turn. Bede says that the religious poet Caedmon used always to rise from table before it came to his turn to perform, that he might avoid taking part in what he considered too worldly a kind of hilarity. Even at their ordinary social entertainments, the evenings always concluded with drinking. The general love of unrefined pleasures characterized the clergy as well as the laity. In Edgar's time the monasteries are described as presenting scenes of gambling, dancing, and singing "Even to the very middle of the night." The monks were prohibited from admitting poets, musicians, or buffoons into the monasteries; and it had previously been endeavoured to repress the fondness for convivial pleasures which characterized the inmates of the cloister.

There is no account of any horse-racing among the Anglo-Saxons, but the games of chess and backgammon were both known, or at least games very like them. The most important characters in the Anglo-Saxon festivals were the gleemen. Some of them performed tricks, gambols, and feats of all kinds, while others were harpers, or bards, and ballad-singers. Among those who practised the sportive arts are classed poets, harpers, musicians, and buffoons. The first mentioned class of gleemen were in fact mimics, dancers, tumblers, and performers of slight of hand tricks; and the rudiments of the drama are to be traced in some of the performances with which they amused the people. Bearbaiting, running, wrestling, and many other unrefined amusements afforded pleasure during an age when education included very little to exercise the intellect. The Saxons retained unimpaired that belief in witches, charms, and prognostics, which had formed the greater part of their religion previous to their being christianized. The male or female dealer with the powers of darkness was supposed to have the power of inflicting sickness, of inciting to love or hatred, controlling the elements, or rendering fields fertile. Each day in the year was distinguished as being either particularly lucky or unlucky for some of the affairs of life. If the most trivial circumstances chanced to occur at a certain time evils omens were drawn from it, whilst some other equally unimportant event was looked upon as the forerunner of every blessing. The diminution of happiness amongst a people liable every hour of the day to be filled with apprehensions of approaching calamity must have been incalculable. Dreams in a similar manner, operated upon the minds of the Anglo-Saxons with more than the force of actual events. Even so late as the time of Canute, the people are ordered in one of his laws not to worship the sun or the moon, fire or floods, wells or stones, or any sort of tree; not to love witchcraft, or frame death-spells, either by lot or by touch; nor to effect anything by phantoms.

The custom of ringing the passing-bell when a person's death occurred originated in the Anglo-Saxon period. The intention was that those within reach of the sound might offer up a prayer for the dead. A payment called the "soul-sceat" was made to the clergy on a person's death, and the anxiety of the people to procure the prayers of the clergy for the good of their souls was one of the most productive sources of ecclesiastical wealth.

We have now brought down our subject to the time of the Norman Conquest, and in our next we shall continue it to the present age. Our species, from the time of its creation, has been travelling onward in pursuit of truth, and now that we have reached a lofty and commanding position, with the broad light of day around, it must be grateful to look back on the line of our past progress; to review the journey begun in early twilight, and for a long time continued with slow advances and obscure prospects; and gradually and in later days followed along more open and lightsome paths, in a wide and fertile region. The present generation finds itself the heir of a vast patrimony of knowledge, and it must needs concern us to know the steps taken by which these possessions were acquired, and the documents by which they are secured to us and our heirs for ever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SUICIDE.

Upon a rock which overhung a stream
A lovely maiden stood. Upon her cheek,
Which once the smiles of love and hope adorned,
Despair had laid its cold and blighting hand.
Her face was shaded by a row of curls,
Which hung like mourning cherubs o'er her brow,
Seeming to take a lingering farewell look
Of her sweet eyes which like two sister nymphs
Sat in their bowers "weeping themselves away;
She stood like one whose earthly joys had fled,
And all her hopes of heaven had met their grave,
Mute, still, and thoughtful, gazing on the flood.

All nature smiled and wore the garb of joy,
 The trees waved forth in verdant liveliness,
 And flowers refreshed with dews smiled at the sun;
 But neither tree nor flower engaged her sight.
 The wanton kine were leaping on the brows,
 And sportive lambs were frisking in the vale;
 But still she seemed as though she saw them not,
 Or heeded not their gambols if she did.
 The sabbath bells awoke their morning peal,
 Which, mingling with the songs of sylvan choirs,
 Produced a sweet harmonious melody;
 But then her ear, once music's heaven, was shut
 To such sweet sounds as kindle thoughts of love
 And make our senses wander to the skies.

The bells had ceased, all nature seemed to pause;
 A breathless stillness reigned within the woods.
 She press'd her hands in silence to her breast—
 She raised her eyes imploringly to heaven,
 She breathed a prayer, it was for him she loved,
 Who had betrayed and left her to her fate.
 She waved her hand which seemed to say "I come,"
 She leaped—she fell—she shrieked—she was no more,
 Her heart was broken and her soul was gone.

Fairworth.

B. T. BRIERLY.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—There are several mountains; these do not belie the character of the Bosphorus; they are green! They are covered with groups of plane-trees and interminable groves of cypress. Above them, like swans upon a green lake, are seen the glittering cupolas of perhaps 300 mosques. Next to every one, like a guardian angel, stands at least one white and elegant minaret; frequently two and four. There are six at Sultan Achmed's. Under and amongst the trees, as it were in a thinned wood, are the houses, those of the ambassadors and a few government offices excepted. All are of wood—the barracks, the cannon-foundry, the residences of pashas, and even the palace of the Grand Signior himself. Many are painted in the brightest colours—white, pale red, deep yellow, and variously-ornamented; others are browned by time, like the houses in the Bernese *Oberland*; a few, namely, those of the Catholic Armenians, are painted dark grey and black. In narrow crooked streets they clamber up the hill sides, each, wherever it is possible, with its own little garden; or wanting this, its terrace adorned with flower-pots, and a pomegranate or fig-tree; this failing, too, at least with a vine at the door, that finds its way to the roof, drops down again in fluttering tendrils, or forms across the streets an ornamental festive garland. Since schools, baths, kitchens for the poor, are associated with the mosques, a garden for recreation can hardly be omitted. Besides this, the finest trees invariably stand in the court-yards. The habitations of the dead, who here occupy almost as much room as the living—the burying grounds—are placed around, next to, and between the streets, and form the actual groves of cypress; for all Turkish cemeteries are richly planted, and never with any tree but this. A more beautiful symbol could not stand by the grave-side than the motionless and upward-pointing cypress. There are particular burial-places for celebrated men, for the learned, the holy monks, and private individuals with their families. There likewise are small cypress groves enclosed in a railed arcade, enabling you to espy the green through the bars and over the wall. It will be easy for you to understand how, in consequence of the rising position of the city, the whole *appears* like one great garden or pleasure-palace. Mark me! *appears*. Picture to yourself a grand theatrical display, painted by the hand of a master, and with inimitable taste. You are charmed, carried away by the incomparable scene; again and again you feast your eyes, and cannot

admire it enough. But now you are conducted behind the scenes, heaven help you! Laths, rafters, dirty paper, lumps of paint, oil-spots, and coarse canvass; Such is Constantinople! Even more than the fearful uncleanness, did the fearful confusion offend me! That the streets are very narrow, crooked and steep, is their least fault. The gutter, too, in the middle, by reason of the narrowness, is rather disagreeable; but what a pavement! That of Seville, in comparison, is an excellent *parquet*. At every three steps your parasol is sticking amongst enormous vilely chequered stones, your foot at every ten. The streets sloping very much towards the middle, you never have, in fact, a secure footing; for, in consequence of their narrowness, the declivity commences immediately by the houses; your passage, therefore, is inconvenient enough. But whatever you do, don't tread upon one of those frightful, mangy, savage dogs, who never think of getting out of your way, and who are consequently, always being crushed and beaten, always setting up a hideous howl, and always sickening you by their very sight. Here a she-dog brings her brood into the world, there she suckles them, there lie a few dead, and now they are running under your feet, or growling at one another. Yet, if dogs were the sole inhabitants in Constantinople, you would find sufficient impediment in the streets, where heaps of sweepings, of rubbish, of muck, of melon-peelings, and all imaginable and unimaginable filth from barricades at every turn. But get out of the way! here come horses laden on either side with skins of leather filled with oil, and freely oiled outside as well; and look behind you! a file of donkeys with building-materials tiles, and planks. Make way too, for these men on your right, who are carrying large charcoal-baskets on their backs; and at the same time avoid those on your left, who, four, six, and eight of them together, are bearing bales of goods and barrels, so heavy that the two poles as thick as your arm by which they are supported, are bending beneath their load. Don't be stunned, if you can help it, with the braying of the donkeys, the bawling of the dealers in sweetmeats and chesnuts, the shouts of the porters advertising themselves by their cries, the howlings of the dogs, but follow your dragoman, who, with the flying speed of a business man, one hardened to the calamity, gets before you, and now is round the corner, and now has vanished in the crowd. You arrive at a burying-ground. People in Europe are aware of the reverence with which the Turks regard their graves, how they visit them, and never allow them, as with us, to be turned up again after a certain number of years. There is something very beautiful in this idea of veneration, as the cypress-groves, themselves with their upright white grave-stones rising from the green sward, produce a noble and solemn picture, when you call the vision to your mind. But look at the reality. The sward is trodden down, the grave-stones are over-turned, broken, crooked; ruggedly-paved streets divide them; here sheep are grazing, there tarry donkeys; yonder are crowing cocks and cackling geese; upon this spot clothes are drying; upon that a joiner is at work.—*Letters of a German Countess.*

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—In the reign of Edward I. gold was first coined, cannon used, turnpikes and clocks introduced, and the woollen manufacture first established; Windsor castle built, Trinity Sunday first observed, the speaker of the House of Commons chosen, and the title of esquire given to the people of fortune. In the reign of Henry IV. the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands were discovered, the Vatican library founded, capitals and stops were introduced in writing, coaches and watches first common in England, the study of botany was revived, knives first made in England, and criminals first sentenced to transportation. The reign of Charles II. produced fire-engines, huckles, gazettes, and a penny post.

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—Captain C——, of her Majesty's 84th Foot, was one of the most indefatigable sportsmen I ever met with, and the entire of his time that could be spared from regimental duty was passed in the jungles. He was a man of vast personal strength, could undergo any degree of fatigue, in short possessed a perfectly iron constitution. His habits too were anything but luxurious—a single attendant carrying a rifle of large bore, a small carpet to sleep on, a limited stock of linen, a good supply of ammunition, accompanied the sportsman, who pursued his game by day, and at night sought shelter in some village, perfectly careless as to his accommodations in the way of food or lodgings, his beverage being moreover the simple element for he never carried with him supplies of any kind, trusting his commissariat aid to Providence and rural hospitality. In this manner Captain C—— became well known to the natives of the country in every direction where sport was to be obtained; he was sufficiently acquainted with their language to make himself understood, and the kindly

simplicity of his manner attached them to his person, and many of them indeed have been known to walk miles to give him early information of large game, which were his favorite objects of pursuit. When on one of these excursions Captain C—— happened to be passing the night at a small village in the Wynand jungle, when a ryot who had been out very late searching for a stray bullock, came to tell him of a large cheetal or spotted deer which he had watched to its lair. He had also heard from the villagers that a huge snake had been seen several times in that neighbourhood. He started accordingly after his game at daybreak, accompanied by the villager and a favourite dog, which rarely left his heels unless ordered. After proceeding about half a mile through a very dense jungle, and being as the villager supposed near the spot where the cheetal had laid down, Captain C—— of a sudden missed his dog, and hearing a rustling in the bushes about ten yards off accompanied by a whimpering noise, he turned in that direction, and saw what he at the first glance took for a tiger, from its colour, a mixture of black and brown, but soon discovered what the monster really was—a huge enormous boa constrictor, which had seized his poor Juno, and was at the moment crushing her to atoms in its terrible coils. The native who was with him saw what it was likewise, and immediately fled. Captain C—— afterwards described the appearance of the reptile, when thus coiled round his dog, as somewhat resembling a barrel, every portion in violent muscular motion, and he distinctly heard the bones of the poor animal crack in succession within its terrible embrace. At last the monster raised its head and fixed two glaring eyes on Captain C——, who, in another moment, might perchance have been fascinated by their deadly gleam, but with unerring aim he placed two balls in its forehead. The effect was not, however, as he expected, fatal, and the snake instantly uncoiling itself from its victim, came straight at Captain C——, who of course took to flight, but so thick was the jungle, that he found the animal gaining on him, from the noise it made amongst the bushes; and therefore sought shelter in a tree, re-loading his gun with all possible expedition. Captain C—— was only just prepared for a second discharge, when the boa reached the tree, and instantly twining itself round the stem would have soon seized him, but fortunately at the next shot he blew out both its eyes with a charge of B B; yet though the snake appeared for a moment stunned, it still continued its efforts to reach him, until by repeated shots it was incapacitated from rising, not though till Captain C—— had completely emptied his powder flask, and he even then did not venture to descend, as the reptile continued coiling round the tree, occasionally by a muscular movement showing that its vital powers were not yet wholly extinct. At length, after some hours solitary confinement on his perch, and shouting until he was hoarse for aid, Captain C—— had the satisfaction to see a number of villagers arrive, by whom the monstrous animal was seen completely destroyed. Captain C—— had no means of accurately measuring its length but by a piece of stick, which the natives said was a cubit long; and he declared that it measured upwards of thirty of these and was much thicker than one of his own thighs.—*Madras United Service Gazette.*

EFFECTS OF TRAINING.—The state of health, or "condition," as it is termed, into which a man may be brought by training, is often extraordinary. This training, it must be understood, consists in nothing more than regular exercise and living. The most salubrious and retired country places are usually chosen, and there the man, under the guidance of an experienced trainer, performs his systematic duties. He retires early to his bed, which is a mattress, with sufficient covering to ensure a suitable warmth, without embarrassing unnecessary perspiration. He rises betimes in a morning, and after a general washing and rubbing, partakes of a slight repast, and commences his day's work by a quick walk of a few miles. He then returns home, and eats with what appetite he can. After a short rest, he is again exercised until his next meal time, and so on, throughout the day. His diet is chiefly confined to the lean of underdone beef and mutton, fowl, and stale bread. He takes two or three glasses of sherry, with, perhaps, a little old ale daily. The distance he is made to walk and run, every day, varies from ten to forty miles. He begins with what he is conveniently able to bear, and increases his exertions in proportion to his increasing strength. By these means, a man is shortly brought from a state of plethora and listless inactivity, to one of liveliness, energy, and endurance. Body and mind are alike invigorated and improved; but the benefit is mainly referable to the air and exercise. No training, however skilfully conducted, would bring a man into good condition who had to breathe an impure atmosphere.—*Medical Times.*

ADVICE TO TOURISTS.—We have sometimes been asked, whether the North of England or the Highlands of Scotland should be visited first; but simple as the question seems, it is really one which it is impossible to answer: though we suspect it would equally puzzle Scotchman or Englishman to give a sufficient reason for his wishing to see any part of any other country, before he had seen what was best worth seeing in his own. His own country ought to be, and generally is, dearest to every man. There, if nothing forbid, he should not only begin his study of nature, but continue his education in her school, wherever it may happen to be situated, till he has taken his first degree. We believe that the love of nature is strong in the hearts of the inhabitants of our island. And how wide and profound may that knowledge of nature be, which the loving heart has acquired, without having studied her any where but within the four seas! The impulses that makes us desire to widen the circle of our observation are all impulses of delight and love; and it would be strange indeed did they not move us, first of all, towards whatever is most beautiful belonging to our own land. Were it otherwise, it would seem as if the heart were faithless to the home affections, out of which, in their strength, spring all others that are good; and it is essential, we do not doubt, to the full growth of the love of country, that we should all have our earliest imaginative delights associated with our native soil. Such associations will for ever keep it loveliest to our eyes; nor is it possible that we can ever as perfectly understand the character of any other; but we can afterwards transfer and transfuse our feelings in imagination kindled by our own will; and the beauty, born before our eyes, amongst the banks and braes of our childhood, and then believed to be but there, and nothing like it anywhere else in all the world, becomes a golden light, "whose home is everywhere;" which, if we do not darken it, will shine unshadowed in the dreariest places, till "the desert blossom like the rose."—*Scotland Illustrated.*

LAWYERS.—The lawyers raised many objections, and removed none. Poor humanity! how ill art thou treated by the human race! We fire at the relation of calamities, denounce vengeance on the perpetrators, cry out for, set about reformation, and in England, give us our due, lavish our money towards it; then grow cool, and never think of the woe afterwards. Lawyers never suffer correction of abuses; they defend them even where they do not commit them.—*Walpole's George III.*

EFFECTS OF IMMEDIATE SMOKING.—Dr Henry, an army surgeon, says—"Although it is a right and lawful thing, after fatigue, to indulge in the luxury of a cigar or two, with a temperate accompaniment of diluted stimulus, vinous or alcoholic; or what is far better, out of the restorative cup that—

'Cheers, but not inebriates;'

still I must here enter my strong and solemn protest against the pernicious abuse of immoderate smoking, now so general; morning, noon, night, midnight, eternal smoking. It is impossible but that this vile adoption of a foreign sensuality, and unceasing stimulus of a brain and heart, must weaken nervous power, clog the secretions, impair the digestion, stint the growth of the young. Already are the national stamina enervated by this emasculating habit; and in another generation probably, the manly, moral, and physical attributes of the higher classes of Englishmen will, by smoking, be shrivelled into the dimensions of the Spanish and Portuguese."

ASSAYING OF METALS.—The assaying of the precious metals, anciently called the "Touch" with the marking or stamping, and the proving of the coin at what is called the "Trial of the Pix" were privileges conferred on the Goldsmith's Company by statute 28th of Edward I. They had for the former purpose an Assay Office more than five hundred years ago, which is mentioned in their books. In the statute referred to, all manner of vessels of gold and silver are to be of good and true alloy, and no vessel is to depart out of the hands of the workman until it is assayed by the Wardens of the Goldsmith's craft. The same Act orders all goldsmith's work to be stamped with the leopard's head, that animal, before the adoption of the lion, being the armorial cognizance of England. The Company's "Assay of the Coin, or Trial of the Pix," is a proceeding of great solemnity, and generally takes place on the issue of a new coinage. It is before the Lords of the Council, aided by the professional knowledge of a jury of the Goldsmith's Company, and in a writ directed to the Barons, for that purpose, 9 and 10 of Edward I., is spoken of as a well-known custom.

FASHIONS.—A fashion always becomes more fashionable as it becomes more ridiculous. People cling to it as they pet a monkey for its deformity. The high head-dresses

of France, which must have been a burden, made the tour of Farnce, and endured through a century. The use of powder was universal until it was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision of 50,000 people. Snuff had been universally in use from the middle of the seventeenth century; and the sum spent in this filthy and foolish indulgence, the time wasted on it, and the injury done to health, if they could all have been thrown into the common form of money, would have paid the national debt of England. The common people have their full share in the general absurdity. The gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly twenty millions of pounds sterling; a sum which would pay all the poor rates three times over, and turned to any public purpose, might cover the land with great institutions—the principal result of this enormous expenditure now being to fill the population with vice, misery, and madness.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TAR WATER—A SURGICAL PUZZLE.—Between the year 1750-60, the medical rage of the day was for tar-water, just as brandy-and-salt, hydropathy, and other universal remedies have been fashionable lately. The Newspapers teemed with accounts of wonderful cures which were said to have been almost miraculously brought about by the use of tar in various forms. Pamphlets and scientific essays were published, the most celebrated of which was written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, called "Siris, or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning Tar-water." Scarcely a disease existed which the public were led to believe was not to be cured by the invaluable but far from aromatic nostrum. Berkeley found tar-water infallible for nervous cholera; some declared it had cured them of the gout; from others it had driven away ague, toothache, asthma, and consumption. But the most remarkable cases in which tar was said to have been effectually curative, were those of broken limbs. One of the most singular of such instances is thus related in one of Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, recently made public:—"A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate the case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that having fallen from the top of the mast, and fractured his leg he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether his leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar oakum; and how they should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Societies and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies: and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter he added these words, "I forgot to tell your Honours that the leg was a wooden one."—This story, though true, did not occur exactly as Walpole relates it. The hoax was played off by a very eccentric character of the time—Sir John Hill—who had been refused admission to the Royal Society, and revenged his disappointment by sending a letter, detailing the case of the sailor as if from a Country Practitioner. The assembled wisdom of the Fellows of the Royal Society discussed the extraordinary nature of the case with the most earnest gravity, bringing all their medical and scientific knowledge to bear upon it. The result of their learned deliberations was given to the world, and then Sir John Hill sent a second letter, informing the Society that he had forgotten to state one circumstance in the cure, which was, that the sailor's leg was a wooden one!—The pleasantry having got extensive currency, the universal virtues of tar and tar-water were much less believed in, and at last got quite exploded.

BRAZILIAN LAW OF LOSING AND FINDING.—The Court of Findings and Losings is one of the most singular in this respect. It takes charge of all things lost and found, making it the duty of a person finding any thing to deposit it with the Judge. The loser, to prove property, must have three witnesses to swear that they saw him lose it, and three others that they saw the finder pick it up; otherwise it remains in deposit. To

show the working of the system, a gentleman of Rio found a bank-note of four hundred milrees (about 250 dollars.) The owner went to him and claimed it, and proved satisfactorily to the finder that the identical bank-note was his; upon which the finder gave it up. The Judge of Findings and Losings heard of the circumstance, sent for him, and asked a statement of the case, which the finder unsuspectingly related. The Judge praised his honourable conduct, and was punctually polite. The next day, however, he issued an order for the deposit of the money found; and because it was disregarded, the finder, a respectable foreign merchant, was arrested in the street and sent to prison, to be confined with common criminals. The gaoler, however, having private apartments for those who could pay for them, he became his guest, and was preserved from the disgust of being a close prisoner, and the companion of degraded and depraved wretches. Before he could regain his liberty, he had to pay the amount found, the decision being the forfeiture of a like sum, together with the gaolers fees, &c.—*Wilkie's U S Exploring Expedition.*

Presentations.

November 26, 1845, a Silver Snuff Box, value £5, to J. H. Paine Esq. Surgeon, by the Castle Caerdydd Lodge, Cardiff District.—April 6, a splendid Medal, to P. P. D. G. M. Thomas Evans, value 5 guineas, for his indefatigable exertions as Treasurer of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, Cardiff District.—May 16, 1846, a splendid Silver Medal, to N. G. John Buckle by the Members of the Providence Lodge, Great Ouseburn, Knarborough District.—A splendid Silver Medal, to P. S. William O'Neill, a Member of the Loyal Munster Lodge, Cork District.

Marriages.

October 26, 1845, by the Rev. Mr. Spencer, Brother Thomas Milward, of the Castle Caerdydd Lodge, Cardiff District, to Miss Sarah Osburns, of Kennington Green, London.—December 2nd, 1845, at Barrowby, Brother William Handly, of the Free Britton Lodge, Belvoir Castle District, to Alice Skerritt.—At the same place, December 25th, Brother Charles Skerritt, of the Earl Dysart Lodge, Belvoir Castle District, to Hannah Johnson, of Grantham.—October 13th, 1845, at the Parish Church, Scarbro, P. G. William Adamson of the Loyal Rutland Lodge, Scarbro, District, to Alice Stalker.—February 23rd, Brother Thomas Wardell Butcher, of the above Lodge, to Miss Jane Boreman, second daughter of Mr. Ringrose Boreman, of Scarbro.—September 4th, 1845, at Daventry, Host Joseph Stratford of the Lawrence Sheriff Arms Lodge, Rugby, to Miss Jane Gardner of Kilsby.—November 5th, 1845, V. G. Edward Wright, of the Centre of England Lodge, Daventry, to Miss Hannah Wilding.—Brother Henry Coxon, of the Neptune Lodge to Miss Ann Ainsley, both of Bishop Wearmouth.—April 27th, 1846, at St. Thomas's Church, Brother Thomas Bates, of the Work of Industry Lodge, to Miss Jane Stillard, third daughter of Mrs. Stillard, Hostess to the above Lodge.—May 31st, at St. Thomas's Church, Brother Joseph Hingley, of the Work of Industry Lodge, to Miss Ann Price, eldest daughter of P. G. Price of the same Lodge.—May 20th, by the Rev. B. Robinson, at the Union Chapel, Brother William Newman, to Miss Elizabeth Field.—On Sunday, the 18th, of May, 1846, Lucy, youngest daughter of P. Prov. G. M. William Patterson, of the Oldham District, to Edward Henshall, of the Hospitable Lodge, this being the sixth daughter married and all to respectable Members of the Order.—June 1, 1846, at the Independent Chapel, Harboro, Brother Thomas Falkner of the Prince Albert Lodge, to Miss Partridge.—June 8, at the Parish Church, Harboro, Brother Edward Whiteman, of the Britons Glory Lodge, to Miss Newham, of Little Bowden, eldest daughter of Mr. Newham Honary Member of the above Lodge, all of the Market Harboro District.—March 26th, 1846, Samuel Whittles, to Miss Ann James.—April 2nd, 1846, Host John Barlow, to Miss Ellen Pegg, both of the Pottery District.

Deaths.

On the 10th of May, at Folly, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, Brother Robert Ross, Warden of the Rose and Thistle Lodge, aged 31, years.—February 4th, Charles Jeffery, of the Viscount Lodge, Cardiff District, aged 53, leaving a widow and one child.—April 12, D. W. Davies, Esq., Surgeon, of the Castle Caerdydd Lodge, universally esteemed and regretted.—March 16th, 1846, P. G. Thomas White, aged 28 years, Pottery District.

[Presentations, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

MARR WARDLE and SON, Printers, 17, Fennel Street, Manchester.



Robert Glap

THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

OCTOBER.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1846.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT GLASS, P. P. G. M.

The subject of this memoir was born in the Borough of Southwark, London, in the year 1804. His father was one of those hardy and determined veterans who defended our native Isle, when it was threatened with foreign invasion, and was severely wounded while in the act of boarding a Spanish frigate. He was discharged with a pension, and came to reside in London, where he continued to live till he entered Greenwich Hospital, in which Institution he died in 1843, at the age of 69. Whilst in the Navy he contracted those habits so peculiar to the British Sailor, and the effects of them caused the separation of his family. Robert, the eldest, was bound an apprentice to a Potter, and, in June 1815, was sent down to the Don Pottery, at Swinton, in Yorkshire. He passed through his long apprenticeship with various fortunes, many incidents occurring that would be very interesting if the limits here allowed would permit of their insertion.

Shortly after the expiration of his apprenticeship he married, and removed to the Heroaneum Pottery, near Liverpool, where he resided four years and a half. During his residence there he became a member of the Mechanics and Apprentices' Library, then held in School Lane Liverpool; and to the benefits derived from that Institution he attributes the obtaining of those humble abilities which have been of service to himself and the Institution of which he is a member, and have principally contributed to procure a place for his portrait in this Magazine.

In the year 1832 he removed to the Staffordshire Pottries, and whilst he has resided here he has ever been engaged in some Society established for the benefit of his fellow man; and it is a matter of deep regret that he, like many other noble-minded men who have boldly and openly defended the rights and privileges of their fellow-creatures should have suffered in his own circumstances for the zeal and philanthropy he has displayed in order to benefit his species. Notwithstanding the multifarious and important duties he has had to perform in connection with the various Institutions with which he has been connected, he has so conducted himself as to obtain the approbation and friendship of a great portion of those who are acquainted with him.

About nine years ago, having read a discourse that had been delivered by P. P. G. M. Edward Powell in favour of establishing a Widow and Orphans' Fund in connection with the Pottery and Newcastle District of Odd Fellows M. U., he was induced to offer himself for membership at the St. John's Lodge, Burslem, in which he was initiated on the 19th of February, 1838. As there then existed some little jealousy in the Lodge, he refused to take office till the expiration of nearly two years, when he was elected to the Secretary's Chair, and forthwith passed through all the remaining offices of the Lodge.

VOL. 9—No. 4—K.

In 1842, Mr. Glass was elected to the office of G. M., of the District, without having (as is generally the case) passed through the other District offices. Whilst in the office of G. M., he was appointed to attend the Special Committee, held in Manchester, on the 28th of February, 1842, to take into consideration the propriety of discontinuing the then travelling relief system, &c., on which occasion he particularly distinguished himself by the part he took in the discussion. Through the whole of his term of office, his conduct was marked with that firmness in support of the laws and regulations of our Institution, which has characterized all his subsequent proceedings, and he received the approbation and thanks of his District. Mr. Glass has been frequently appointed, both by his Lodge and District, to conduct cases of appeal, particularly when the disputes have taken place with other Districts. In every case he has proved successful, and, for the candid and fair way in which he demeaned himself on these occasions, he received the approval of his District, and the Appeal Committees before whom the cases were tried. He has served the office of President to the District Funeral Fund, and has also been appointed President of the Widow and Orphans' Fund of his Lodge. He has always been a warm and zealous advocate for the establishment of Widow and Orphans' Funds, and he has been frequently called upon by various Lodges to advocate them, which he has always done with ability and success. He has been three times elected to represent his District at the A. M. C., and attended at Bradford, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, and Glasgow, as a Delegate, at each of which Committees, he was a member of the Sub-Committee, to examine the proceedings of the Officers of the Order and Board of Directors. At Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, and Glasgow, he was chosen the Chairman of this important Committee. At the A. M. C., held at Glasgow, he was appointed one of the ten Trustees for the investment of £1000 of the General Funds of the Order. During the discussion that took place on the financial measures adopted at this Committee, he took an active part in advocating those measures, and is still a zealous supporter of the principles they contain, believing such regulations to be just and equitable to every member of the institution, and such as are best calculated to secure the permanency and stability of the Order.

As a speaker he is particularly impressive, and the eloquent manner in which his addresses are delivered, secure for him the attention of his audience. Without being flowery in his style, his language appeals forcibly to his hearers, being distinguished by sound common sense, and a knowledge of his subject—two of the chief essentials of a clever practical speaker. His brother Delegates, as a mark of their respect and approbation of his conduct, decided that his portrait should be inserted in the Magazine, a compliment which but few have received, whose career in Odd Fellowship has been so short. In his domestic circle he is honoured and beloved as a kind husband, and an affectionate and indulgent parent.

In closing this brief memoir of our esteemed friend, the writer has no hesitation in saying, that he has always been a steady advocate of the principles of the Order, and one wishing most ardently to see it improve to the fullest possible extent. As a Member of various Friendly Societies and Scientific Institutions, with which he is and has been connected, his character is unimpeachable, and as a citizen and a neighbour his honesty and integrity are admired by a great proportion of those who know him.

E. P.

Tunstall, August 8th., 1846.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The Order has now once more assumed the appearance of tranquillity. The topics which for a length of time occupied the minds of its members, and created exciting and angry discussions, not only in lodges, but at all times and in all places where Odd Fellows met together, are now for the most part talked over with temper, and in that spirit of candour which so materially assist men in arriving at the truth. We have had occasion previously to condemn, in somewhat strong terms, those offensive personalities in which the opponents of

financial reform dealt so liberally, and we rejoice sincerely that they have either exhausted their terms of vituperation, or seen the error of their mode of proceeding. Abusive epithets may damage a good cause, and they never yet served a bad one. The resolutions of the Bristol A. M. C. have given more universal satisfaction, under the existing state of affairs, than could have been reasonably hoped by the most sanguine friends of the Institution, and those who were in love with anarchy and confusion felt that they had received a blow, against which it was in vain to offer resistance. Their machinations were rendered unavailable, and their wholesale agitation manufactories were obliged to be closed, because there was no longer any demand for their articles. It was no use offering powder for sale when nobody was inclined to discharge fire-arms.

The main question which the last A. M. C. had to grapple with was one of no ordinary difficulty. There were on the one hand those who had deliberately investigated the subject, and who had devoted their time and abilities to place the Order on such a foundation as might render it secure against the casualties of the future; there were those who saw the necessity for a partial reform, and yet were averse to going to the root of the matter; and there were those who wished the Order to remain altogether unaltered in its mode of action. Amongst the latter undoubtedly were men to whom every credit must be given for integrity of principle, though it may be they were biassed by old prejudices, or had not studied the question with that attention which it requires before a competent judgement can be pronounced upon it. There were then these different views to be well weighed over—there were three distinct parties to be considered—there was a course to be laid down which, whilst it satisfied those who were anxious that the Order should be in the van of provident societies, should not go too far for those who were willing to take a medium course, and should also disturb as little as possible the ideas of those who were unwilling that the ancient mode of conducting the affairs of the society should be interfered with. It is saying much for the representatives of the Order at Bristol, to assert that the measures which they devised were eminently successful, and went far to meet the views of all. The plan of leaving each District to regulate its own financial affairs was one which does infinite honour to those with whom it originated, and proves that Odd Fellows possess amongst them men who are well calculated to meet a difficult emergency, and who have that skill and promptitude which are requisite for those appointed to the difficult task of taking the helm when the vessel is about to “weather the storm.”

It is something to make men *think* upon a subject, and that this point has been gained in the present instance no one will attempt to dispute. The attention of the members has been effectually fixed upon the financial state of our Institution, and every District Committee will now be a school where the fiscal science will be studied; and unimpassioned debates will be constantly taking place on the most appropriate and economical method of distributing the funds of the society. This will lead the members to read and enquire, so that they may be able to bring forward facts and cope in argument with those who are opposed to them. It has been objected by many well-wishers of the Order that the members as a body are not prepared for a great financial change, and there is no doubt considerable truth in the assertion. The objection, however, is now in a fair way of being remedied, and preparation will be made in the minds of all for that reform which sooner or later must arrive. The delusion which has prevailed for so many years respecting the incalculable resources of

Odd Fellowship has vanished, and for ever. It will not do now to trumpet forth at anniversary dinners, and on all sorts of festive occasions, the immense amount which the Order is worth, without at the same time taking into account the heavy liabilities which are already incurred, and which are as certain to accumulate in the future as sickness and death are to follow health and life. We are not of those who delight in prognosticating evil, but we would if possible set up such beacons as will not only shew the coming danger but the means of averting it.

We are no advocates for repeated changes unless they are absolutely imperative, and we are confident that under the system which was adopted by the last A. M. C. much good will be realised, whilst there will be no chance of the Order taking a retrograde movement. We must now either be stationary or advance; we cannot retrace our steps, and so far our position is a much better one than it recently was. We would say let not the question of finance be too hastily again brought before our legislative assembly; let the matter remain in abeyance for a time; let a period of even two or three years pass by, and when the day shall arrive for decisive steps to be taken, we shall be fully prepared for the event, and well qualified to take those steps advisedly.

There is also a possibility to be taken into account, which must by no means be lost sight of. The number and growing importance of our society have already fixed upon it the eyes of men in power, and it cannot be thought improbable that the claims and interests of so many British subjects, will ere long be recognised by those at the head of the state. Neither the motives nor the acts of our members can be impugned with justice by either religious sects or political parties, and, amidst the tumults which have at times agitated the land, we have steadily pursued the philanthropic objects for which we are not only ostensibly but actually banded together. We have neither diverged to the right nor the left, and though our actions have been frequently scrutinised by men of all parties, they have been such as to stand the tests to which they have been subjected. The government of the country may, therefore, it is to be hoped, be willing eventually to afford us that protection which is only required that we may watch over our own interests and guard ourselves against dishonesty and fraud.

We cannot take leave of our readers without the mention of one gratifying fact. The disturbed state in which the seat of our government has been placed during the late period of agitation is now at an end, and peace and order prevail throughout those lodges which constitute a portion of the Manchester Unity. Many of those who seceded from us have returned to their allegiance, with unanimous expressions of gladness that they have rejoined us, and regret that they were ever separated from us. Not a week elapses without applications being made from more or less of the members to be re-admitted into the parent society, and we have little doubt that in the course of a few months we shall have with us again the major part of those who are disposed to promote the principles of philanthropy, peace, and prosperity.

LINES TO A POET.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Spring Leaves! Spring Leaves! the fragrant breath
 Of the Sylvan Spirit perfumes the wreath!
 Its very name is with odours blent,
 With the freshness of Nature redolent.
 The heart leaps up at the vernal strain,
 Breaking the cold world's icy chain,
 And charm'd by the spell of thy gentle rhyme
 Recalls the bliss of its own Spring time!
 The sigh of winds and the voice of streams
 With pastoral music have blest thy dreams,
 And ever amid their pauses ran
 A breath from the pipe of the Mighty Pan!
 The wild rose bough in the woodland lane,
 Glistening with drops of the silver rain—
 The dewy blush of the morning hours—
 The scented buds of the wayside flowers—
 The hedgerow wildings have been to thee
 Gleams of unwritten Poesy,
 Haunting thee ever amid the strife,
 The toils and sorrows that make up life,
 With visions of Nature's golden prime,
 Oh, gentle Bard of the bright Spring time.
 Blest be the song that recalls again
 The hours when the heart had felt no pain,
 With cloudless sunshine and fragrant air,
 Lighting up paths that are rude and bare,
 And bringing to this stern world of ours
 The freshness of dews and the breath of flowers,
 Hallowing our hearts 'mid their worldly strife
 With thoughts of a holier, purer life,
 And bright aspirings not felt in vain
 For that land where the flowers can know no stain!
 Fair is the chaplet thy fancy weaves
 Of wayside flowers and the fresh Spring Leaves;
 And never shall blight or oblivion fall
 On the blooms of thy silver coronal,
 For the violet garland that crowns thee now
 Is bright with leaves from the laurel bough.

Leeds.

THE MOON IN LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of the height of one hundred feet, was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt that, under very favourable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt whatever, that, if such a building he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours; no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearances which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible,—not a sea or a river, or even the measure of reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate. Hence would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher. Why had this devastation been? It might be further inquired—Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Analogy might suggest the question. Had it met the fate which Scripture had told us was reserved for our world? It was obvious that all this was mysterious conjecture.—*Dr. Scoresby's Lecture on Astronomy.*

EDGAR VERNEY:

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIPSY'S STORY.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

SHAKSPERE.

I was born in a small village in Northamptonshire, beautifully situated, and far away from the noise and tumult of towns. I was an only child, and consequently grew up in the midst of indulgences such as seldom fall to the lot of those whose parents are favoured with a numerous offspring. I was educated at a respectable school in the neighbourhood, which flourished under the auspices of a learned and amiable clergyman, whose living was inadequate to his wants, though few of those were of a personal nature. I was naturally of an impetuous and susceptible disposition, with considerable aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge, though I was deficient in application. One great fault in my character was, that I was too prone to stop short in any project, before I had accomplished its completion, and when the end was not only clearly in view, but easy of attainment. I was also naturally careless in points of etiquette, and not unfrequently lost an advantage, because I neglected the observance of those forms and courtesies which seem to constitute the principle portion of some men's existence, whilst in others they are almost wholly wanting. I had a careless contempt for the little elegancies of conversation, and frequently gave offence by the utterance of a *brusque* remark, when I might have conciliated or created a friendship by an opposite course of conduct. I was as backward and diffident at paying a friend a compliment, as though I were about to ask him for money. The language of flattery stuck in my throat, like Macbeth's Amen. You will draw an inference from this, that I was not calculated to make a rapid progress in society, by dint of my cultivation of those matters which tend to heighten the conventionalities of polished life. I had, however, done what every man does, more or less, sometime in the course of his career—fallen in love—if that expression can be correctly used towards those who are frequently raised by the passion to a heaven of ecstasies. The lady who was the object of my affection was the daughter of my tutor, and a most lovely creature she was, fair, meek, and very susceptible. We went through the usual routine of quiet love-matters, where the parties can meet often, and parents have no objections on the score of discrepancy of position or otherwise. My disregard of etiquette sometimes caused a little unpleasantness or expostulation, but on the whole, I found that my wooing, was very easy, pleasant, and comfortable.

"For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

Excuse the hacknied quotation, but I have read Shakspeare so frequently, that I can't help speaking his language. Well, to be brief, before I was seventeen, a fine looking youth, about my own age, the son of an officer, became a fellow-student of mine, and a clever, rattling, vivacious stripling he was—I am free to confess, that he was my superior in every respect, but that was no apology at the time for his being my rival. He studied those things which I despised, and the little attentions, which females naturally look for and require from the opposite sex, were paid by him with pleasure, and without the slightest appearance of affectation. Suffice it to say, that he was not only my rival but a successful one. I am not now willing to submit to what I consider an injury without resenting it in the best way I can, and I was not a whit better when I was younger, as you may readily believe. I took the first opportunity I could find in private of telling him he was a scoundrel, and I emphasised the term with a blow. His father's blood was in his veins, and a great portion of it rushed to his face at the moment he received the insult, but the next instant he was deadly pale. He calmly told me, that he was of a race of men who never brooked an insult, or hesitated to revenge it, and he bade me name an early hour in the morning when we might meet, so that I might give him the only reparation with which he would be satisfied—the chance of washing away with my heart's blood the dishonour I had stained him with. I had

scarcely expected such a response to my attack, though I was not the coward to shrink from it. After a little parley, we agreed to meet alone at four in the morning, in a sequestered spot, about a mile distant from our tutor's residence. We were to provide ourselves with pistols, and keep the matter a profound secret from every one.

It was the first of June that broke brightly and beautifully upon me on that morning, when I sallied forth with the intention of either taking a fellow-being's existence, or of sacrificing my own. I could not help stopping, however dreadful was my object, to take a view of the surrounding scenery, and admire the loveliness of nature, which was spread about as if to woo me to its bosom, and reproach me with its placid looks, for the violence in which I was about to be an actor. The sun had just risen, and every leaf, and flower, and blossom, seemed to rejoice in a glad and vigorous maturity. The landscape was a remarkably fine one, dotted with sheep and cattle, and birds were singing their morning-hymns, and soaring heavenwards whilst they sang. The pastures abounded with clover, which filled the air with its rich perfume, and the bean-fields also sent forth their delightful incense. Honeysuckles and wild roses were on the hedges, held together by garlands of the great bindweed, sprinkled with snowy flowers. Excited as I was, I felt that it was a profanation of the goodness and glory of God, to meditate the destruction of one of his creatures, on a morn like that, but, alas, for what men call honour, I felt myself bound to proceed with my undertaking, or stand disgraced for ever in the eyes of all who knew me. I pressed my fingers hard over my temples and hurried on.

I was first at the spot, but had not to wait many minutes for my opponent. He came bounding on with a light and quick step, and politely and easily apologised for having kept me waiting. How I hated his smooth and insinuating language, for it was that which had led to our present encounter, and the tones of his soft and musical voice had more effect in rousing my hatred, than if he had spoken in accents the most harsh and menacing. We agreed upon the number of paces which we should measure, and turning round together, our pistols were discharged instantaneously. I was unhurt, but my rival fell, and a red stream gushed copiously from his side. He held out his hand to me, and assuring me of his forgiveness, conjured me to fly, for he felt his death was rapidly approaching. I grasped his hand, but it lay powerless within mine, and his eyes closed as if for ever. The bloody deed I had committed was now in all its horrors before me, and I repented the more bitterly that my repentance came too late. Life was dear to me, and I fled from the scene, to go I knew not whither. I had fortunately two bank-notes for £5 each in my possession, the yearly allowance which I had just received from a maiden aunt. I started on foot, and did not dare to call at any house of refreshment, lest I should furnish a clue to my whereabouts—indeed, I felt no inclination for food, and I travelled on until I met with a brook, at which I could allay my thirst, which towards the middle of the day, became burning and intolerable. With few intervals of rest, I journeyed on until midnight, when I felt completely exhausted and overcome with sleep. I halted in front of a neat white cottage, the inmates of which had retired to rest, and as there was a sort of long wooden box or chest underneath the window, which was apparently used to keep provender in, I threw myself upon it, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep. It was broad day-light when I was awakened by a rough shake and a loud salute, and I beheld a stout, shock-headed fellow, who was evidently a farm-servant. In rude and uncouth language, he asked me what right I had to make my resting-place there, and bade me to begone quickly on my way. I was about to inform him that my being there was caused from my incapability to proceed further, when the casement above me opened, and a sweet and rosy face was thrust out to enquire whom the man was talking to. My explanation was soon made, and apparently believed, for the girl who owned the face told me to wait a minute, and she would come to me. The man retreated about his business, and the girl shortly joined me. She requested me to sit down, and speedily set before me a large bowl of milk, and a loaf of brown bread, which she invited me to help myself without ceremony. I did not feel many thanks were necessary, my appetite was getting rather ravenous, and I, fancy I did tolerable well on so plain, but substantial fare. My hostess, like most of her sex, was disposed to be curious, and I proceeded to satisfy her curiosity, by telling her a series of untruths. I stated that I was a young man, who had been clerk in a mercantile house in Northampton, and that I was travelling to London in search of employment. She enquired anxiously if I had any parents, and when I said they were dead, she was

much affected, and pulling out a small silk purse with a steel clasp, wished to force a shilling upon me. I was greatly touched by her artless generosity, which I assured her I was not in need of. This poor girl's shilling was no doubt, as much to her as hundreds of pounds are to those who move in a different sphere, and yet most of them would have refused me the same sum under similar circumstances. I thank God that I have been able since to repay her with interest. But to go on—she seemed vexed that I would not accept of her proffered gratuity, and when I rose to depart she took the opportunity of cramming a large piece of bread into my pocket, for which I heartily thanked her. I felt exceedingly inclined to have given her a kiss, but she looked so innocent and unsophisticated, that I dared not do so for fear of offending her. I shook her warmly and heartily by the hand, and feeling as if I were losing a friend, I bade her a kind, though melancholy farewell, and proceeded on my journey, being now resolved to make the best of my way towards London, the road to which I had taken the precaution to enquire from my benefactress, who seemed rather surprised, as well she might, that I should be ignorant of a route, which I had set out with the intention of traversing.

With the remainder of my journey I will not trouble you, except by stating that, when within a few miles of the suburbs of the metropolis, I fell in with a young man of rather prepossessing manners, who informed me that he had lately been dismissed from a man of war, and was now going to London to enquire after some relatives who were comfortably established in business there. We agreed to secure lodgings together for the night, and having fixed upon what we considered one of the least expensive taverns, we entered and enquired if we could be accommodated with supper and a bed. We were answered in the affirmative, and partook of an excellent beefsteak and a pot or two of half-and-half, a beverage which I had never before heard of. Previous to retiring to rest I deposited one of my bank notes, which I had not had occasion to change, in the hands of the landlord and told him he could take out of it the price of my bed and supper, and give me the difference in the morning; my companion and I then sought our couch, and I was soon in a sound and dreamless slumber. When I awoke in the morning I found my companion had got up before me, and I hastened to dress myself, for, from the bustle which I heard in the house, I was convinced it was rather late. On enquiring from the landlord where I should find my friend, I was informed that he had gone out at an early hour, leaving word that he should be back by the time I was ready for breakfast. I waited for awhile patiently, and then my suspicions became aroused, and I instinctively put my hand in the pocket where I had deposited my money. To my inexpressible dismay, I found it empty, and when I made known my loss to the host, and told him how I had become acquainted with my companion, he only shook his head and smiled at my simplicity in placing confidence in one whom I had never seen before. A few weeks' residence in London would, he said, effectually cure me of trusting to appearances alone. It was well for me that I had left one of my notes with the landlord the previous evening, or I should have been penniless. By the landlord's direction I made known my loss at the Police Offices, and gave a description of the thief, though with very faint hopes of ever beholding my money again. Not knowing what I should do next, I occupied myself with rambling through the different streets of the city, keeping meanwhile a sharp look-out for my quondam bed-fellow, who, however, was too experienced a practitioner, no doubt, than to stay in the lion's mouth. I returned to my inn, well tired with my rambles, and, after discussing a hearty supper, retired to bed—this time to sleep alone.

I soon discovered that London, full as it is of business, was not exactly the place for an inexperienced youth without character to procure a situation, and after applying at different register-offices which held out tempting inducements, and replying to countless advertisements, I was compelled to turn my thoughts in some other direction. My money had been economised as much as possible, but a three weeks' stay in London had left me a sum which did not require much counting. I resolved to visit the maiden aunt, of whose bounty I had been an annual recipient, and who resided in a village in Kent. I durst not trust myself to write, lest my communication should fall into other hands than her's, though I knew that her affection for me would secure me from being betrayed, if I trusted to her alone. With a few shillings in my pocket, and a stout stick in my hand, I turned my back on London, one bright and glorious morning. I travelled till noon, and then refreshed myself at a way-side alehouse. I had not proceeded above five miles from my halting-place when I beheld a wild party

encamped in a wood, and two or three stragglers from the group were lounging along the road, and casting furtive glances at me, as I advanced. I had nothing of consequence to lose, and, therefore, felt very little alarm as to any result of the encounter I might have with them. They entered into conversation with me, and finding something in my mood that suited them, they invited me to share their meal which was now preparing. I was far from loath to accept their invitation, and a merry meal it was—as free from conventionalities as even I could have wished it. With very little persuasion I agreed to become one of them, and thus commenced my career as a gipsy. To those who are fond of constant excitement, and continual change, there is no life so well adapted as the gipsy's. We were seldom short of a substantial meal, for whilst the men were prowling about, the cleverest of the women were promising excellent husbands and splendid fortunes to those who were silly enough to believe them; and the donations they received were often very liberal in amount, particularly when they had made a lucky hit in describing the person of some favourite lover. We sometimes took up our abode for awhile in towns, and then our avocations were as varied as the abilities of the persons of whom our band was composed. It consists not with my present narration to tell you of the many schemes which we put in practice to advance our interests, nor of the arts which we used, and in most instances successfully, to introduce ourselves into respectable and influential society. We had disguises without number, and in the genteel line I was considered a rather valuable assistant. The most talented, however, of our band was a female, the mother of the young girl who was our attendant. She had been brought up in the lap of luxury, and from a chain of circumstances to which I will not advert, she became a leader of gipsies. She had the art, not only of introducing herself into first-rate society, but of insinuating herself into the confidence of those with whom she associated, and the secrets which she became possessed of were most invaluable to us. She was about thirty years of age when I first made her acquaintance, and remarkably handsome and lady-like in her person. One instance only of her cunning and presence of mind I will relate to you, and yet it is not improbable that you may have heard of the circumstance before, as the case got into the newspapers at the time, though not the real facts.

A lady of highly respectable connections, and moving in the very first circles of a fashionable city, went into a silk-mercantile shop with the avowed purpose of purchasing a few trifling articles. Some very rich cards of lace were shewn to her, but she declined to purchase any of them, on the plea that they were too expensive for the present state of her finances, though she seemed struck with the beauty of the article, and was very lavish in her praises. When she had departed, the shopman who had attended to her, found, to his consternation, that one of the most valuable cards of lace had been abstracted. He lost no time in following the lady, and with great politeness requested her to return for a few moments. She did so, with apparent willingness, but, on searching her, the missing card of lace was found concealed in her muff. She was given into custody, though she strongly protested her innocence, and declared she knew not how the lace had found its way into her possession. She was taken before the magistrate, who considered that the case was one which he could not do otherwise than send to the assizes, and accordingly the lady was committed for trial. Every means were tried to prevail upon the shopkeeper not to prosecute, but he resolutely resisted all overtures, and declared that, as he had prosecuted poor delinquents, he would not shrink from his duty by allowing a rich one to escape, whatever were the consequences to himself. As the time drew near for the trial, great excitement prevailed, not only amongst the lady's friends, but also in the minds of the public, some espousing her cause, and declaring their belief in her innocence, whilst others were of a contrary opinion, and highly censured one who was removed from the temptations of poverty. The assizes had almost arrived when a lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and followed by a footman in handsome livery, called at the shop where the theft had been committed, and desired to look at various costly articles. Amongst other things she requested to be shewn some lace, and purchased a considerable portion. When she had concluded, and was about to retire, amidst the profuse thanks of the shopman, she took up her muff, and no sooner had she introduced her hand than she discovered a card of rich lace concealed there. Her anger and indignation were unbounded, and she called on all who were present to bear witness to the disgraceful fact that some one had placed in her muff the piece of lace. The lace was the shopkeeper's he admitted, and it was not the lace she had bought; but why or wherefore it had been placed in her muff no one would venture to say. It was, however, there, and the lady herself had dis-

covered it. The poor shopkeeper knew not how to act in the matter—he was completely bewildered. When the trial of the party who stood committed for a theft at the same shop came on, and the evidence against her had been gone through, the lady who had found the lace concealed in her muff was brought forward to state the circumstance, and her testimony had a most powerful influence on the jury. The shopkeeper and his assistants could not controvert the fact which the lady stated, and by a singular coincidence the same shopman who had caused the apprehension of the prisoner at the bar was the one who had served the lady who was now produced in evidence. The jury deliberated only for a few minutes, as they were satisfied in their own minds that the lace which the prisoner was accused of stealing had been introduced into her muff by similar means and for a similar purpose to those which had been practised towards the lady-witness. The accused lady was acquitted amidst the plaudits of the court, and triumphantly escorted away by her friends. She had created sympathy in the minds of all, for she was a young, elegant, and lovely woman, graced by all the adornments which dress can impart. The injury done to the shopkeeper was great, and the shopman, who was supposed to have caused the mischief, was dismissed. By some mysterious process, however, a large sum found its way to the discharged shopman who had the good sense to leave the place, and commence business in a different locality. There was another, too, who reaped a pecuniary advantage from the transaction, and this was the handsome gipsy—for she had been the lady-witness.

I had been with the tribe about three years, when one day, as I was strolling in disguise through the streets of a large town, I was struck by the appearance of an officer and his lady who passed by me, and who seemed, from the great attentions which were paid by the gentleman, to be in the honeymoon of their marriage. I turned back, and managed again to meet them, and this time I was satisfied there was no mistake—it was the rival whom I thought I had slain, and his wife was my tutor's daughter. They did not recognise me, for I was disguised too effectually. Here was at once an adventure which caused a complete revolution in my plans and feelings. I was not a murderer, and I offered up inwardly a prayer to my Creator that I was absolved from that greatest of all crimes. My parents—what was their state?—and how had my father, whose health when I left home was rapidly declining, borne up against my protracted absence? These were the thoughts that next possessed me. I had not, of course, told any of our tribe what were the true reasons which made me one of them, and I now invented an excuse for leaving them for a time, and was soon on my way to the place of my birth, a crowd of mingled sensations passing through my brain during my journey.

It was evening when I reached my parents' dwelling, and, knocking timidly at the door, I stood trembling to see who would answer my summons. An old female domestic, who had been my nurse, opened the door, and surveyed me with a curious eye, as I stood mute on the threshold of my father's house, without daring to enquire respecting those whom I had left behind me. Three years of a wandering life, almost constant exposure to the sun, and bushy whiskers, entirely prevented the old servant from recognising me. I asked if my father were within. She gazed at me with astonishment, and informed me that he had been more than two years dead. My mother was still alive; and waiting to hear no more I rushed past my old nurse, and was at my mother's feet. She uttered a faint shriek when she beheld me, and became insensible. Oh, no disguise can hide a son from the eye of a mother.

That my rival's wound had not proved fatal was sufficiently attested by his existence and marriage. I was for awhile quite a lion in the neighbourhood, and no party was considered to be complete without me. My gipsy adventures were a never-failing topic of conversation, and, like other great men, I enjoyed for a time my popularity. I soon, however, had a surfeit of the society which I was in the habit of meeting in our primitive locality, and I often sighed to rejoin the sun-burnt troop with whom I had spent so many happy hours. In little more than a year my mother died, and as I had then no tie to bind me to my native village, I bade farewell to its inhabitants, and set out in search of my former companions, whom I had little difficulty in discovering. Since then I have remained with the tribe, and, with the blessing of God, I intend to die amongst them.

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.

[To be continued.]

TO DEATH.

O DEATH ! thou art no fiend, when to thy arms
 Thou takest the weary pilgrim of despair ;
 Thou art not terrible when thou dost seize
 On him, who hath outlived his happiness.
 The man of sorrow hails thee as his friend ;—
 Thou dost not smite him ; in thy close embrace
 He struggles not ; but yearns with strong desire
 To lift the awful veil, which shrouds thy form,
 And gaze upon thy placid loveliness.
 To him thy face is circled round with smiles,
 Which to a soul unwean'd of earth are hid ;
 But shine on sorrow with alluring ray,
 And tempt the life-sick wanderer to the tomb.

Yet, thou seem'st cruel, Death ! when thou dost pluck
 The bud of childhood ripening into youth,
 Crushing the germ of beauty fresh from heaven,
 And pois'ning with sepulchral taint it's life.
 Dost thou, stern reaper ! gather them in pride
 To decorate thy subterranean bower ?
 Or, to entwine around thy diadem,
 As we would deck with Flora's progeny
 The garland of a bride ?

O ! let us hope,
 That thou dost cull them with a loving hand,
 To plant them in a more salubrious clime—
 Twining their tendrils 'round the throne of God,
 That they may bloom and ripen 'neath His smile.

Hollinwood.

B. T. BRIBBLE.

SHANE FADH'S WEDDING ;

OR, A SKETCH OF IRISH LOVE AND MERRIMENT.

I thought it might be someway amusing to the readers of the Magazine, to hear something in the shape of a story respecting those poor Irish or Connaughtmen, as they are generally called, that visit this country so often to seek employment.

To give a geographical history of Ireland, would take up more space than what the columns of the Magazine would admit of. Suffice it to say, that it is 300 miles long, and 150 broad, and contains a population of nine millions. Its fertility, produce, and beautiful scenery entitle it to be called—"First Flower of the Earth, first Gem of the Sea."

Ireland is divided into thirty-two counties, or four provinces, Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. Those provinces were formerly governed by four kings, until the year 1395, when they resigned their sovereignty to Richard II. But in the year 1172, Henry II. was induced to come to Ireland to settle certain disputes among the Irish Kings. The conditions by which these disputes were settled, history best knows.



Henry, though he accepted the conquest of Ireland because it cost him little, and though he had cunning enough to see that it was worth something, yet actuated by his mean parsimony, political views, and perhaps a low estimate of the real value of Ireland, determined that the private individuals, at whose risk it was obtained, should also be at the expense of preserving what was already mastered, and of subduing the rest.

So after bringing over a colony from Bristol to settle in Dublin, and occupy the place of the evicted Ostmen, he distributed immense territories to the grantees who had first invaded and gained a footing in Ireland.

To Strongbow he gave Leinster, to De Lacy, Meath; in which place the family of the immortal Wellington settled, and from whence they take the title of Earls of Mornington. Well may the county Meath men be proud of their countryman, the noble Arthur, the hero of a hundred fights; as they say themselves, he is a real Irishman to the back bone, only he won't be a repealer. To De Lacy, Ulster, and to Robert Fitz-Stephen and Miles de Cogan, Cork. Thus he laid the foundation of that great Anglo-Norman aristocracy, or rather oligarchy, who ever at war with the Irish or the crown, were the chief cause of the unquieted state of Ireland for five hundred years. One complaint against Irishmen is, that they are unstable and proud. It is commonly said, that you cannot trust an Irishman. Why?—simply from this circumstance—that Irishmen are warm and lively in their temperament, or in other words volatile. Now, what does this spring from? Is it from the climate, from the soil, or from what? The fact is, that Irishmen have not been educated to restrain themselves. Mark what I say—I refer all the difference between Irishmen and others to education, and that may be corrected. But if, in saying, that an Irishman cannot be trusted, it is meant to be said, that he is unstable in his friendship, unstable in the performance of his moral duties, unstable in all those things, which render him worthy of confidence, many affecting instances refute the assertion.

But the cause of this objection lies in a circumstance which will be readily appreciated. Ireland has been so long the scoff and derision of England, that Irishmen are extremely, morbidly, sensitive on anything relative to their country. They cannot endure that a whisper should be heard against her. They would almost break friendship with one to whom they were much attached, if he gave utterance to a sarcasm on the land of their birth—and the feeling is natural. It springs from that feeling in the human heart, which causes us to resent with hatred the contempt of others. But, we should control it—if our country is sneered at, let us not indicate soreness, wrath, or vexation. No, we should by our dispositions shew that a time is rapidly coming when Ireland will not afford a sneer, and instead of boasting we should act—let all the world not merely know, but let them see, that from the Emerald Isle some good can come. Again Irishmen are blamed for being hasty in whatever they do. They form hasty attachments, break them as hastily; are easily pleased and easily provoked, soon excited by jealousy, and quickly convinced by candour. Let Irishmen take care to avoid this characteristic, for by it we lose a great deal—much more than we gain: a pretty face will make Paddy mad to get married; a fine fellow will make him anxious to get acquainted; a sour look will make him throw every consideration to the winds, and he will fight his friend—a generous action will make him clasp you to his heart, and offer you all he has in the world. But let us avoid this also—try to keep a guard over the impetuous feelings; be wary, be prudent, and when necessary, be still-minded. If Paddy, with his warm heart, had Sandy's caution, and John Bull's bluntness, what a fine fellow he would be.

My readers may suppose a party assembled round a cheerful fire, on a winter's evening, and all enjoying the comforts of a social chat. Shane Fadh, (signifying long or tall,) tells his own story, which commences in the following manner.

'Well Shane,' said Andy Morrow, 'will you give us an account of your wedding. I'm told it was the greatest let out that ever was in the country since.' 'And you may say that, Mr. Morrow,' said Shane, 'I was at many a wedding, but never at the likes of my own, barring Tim Lanigan's, that married Father Corrigan's niece. When I was a lime-oge,' (a young man full of fun and frolic,) said Shane, 'I was as wild as an unbroken colt, no devilment was too hard for me; and signs on it, for there wasn't a piece of mischief done in the parish but was laid at my door, and the dear knows I

had my own to answer for, let alone to be set down for that of other people. But any way, there was many a thing done in my name, when I knew neither act or part about it. Mary was as purty a girl as you'd meet in a fair; indeed I think I am looking at her, with her fair flaxen ringlets hanging over her shoulders, as she used to pass our house going to mass on a sunday. God rest her soul! she's now in glory. Many a happy day we passed together, and I could take it to my death, that an ill word, let alone raise our hands to one another, never passed between us. The world is a strange thing—myself hardly knows what to make of it. It's I that did doat night and day upon that girl, and indeed, there was them that could have seen me in Jimmaky for her sake, for she was the beauty of the country, not to say of the parish, for a girl of her station. For my part, I could neither ate nor sleep, after it was settled that she was to be my own married wife, and to sleep under my own roof. When I'd think of it, my very heart would bounce to my throat, with downright joy and delight. The sunday before we were married, I met her at Althadawn Wood, and I'll never forget what I felt when I was going to the green at St. Patrick's Chair, where the boys and girls meet on a sunday; but there she was, the bright eyes dancing with joy in her head to see me. We spent the evening in the wood 'till it was dusk, I bating them all leaping, dancing, and throwing the stone—for by my song, I thought I had the action of tin men in me, she looking on and smiling like an angel, when I'd lave them miles behind me. As it grew dusk, they all went home, except herself and me, and a few more, who may be, had something of the same kind on hands. 'Well, Mary,' says I, 'a cushlamachree, it's dark enough for us to go, and in the name of God let us be off. The crathur looked in my face and got pale, for she was very young then.' 'Shane,' says she, and she trembled like an aspen lafe, 'I'm going to trust myself to you, for ever and for ever, Shane avourneen,' and her sweet voice broke into purty murmurs as she spoke. Whether for happiness or sorrow, God only knows. 'I can bear poverty, sickness, and distress, and want with you, but I can't bear to think that you should ever forget to love me as you do now, or that your heart should ever cool to me; but I'm sure,' says she, 'you'll never forget this night, and the solemn promises you made me before God and the blessed skies above us.' 'She was sitting at the time under the shade of a rowan tree, and I had only one answer to make: I pulled her to my breast, where she laid her head and cried like a child, with her cheek against mine. My own eyes warn't dry,' although I felt no sorrow, but I'll never forget that night.' He now paused for a few minutes, being too much affected to proceed. 'Well, at last the day came. The wedding morning, or the bride's part of it as they say, was beautiful. It was thin the month of July. The evening before, my father, and my brother, went over to Jimmy Finnegan's to make the regulations for the wedding. We, that is my party, were to be at the bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed all on horseback to the priest's to be married. We were then, after drinking something at Tom Stance's public house, to come back as far as Dumbhill, where we were to start and run for the bottle. That morning we were all up at the skreek of day. From six, my own faction, friends and neighbours, began to come, all mounted, and about 8 o'clock there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, others on raherries and asses, and by my word, I believe little Dick Snudagham, the tailors' apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, was mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selviges tied to his horn. Anything at all to keep their feet from the ground, for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding, that had'n't some animal between him and the earth. To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lanigan's that I mentioned before. It would make your face split with laughing to see the figure they cut. Some of them had saddles and bridles, others had saddles and halthers; some had back suggawns of straw, with hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others had sacks, fitted as like saddles as they could make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times round the horse's body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat sideways, the women had to be put foremost, and the men behind them. Some had decent pillions enough, but the most of them had none at all, and the women were obliged to sit where the crupper ought to be, and a hard card they had to keep their seats, even when the horses walked asy, so what must it be when they came to a gallop—but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

From the time they began to come that morning, you might be sertain that the glass was no cripple anyhow; although for fear of accidents we took care not to go too deep. At eight o'clock, we sat down to a rousing breakfast, for we thought it best to eat a trifle at home, lest they might think that what we were to get at the brides' breakfast might be thought any novelty. As for my part, I was in such a state that I could'nt let a morsel cross my throat, nor did I know what end of me was uppermost. After breakfast they all got their cattle, and I my hat and whip, and was ready to mount, when my uncle whispered to me that I must kneel down, and ax my father's and mother's blessing and forgiveness for all my disobedience and offences towards them, and also to request the blessing of my brothers' and sisters.' Well, in a short time I was down, and, my goodness, such a hullababoo of crying as there was in a minute's time. 'Oh, Shane Fadh! Shane Fadh! a cushlamachree! says my poor mother, in Irish, you are going to break up the ring about your father's hearth and mine. Going to lave us, avourneen, for ever, and we to hear your light foot and sweet voice, morning, noon, and night, no more. Oh, says she, it's you that was the good son all out, and the good brother. Too kind and cheerful was your beautiful voice, and full of love and affection was your heart, Shane avourneen deelish, if ever I was harsh to you, forgive your poor mother, that will never see you more on her flure as one of her own family. Even my father, that was'nt much giving to crying, could not speak, but went over to a corner, and cried 'till the neighbours stopped him. As for my brothers and sisters, they were all in an uproar, and I myself cried like a Trojan, merely becase I see tham at it. My father and mother kissed me and gave me their blessing, and my brothers' and sisters did the same, while you'd think all their hearts would break. 'Come, come, says my uncle, I'll have none of this. What a hubbub you make, and your son going to be well married; going to be joined to a girl that your betters would be proud to get into connection with. You should have more sense. Rose Campbell, you ought to thank God that he had the luck to come across such a colleen for a wife, and it's not going to his grave instead of into the arms of a purty girl, and what's better, a good girl. So quit your blubbering noise, and you, Jack,' says he to my father, 'that ought to have more sense, stop this instant. Clear off every one of you out of this, and let the young boy go to his horse. Clear out, I say, or by the powers I'll — look at them, three stags of huzzies, by the hand of my body, there are a blubbering, becase it's not their own story this blessed night. Move—bounce! And you, Rose Oge, if you are not behind Dudly Fulton in less than no time, by the hole of my coat, I'll marry a wife myself, and then, where will the twenty guineas be that I am to lave you.' God rest his soul! And yet, there was a tear in his eye all the while—even in spite of his joking. Any how it's easy knowing that there was'nt sorrow at the bottom of their grief, for they were all now laughing at my uncle's jokes, even while their eyes were red with the tears. My mother herself could'nt but be in a good humour and join her smile with the rest. When we got to the priest's house there was a hearty welcome for us all. The bride and I, with our next kindred and friends, went into the parlour. Along with these, there was a set of young fellows who had been bachelors of the bride's, that got in with an intention of getting the first kiss, and in course of bateing myself out of it. I got a whisper of this, and by my song, I was determined to cut them out in that, as well as I did in getting herself, but you know I could'nt be angry even if they had got the fore-way of me in it, becase it's an ould custom. While the priest was going over the business, I kept my eye about me, and sure enough, there were seven or eight fellows all waiting to snap at her. When the ceremony drew near to a close, I got up on one leg, so that I could bounce to my feet like lightning, and when it was finished, I got her in my arms before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' and, swinging her behind the priest, gave her the husband's first kiss. You know it is usual after getting the knot tied to go to a public house, or shebeen, to get some refreshment after the journey, so accordingly we went to little lame Larry Spooney's, grandfather to him that was transported the other day for stealing Bob Beaty's sheep. He was called spooney himself for sheep stealing, ever since Paddy Keenan made the song upon him, ending with 'his house never wants a ram's-horn spoon;' so that, let people say what they will, these things run in the blood. Well, we went to this shebeen house, but the tithe of us could'nt get into it, so we sat on the green before the door, and, by my song, we took decently with him any how, and only for

my uncle, it's odds but we would have all been fuddled. But at best the reckoning was ped, and as this was the trate of the weddiner's to the bride and bridegroom, every one of the min clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls anything. Ha—ha—ha! Am I alive at all!—I never ha—ha—ha!—I never laughed so much in all my life as I did in that, and I can't hilp laughing at it yet; but well, when we all got on the tops of our horses, and sich other illegant cattle as we had—the crowning of a king was nothing to it. We were now purty well I thank you as to liquor, and as the knot was tied and all safe, there was no end to our good spirits. So when we took the road, the men were in high blood, particularly Billy Cormick the tailor, who had a pair of long corduroy spews upon him, that he was scarcely able to walk in, and he not more than four feet high. The women, too, were in blood, having faces upon them with the hate of the day and the liquor, as full as trumpeters. There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint on winning the bottle, and whin one horseman couldn't crass, another striving to have the whip hand of him when they'd, set off, why you see, his horse would get a cut of the whip itself for his pains. My uncle and I however, did all we could to pacify them, and their own bad horsemanship, and the screeching of the women, prevented any strokes at that time. Some of them were ripping up ould sores against one another as they went along; others, particularly the youngsters, with their sweethearts behind them, coorting away for the life of them, and some might be heard miles off, singing and laughing; and you may be sure the fiddler behind my uncle was'n't idle, no more nor another. In this way we dashed on gloriously 'till we came in sight of the Dumbhill, where we were to start for the bottle. And now you might see the men fixing themselves on their saddles, sacks, and sug-gawns, and the women tying kerchiefs and shawls about their caps and bonnets to keep them from flying off, and then grasping their foreriders hard and fast by the bosoms. When we got to the Dumbhill, there were five or six fellows that didn't come up with us to the priest's, but met us with cudgels in their hands, to prevent any of them from starting before the others, and to shew fair play. Well, when they were all in a lump, horses, mules, raherries, and asses, some as I said with saddles, some with none, and all just as I tould you before, the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest, and devil be off me, if ever I saw such another sight but itself, before or since. So off they skelped through thick and thin, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us; for, before we had gone fifty perches, the one-third of them were sprawling atop of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left, sometimes bringing the horsemen with them, and many of the boys getting black eyes and Moody noses on the stones. Some of them being half blind with the motion and the whiskey, turned off the wrong way, and galloped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd, and it wasn't until they had cooled a bit, that they found out their mistakes.' 'I suppose,' said Andy Morrow, 'you had a famous dinner, Shane.' 'Tis you that may say that, Mr. Morrow,' replied Shane, 'but the house you see, wasn't able to hould one-half of us, so there was a dozen or two tables borrowed from the neighbours and laid one after another in two rows, on the green beside the river, that cam along the garden hedge, sidy by sidy. At one end Father Corrigan sat, with Mary and myself, and Father James at the other. There were three five gallon kegs of whiskey, and I ordered my brother to take charge of them, and there he sat beside them, and filled the bottles as they were wanted, bekase if he had left that job to a stranger, many a spalpeen would make away with lots of it. Mavrone such a sight as the dinner was! I didn't lay my eye on the fellow of it since, sure enough, and I am now an ould man, though I was then a young man. Why, there was a pudding boiled in the end of a sack, and trougt it was a thumper only for the straws, for you see, when they were making it, they had to draw long straws across in order to keep it from falling asunder. A fine plan it is too. Jack M'Kenna, the carpenter, carved it with a hand saw, and if he didn't curse the same straws I'm not here. 'Draw them out Jack,' said Father Corrigan, 'draw them out—it's easy known, Jack, you never ate a polite dinner, you poor awkward spalpeen, or you'd have pulled out the straws the first thing you did, n-an alive.' Such lashins of corned beef, and rounds of beef, and legs of mutton, and bacon, turkeys, and geese, and barn door fowls, young and fat! They may talk as they will, but commend me to a piece of good ould bacon, ate with strong crock butter, and praties and cabbage. Sure enough, the leathered away at every thing they could, but the puddings were the favorites.

Father Corrigan gave up the carving in less than no time, for it would take half-a-day to serve them all. After helping himself, he set my uncle to it, and may be he didn't slash away right and left. There was half a dozen gorsoons carrying about the beer in cans, with froth upon it like barm, but there was beer in earnest. When the dinner was over, you would think there was as much left as would sarve a regiment, and sure enough, a right hungry ragged regiment was there to take care of it; though, to tell the truth, there was as much taken into Finnegan's as would be sure to give us all a rousing supper. And such a troop of beggars, men, women, and children, as there was sitting on the sunny side of the ditch, after the good dinner they got! Along with Father Corrigan and me, was my father and mother, and Mary's parents, my uncles, aunts, cousins, and nearest relations, on both sides. Oh! it's Father Corrigan, God rest his soul, he's now in glory, and so he was then—how he did crow and laugh. 'Well, Matthew Finnigan,' says he, 'I can't say but I'm happy that your Colleen-Bawn here has lit upon a husband that's no discredit to the family, and it's herself didn't drive her pigs to a bad market,' says he. 'Why in throth, Father, avourneen,' says my mother-in-law, 'they'd be hard to plase that couldn't be satisfied with them she got, not saying but she had her pick and choice of many a good offer, and might have got richer matches, but Shane Fadhb Mc Cawell, although your sitting there beside my daughter, I'm prouder to see you on my own flure the husband of my child, nor if she'd got a man with four times your substances. By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs and the dancing. The dinner had been cleared off, and the beggars and shulers were clawing and scolding one another about the divide; the decentest of us went into the house for awhile, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest staid on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the country folks, so that in a short time, there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure, to get unasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folks, so at last out we slipped, and the few other dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the humours of Glin. Well, it's no matter—it's all passed now—and she lies low, but I may say it wasn't very often danced in better style since, I'd wager. Lord bless us—what a drame the world is. The darling of my heart you war, avourneen machree! I think I see her with the modest smile upon her face, straight, and fair, and beautiful, and—hem—and when the dance was over how she stood leaning upon me, and my heart within me melting to her, and the look she'd give into my eyes, and my heart too, as much as to say this is the happy day with me, and the blush still would fly across her face, when I'd press her unknownst to the by-standers against my beating heart. A, suil-ish machree, she is now gone from me—lies low, and it appears like a drame to me, but—hem—God's will be done—shure she's happy—och—och!—Many a shake hands did I get from the neighbour's sons wishing me joy—and I'm sure I couldn't do less than thrate them to a glass you know, and 'twas the same way with Mary. Many a neighbour's daughter, that she didn't more nor know by eye-sight may be, would come up and wish her happiness in the same manner, and she would say to me, 'Shane, avourneen, that's such a man's daughter—they're dacent friendly people, and we can't do less nor give her a glass.' I, of course, would go down and bring them over after a little pulling—making, you see, as if they wouldn't come to where my brother was handing out the native. After the clergy went, Mary threw the stocking—all the unmarried folks coming in the dark to see who it would hit. Bless my soul, but she was the droll Mary, for what did she do, but put a brogue of her father's into it, and who should it hit on the bare sconce, but Billy Cormick, the tailor, who thought he was fairly shot, for it levelled the crathur at once, though that wasn't hard to do any how. This was the last ceremony, and Billy was well continted to get the knock, for you all know, whoever the stocking strikes upon is to get married first. After this my mother and mother-in-law set them to the dancing, and it 'twas themselves that kept it up 'till long after daylight the next morning, but first she called me into the room where Mary was—and—and so ends my wedding.

Widows' Protection Lodge, Walsall.

W. P. T.

ON THE ADVANCEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE AND CIVILIZATION.

(Concluded from our last.)

It is probable that learning in England had begun previous to the Norman Conquest to recover from the depressed state into which it had fallen in the calamitous period of the last Danish invasion. The Danish conquest, as completed by the accession of Canute, preceded the Norman by half a century, and during the whole of this space, with scarcely any interruption, the country had enjoyed a government which, if not always national, was at least acknowledged and submitted to by the entire nation. The public tranquillity was scarcely disturbed either by attacks from abroad or domestic commotions. Such of the latter as occurred were either merely local or of very short duration. During this period, therefore, many of the monastic and other schools that had existed in the days of Alfred, Athelstan, and Edgar, had most likely been reestablished. The more frequent communication with the continent that began in the reign of the Confessor ought also to have been favourable to the intellectual advancement of the country. Accordingly the dawn of the revival of letters in England may be dated from about the commencement of the eleventh century.

Still, at the time of the Norman Conquest, there is reason to believe that literature was at a very low ebb in this country. So illiterate were the Saxon clergy, that a few years after the Conquest the king took advantage of their ignorance to deprive great numbers of them of their benefices, and to supply their places with foreigners. His real motives were no doubt to provide for his own followers and countrymen, but he could scarcely have done so with impunity, if he had not had a pretext in the unfitness of the Saxon clergy. William the Conqueror introduced a fresh state of things in this as in most other respects. Unlimited confiscations and royal grants soon caused the lands of the Saxons to be divided amongst the Norman lords, and even amongst their lance-bearers. Castles sprang rapidly up over the land, whose fortified holds were the abiding place of the stern barons, and the places of refuge and retreat for their ravaging followers. The Saxon heiresses were divided amongst the retainers of the Norman king.

The annals of Scotland afford a curious instance of these warlike marriages. Sir William Scott made an incursion upon the territories of Murray of Elibank, and was taken prisoner. Murray, in accordance with the barbarous spirit of the times, sentenced his enemy to immediate death; but his wife said, "Hout, na, mon! Would ye hang the winsome young laird of Harden, when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right," answered the baron of Elibank; "he shall either marry our wide-mouthed Meg, or hang for it." The prisoner at first resisted the proposal; but he finally preferred "wide-mouthed Meg" to the altar; or rather he made choice of the altar rather than the halter; and the marriage thus inauspiciously made, proved exceedingly happy.

Some of the Saxon lords became serfs on their own soil, not being able to endure a separation from the lands on which they had been born, and which had been the possessions of their ancestors. The Conqueror even proscribed the Saxon language, because he himself was unable to acquire it, and many of the Saxons, in order to gain favour with the king and his barons, assumed the Norman costume, and learned the Norman language. But, says D'Israeli, "Not at his bidding could the military chief for ever silence the mother-tongue. Enough for this 'stern man' to guard the land in peace, while every single hyde of land in England was known to him and 'put at its worth in his book,'" as records the Saxon chronicler. The language of a people is not to be conquered as the people themselves. "The birth-tongue" may be imprisoned or banished, but it cannot die—the people think in it; the images of their thoughts, their traditional phrases, the carol over the mead-cup, and their customs far diffused, survived even the iron tongue of the curfew. The Saxons themselves, who had chased the native Britons from their land, still found that they could not suppress the language of the fugitive people. The conquerors gave the Anglo-Saxon denominations to the towns and villages they built; but the hills, the forests, and the rivers retain their old Celtic names. Nature and nationality will outlast the transient policy of a new dynasty.

Yet so completely was the national language at one period forgotten by the upper classes, that we are told by the same author—

"Not one of our monarchs and statesmen could understand the most ordinary words in the national tongue. When Henry the II., was in Pembrokeshire, and was addressed in English—"Good old Kynge," the King of England inquired in French of his

esquire what was meant? Of the title of "Kynge," we are told that his majesty was wholly ignorant. A ludicrous anecdote of the Chancellor of Richard the I., is a strange evidence that the English language was wholly a foreign one for the English court. This chancellor in his flight from Canterbury, disguised as a female hawker, carrying under his arm a bundle of cloth, and an ell-measure in his hand, sat by the sea-side waiting for a vessel. The fishermens' wives inquired the price of the cloth; he could only answer by a burst of laughter; for this man, born in England, and Chancellor of England, did not know a single word of English!"

The notion that learning properly belonged exclusively to the clergy, and that it was a possession in which the laity were not worthy of participating, was in some degree the common belief of the age, and by the learned themselves was almost universally held as an article of faith that admitted of no dispute. Nothing can be more strongly marked than the tone of contempt which is expressed for the mass of the community, the unlearned vulgar, by the scholars of this period; in their correspondence with one another especially, they seem to look upon all beyond their own small circle as beings of an inferior species. This pride of theirs, however, worked beneficially upon the whole: in the first place it was in great part merely a proper estimation of the advantages of knowledge over ignorance; and secondly, it helped to make the man of the pen a match for him of the sword—the natural liberator of the human race from its natural oppressor. At the same time it intimates very forcibly, at once the comparative rarity of the highly-prized distinction, and the depth of darkness that still reigned far and wide around the few scattered points of light.

The twelfth century may be considered as properly the age of the institution of Universities in Europe, and it was in this century that Oxford first became famed as the seat of learning. The clergy now boldly claimed exemption from civil jurisdiction, and their *right* to appeal on all occasions to the pope. To these extravagant pretensions King Stephen readily assented: but they were resisted by his successor, Henry the II. In spiritual affairs he was, however, enslaved to the popedom; and instances of his persecution are recorded, towards thirty men and women, who fled into this country from Germany, to avoid similar cruelties. In this century Richard the I., engaged in the Crusades, to recover the Holy Land from the Turks, but failed in his enterprise.

The thirteenth century commenced with the persecution of the Waldenses, one million of whom are said to have perished in France; and the Duke of Alva boasted that he destroyed thirty-six thousand of these pious people in the Netherlands.

The Dominican and Franciscan Friars arose about this time, and were in great repute amongst the people, on account of their sanctity. But their rapacity was unlimited, and the cloak of religion alone disguised their exactions. Such was the superstition of the age, that our countryman, Roger Bacon, was accused of magic, on account of his extraordinary literary attainments, and confined a long time in prison, for no other crime. He appears to have been a man not only of vast learning, but of a philosophical and inventive genius.

In the 14th. century, true religion was scarcely to be recognized. The king and people of England were reduced to a state of almost complete vassalage to the pope. In the reign of Henry the 5th, a law was passed against the perusal of the scriptures in England. It was enacted, "That whatsoever they were, that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, cattle, life, and goods, from their heirs for ever; and so be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most errant traitors to the land."

In this century arose the order of Jesuits; an order which obtained a political influence almost unparalleled. Their founder, Ignatius Loyola, was born at the castle of Loyola, in the province of Guipuscoa, in Spain, in 1391: he was first page to Ferdinand the 5th, king of Spain; and then an officer in his army; in which he signalized himself by his valour, and was wounded in both legs, at the siege of Pampeluna, in 1421.

To this circumstance the Jesuits owe their origin; for, whilst he was under care for his wounds, a life of the saints was put into his hands, which determined him to forsake the military for the ecclesiastical profession. His first devout exercise was to devote himself to the Virgin Mary, as her knight: he then went a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and on his return to Europe, he continued his theological studies in the

Universities of Spain, though he was then 33 years of age. After this he went to Paris ; and in France laid the foundation of this new order, the Institutes of which he presented to Pope Paul the 3rd. who made many objections to them ; but Ignatius, adding to his three vows of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience, a fourth of implicit submission to the Holy See, the Institution was at length confirmed ; and its founder expired the following year, viz. in 1450.

It may, perhaps, be a matter of surprise that the art of printing, which throws so much light upon almost every other subject, should throw none upon its own origin. The time when, the place where, and the person by whom it was invented, are equally unknown. The most we know is, that it was discovered either in Germany or Holland, about 1440 ; that the first types were made of wood, not metal ; and that some of the earliest printed works were passed off as manuscripts.

The two principal cities which lay claim to the invention are Haerlem and Mentz ; and either from one or the other, or perhaps from both, it was conveyed to the different cities and countries of Europe.

The introduction of printing into this country is undoubtedly to be ascribed to William Caxton, a modest, worthy, and industrious man, who went to Germany entirely to learn the art ; and, having practised it himself at Cologne in 1471, brought it to England two years afterwards. He was not only a printer, but an author ; and the book which he translated, called "The Game at Chess," and which appeared in 1474, is considered as the first production of the English Press.

The seal-engravers, were, however, the first printers ; and the art of printing with blocks was merely an extension of the art, from impressions on wax to impressions on paper or vellum.

The art of printing has not only excited a general thirst for knowledge, but has furnished abundant means for gratifying that thirst. The secrets of philosophy and science were once confined to a learned few. The gates of the Temple of Knowledge were closed, and every approach carefully barricaded ; grass grew at the doors, and the walls were covered with mould. Her fountains of literary, scientific, and religious information were sealed up, and all their valuable records were hid in her recesses. But such was the ardour and intensity of that thirst for knowledge, which the press had excited in the minds of the people, that it was deemed a safe and wholesome expedient to throw the gates of this temple wide open—to take down every impassable barrier—to place her volumes and manuscripts upon the shelves and tables of her most public apartments—to establish a broad and eligible road, leading to her portals—to place her privileges and emoluments within the reach of all parties, and render them available to all classes of the people.

When the art of printing was first discovered, the printers only made use of one side of a page ; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them printed. When printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be the correctors of the press to the eminent printers ; physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were valued according to the abilities of the corrector. The early printers used to affix at the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet, concerning the work, with the addition of the name of the printer. At the end of one of them is a couplet, which may be thus translated :—

" May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd ;
'Till an art has drank up the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world."

The invention of printing brought an end at once to the trade of pen-and-ink copiers, because the copiers in type, who could press off several hundred books while the writers were producing one, drove them out of the market. A single printer could do the work of at least two hundred writers. What was the consequence in a year or two ? Where one written book was sold, a thousand printed books were required.

The old books were multiplied in all countries, and the new books were composed by men of talent and learning, because they could find numerous readers. The printing press did the work more neatly and more correctly than the writer, and it did it infinitely cheaper. For instance, a book containing 216 pages, printed upon six sheets of printing paper, called by the makers demy, may be had at one shilling or eighteenpence. These six sheets of demy, at the price charged at the shops, would cost fourpence. If the same number of words were written, instead of being printed (that is, if the closeness and regularity of printing, were superceded by the looseness and unevenness of writing) they would cover 200 pages, or fifty sheets of paper called foolscap, which would cost in the shops three shillings; and you would have a book difficult instead of easy to read, because writing is much harder to decypher than print. But the great saving is to come: work as hard as he could, a writer could not transcribe a book upon 200 pages of foolscap in less than ten days; and he would think himself ill-paid to receive thirty-shillings for the operation. Adding, therefore, a profit for the publisher and retail tradesman, a single written copy of the little book, which you buy for a trifle, could not be produced for two pounds.

In the reign of Henry the VIII. the Bible was translated into English; and, in September 1538, instructions were sent to all bishops and curates throughout the realm, charging them to see that in every parish-church, the Bible of the largest volume printed in English, should be placed for all men to read in: and a book of register was also provided and kept in every parish-church, wherein was to be written, every wedding, christening, and burying, within the same parish for ever. Crosses, and images in many places were taken down: one image in particular is mentioned, as exposed at St. Paul's cross, by the Bishop of Rochester, and afterwards broken and pulled to pieces. This piece of machinery seems to have been curiously contrived, so as to move the eyes and lips.

The apparel of the clergy, after the reformation, underwent a change, and was restricted to sable garments. Previous to this the graduates went either in a variety of colours, or in garments of light hue, as yellow, red, green, &c. with their shoes piked, their hair crisped, their girdles armed with silver; their shoes, spurs, bridles, &c., buckled with light metal; their apparel, for the most part, of silk, and richly furred; their caps laced, and buttoned with gold: so that a priest of those days would not now be recognized as belonging to the order.

On the accession of Mary to the throne, a statute was passed abolishing all the laws relative to religion, which had been enacted in the previous reign. Mass was again celebrated, images and crosses erected, and punishments followed any affront to the priests: reconciliation with the pope also took place.

Married clergy were dispossessed of their preferments; and reading the sacred volume in the vulgar tongue was not only forbidden under the pain of death; but in the year 1557, the papists actually burnt all the English Bibles they could seize.

Many eminent divines perished during this reign, being put to death on account of their religion. Persecution raged with great violence, and Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and a vast number of others were burnt to death. In one year alone, 85 persons were committed to the flames for their religious opinions; and the joy and holy triumph with which many of them expired under the excruciating torment of the fiery element, served to confirm the more wavering, and strengthen the surrounding crowd.

On the death of Mary, the people hailed with every demonstration of joy the succession of Elizabeth to the crown; and, from the energetic measures which she took, the Reformation was finally settled in her reign.

In the age of Elizabeth, flourished many of the master spirits of our country—men whose productions conferred an honour upon their country and the language in which they wrote. Not only did the immortal Shakspeare delight the world by his writings in this age, but a host of others, who though not to be compared to their great contemporary, were still men of wonderful ability. The English language, as it was written in the days of Elizabeth, though it does not display the refinement which it possesses at the present time, is yet full of masculine vigour. We have now, however, a language so full and comprehensive, from the continual additions which we have been making to it for many years past, that there is no other which has such varied powers of expression as our own.

At no period perhaps, was extravagance in dress carried to a higher pitch, than in the reigns of Henry the VIII. and Elizabeth. The various modes of wearing the hair, and cutting the beard, seem to have afforded much umbrage to Hollinshed, who lived at this time; and he enumerates, with amusing gravity, the variety and diversity which prevailed with respect to the latter. Ear-rings of gold, stones, or pearls, were in use among the courtiers. It was very unusual to see any young man, above the age of 18 or 20, without a dagger either by his side, or at his back; and even burgesses and aged magistrates, whose occupations are generally supposed to be peaceable, were also thus armed. The nobility commonly wore swords or rapiers with their daggers, as did also every servant following his master. Others carried two daggers, or two rapiers in a sheath always about them; and, when quarrels arose, the consequences were frequently dreadful. In travelling, some carried with them, on their shoulders, staves, some of which were 12 or 13 feet long, besides the pike of 12 inches. To such an excess had this love of dress arisen in the reign of Elizabeth, that it was thought necessary to check it by a proclamation issued in October, 1559. It was, indeed, felt as a serious evil at this period, when the manufactures of England were in so rude a state, that almost every article for the use of the higher classes, was imported from Flanders, France, or Italy, in exchange for the raw commodities of the country, or, perhaps, for money.

In the reign of Elizabeth, also, we find an order of the lord mayor and common council, regulating the dress of apprentices, and directing that they shall not presume to wear any apparel except that received from their masters. It was enacted, that apprentices shall wear no hat, but a woollen cap: they shall not wear ruffs, cuffs, loose collars, nor anything more than a ruff at the collar, and that not more than a yard-and-a-half long. They must wear no doublets but what are made of canvass, fustian, sackcloth, English leather, or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimmings. They must wear hose of cloth and kersey, but of no other colour than white, blue or russet. Their breeches must be of the same material as their doublets, and neither stitched, laced, nor bordered. Their upper coat must be of cloth or leather, without stitching, pinking, edging, or silk trimming. They shall wear no other surtout than a cloth gown or cloak, lined or faced with cotton, cloth, or baize, with a plain round fixed collar. No pumps, shoes, or slippers, to be allowed them, but of English leather, without being pinked, edged, or stitched. No girdles or garters to be worn, but what are made of crewel, woollen, thread, or leather. They must wear neither sword nor dagger; but a knife only. All jewels, rings, gold, silver, or silk, are forbidden in any part of their dress. Neither shall they frequent any dancing, fencing, or musical schools, under severe penalties; one of which was to be publicly whipped at the hall of their company.

During the reign of Henry the VIII. luxury seems to have increased rapidly. The furniture of the houses, the style of living, and even gardening, appear alike to have undergone a progressive improvement. About this time, the walls of the houses were either hung with tapestry, arras work, or painted cloths, on which were represented birds, beasts, herbs, &c., Wainscoting, with oak, or wood imported from the East, began now to be generally used, and rendered the rooms much more comfortable than formerly. Stoves were not much used, though they began to appear in the houses of the nobility, and the wealthy citizens.

"There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain," says Hollinshed, who wrote in the time of Henry the VIII., "which have noted three things to be marvelously altered in England, within their sound remembrance; and other three things too, too much increased. One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected: whereas, in their young days, there were not above two or three if so many in most uplandish towns of the realms, (the religious houses, and manor places of their lords always excepted, and, peradventure, some great personages,) but each one made his fire against a reredosse in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second, is the great, (although not general) amendment of lodging: for, said they, our fathers, yea, and we also ourselves, have lain full oft on straw pallets, or rough mats covered only with a sheet or coverlets, made of dagswain, (a rough, coarse mantle,) or hop-harlots, (probably hop-sacking); and a good round log of wood under their heads, instead of a bolster and pillow." If our forefathers had, within seven years after their marriage, purchased a mattress or flock-bed, and added thereto a sack of chaff to rest their heads upon, they considered themselves to be as well lodged as the lord of the town, who, probably himself, seldom

lay on a bed of down, or whole feathers; so contented were they with simple fare. Indeed, even now, (this was in the reign of Henry the VIII.,) in some parts of Bedfordshire, and elsewhere farther in the south, the same plans are pretty much pursued. Pillows were only for an indulgence to the sick. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was well; for rarely had they anything under their bodies, to protect them from the pricking straws, which often found their way through the canvass of the pallet. The third thing they speak of, is the exchange of vessels; as pewter for treen, (wooden and earthen dishes) platters, and silver or tin spoons, for wooden ones; for so common were all sorts of treen ware in old times, that a person could hardly find four pieces of pewter, including the salt cellar, in a good farmer's house; and yet, in spite of this frugality, they were scarcely able to live, and pay their rents, without selling a cow, or a horse, or more, although they paid but four pounds, at the uttermost, by the year."

It is impossible not to smile at Hollinshed's enumeration of the evils attendant upon the introduction of chimneys. Colds, catarrhs, &c., are included; whilst he gravely assures us, that whilst they had only reredosses, their heads were free from pain. Smoke being considered not only a sufficient hardener of the timber in the house, but the best medicine to keep the good man and his family from sore throats, which were then but little known.

The nobility and gentry dined at eleven o'clock before noon, and supped at five, or between five and six o'clock in the evening. The merchants seldom dined or supped before twelve at noon, or six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dined at high noon, and supped at seven or eight; but out of term, in our universities, the scholars dined at ten.

Great silence was observed at the tables of the 'honourable and wise;' and it seems that a curious custom prevailed among artificers and husbandmen, of each guest bringing his own dish, or so many with him, as his wife and he could agree upon.

Abundance and unbounded liberality prevailed at the entertainments of the great. The cooks, at this period, seem to have been mostly Frenchmen, or strangers. Besides the usual meats, and the delicacies that the season afforded, red deer is particularly enumerated. It was usual to reserve the beginning of every dish for the greatest personage sitting at table, to whom it was handed up by the waiters, as order required; from whom it again descended to the lower end, so that every guest tasted of it. Unexpected and numerous visitors flocked to the mansions of the nobility and gentry, and rendered it necessary not only to retain a large retinue of servants, but a very ample supply of provisions. The chief part of the food was brought in before them, chiefly on silver vessels, if they were of the degree of barons, bishops, and upwards, and placed on their tables. What was left was sent down to their serving-men and waiters, and their revulsion was bestowed upon the poor, who waited in flocks at their gates to receive the bounty. A daily allowance was appointed for their halls, where the chief officers and household servants (for all were not permitted by custom to sit with their lord,) with such inferior guests as were not high enough to associate with the nobleman himself, took their meals.

In the houses of the nobles, pots, goblets, jugs of silver, with venice glasses of all shapes, were commonly in use. In inferior habitations, pots of earth, of various colours and moulds, many of them garnished with silver, were in requisition; and pewter supplied the place of more costly utensils, amongst the still lower ranks. When any one had drank, he made the cup clean by pouring out what remained, and restoring the vessel to the cupboard again. Gentlemen and merchants maintained about an equality at their tables, varying the number of dishes according to the resort of strangers; yet even these maintained an ordinary for their servants, independent of what was left by the family! Venison appears to have been with them a favourite, and by no means rare dish; and at certain feasts given by them, they appear to have rivalled the haughty barons, in the variety and sumptuousness of the dishes prepared. Butchers' meat was rejected with disdain; and some very minute particulars have reached us, of the ornamental parts of these entertainments. Amongst them jellies of various colours and forms are named. 'Marchpain wrought with no small curiosity, tarts of various hues and sundry denominations, conserves of old fruits, and home-bread, suckets, sugar-bread, ginger-bread, Florentines, with several outlandish confections, altogether seasoned with sugar,' seem to have borne a conspicuous part. We are as ignorant of the excellence of some of these highly extolled dishes, as our

ancestors were of many of those fruits and vegetables which are now familiar to the lowest class. I allude to melons, pompions, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, skirrets, parsnips, turnips, carrots, cabbages, and all kinds of salad herbs. These, from the time of Henry the IV., to the latter end of Henry the VII., and the beginning of the reign of Henry the VIII., were not only unknown, but were considered as food suitable alone for ~~hogs and other animals~~. After this period, they not only became plentiful among the higher orders, ~~who were in the habit of sending abroad yearly for new seeds~~, but found their way commonly to the inferior classes.

At the same era gardening received a new impulse; and the ingenuity and care of the florist, are spoken of in terms of high eulogium, together with some little appearance of incredulity, as relates to the practicability of the theories advanced; theories which are now comprehended by the most humble individual. It may also be worth remark, that the culture of medical herbs formed a very important and useful branch of the gardener's calendar, at this time; and noblemen and gentlemen devoted to them large plots of ground, and mingled them with the flowers which adorned their parterres. The varieties of fruit which were likewise introduced at this epoch, are mentioned with a tone of exultation, that may cause a feeling of surprise at the present time, accustomed as we are to regard them as the natural produce of autumn. 'Delicate apples, plums, pears, walnuts, and filberts,' are included in this catalogue; whilst apricots, peaches, almonds, and figs, are spoken of as strange fruit, introduced within the last forty years, and cultivated only in the orchards of the nobility.

Previous to the time of Elizabeth, instead of glass, the windows of houses in the country were composed either of lattice made of wicker, or of spars of oak placed in chequer; but in the reign of the 'Maiden Queen,' glass becoming cheaper, this mode of admitting light fell into disuse. They certainly must have formed nice avenues for the smoke to escape, when there were not any chimneys. We have omitted to mention a curious fashion, which took its rise from some learned divine, previous to the reign of Henry the IV., and which continued long after that of Henry, the VI., It was no other than that of taking away the father's surname, however honourable or ancient, and substituting that of the town in which the individual was born. Thus Richard Nottingham, a celebrated Friar, was named from an island where he was born, near Gloucester. William Barton, a famous doctor, and Chancellor in the reign of Richard the II., from Barton in Lincolnshire. Walter Disse, of Disse in Norfolk, a Carmelite Friar, and confessor to the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, in the reign of Henry the IV., Richard Hampoole, from a town in Yorkshire, a zealous doctor, and afterwards a virtuous hermit, in the days of Henry the VI. Hundreds of others followed this example, among whom may be enumerated William Wainfleet, bishop of Winchester, Lord Chancellor of England, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford. His original name was Paten; but he altered it to the name of the town of which he was a native. To this whimsical notion may be traced many of our present surnames, such as German, or Germain, which was assumed out of affection to Germany, the country from which their forefathers came. Jute, Jud. and Chute, from the tribe of Judes, one of the German nations who came over with Hengist and Horsa; and Calthorp, Caltrap, and Caltrop, were all but for Caldthorp, signifying a cold town. Paten, Patten, or Patent, is likewise derived from the Saxon word Pate, the sole of the foot, and therefore Patan, signifying flat-footed.

Before the Reformation there were very few free schools in England. Latin was generally taught to the youths at the monasteries. In the nunneries were taught needlework, confectionery, surgery, and physic, (surgeons and apothecaries being then very rare,) writing, drawing, &c.

Before the Civil Wars, in gentlemen's houses, at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to table, was a boar's head with a lemon in its mouth. The first dish that was brought to table on Easter-day, was a red herring riding away on horseback; that is, a herring served up by the cook in a corn-salad, to look like a man on horseback.

In 1486, the reign of Henry the VII., a certain number of archers, and other strong, active persons, were constituted by this monarch, yeomen of the guard, and were in daily attendance upon his person. This was the first English monarch that instituted a body-guard; and it was generally thought that he took his precedent from France.

In 1558, noblemen's and gentlemen's coats were made in the same fashion as those of yeomen of the guard; and in 1678, the benchers of the Inns of Court still maintained that fashion in the making of their gowns.

The Norman's brought with them civility into England. In those days, upon any occasion of bustle or business, great lords sounded their trumpets, and summoned all those that they held under them. Sir Walter Long, of Draycott, kept a trumpeter, and rode with thirty servants and retainers; from whence took the rise of the sheriff's trumpets.

Gentlemen carried prodigious fans, with very long handles: with these their daughters were often corrected. The Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, rode the circuit with a fan of this description: the Earl of Manchester also used a fan; and both fathers and mothers slashed their daughters with them, when they were grown up women. At Oxford and Cambridge, the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, in the year 1669, or thereabouts, whipped his pupil who had a sword by his side.

The conversation and habits of these times were starched and formal: gravity often passed for wisdom, and quibbles for wit, even in clergymen's sermons. The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind; and their way of bringing up their children was suitable to all the rest. They were as severe as schoolmasters to them, and the schoolmasters were as severe as governors of houses of correction. The child, consequently, dreaded the sight of his parents. Gentlemen of thirty and forty years of age stood like mutes and bare-headed before them; and the daughters, when young women, stood at the cupboard-side during the whole time of the proud mother's visit, unless, as the fashion then was, leave was requested that a cushion might be given them to kneel upon, when they had done sufficient penance by standing, and which was brought them by a serving-man.

Every office at court had a Bible, or the book of the Acts and Monuments of the Church of England, or both; besides some histories and chronicles lying therein, for the exercise of such as come into the same.

Learning seems to have advanced much during Elizabeth's reign. It was rare to find a courtier unacquainted with any language but his own. The ladies studied Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian. The more elderly among them exercised themselves, some with the needle, some with caul-work, (probably netting) divers in spinning silk: some in continual reading, either of the Holy Scriptures, or of histories either of their own or foreign countries; divers in writing volumes of their own, or translating the works of others into Latin or English: whilst the younger ones, in the meantime, applied to their lutes, citharnes, prick-song, and all kinds of music. Many of the more ancient, were also skilful in surgery and distillation of waters, besides sundry artificial practices pertaining to the ornate and commendation of their bodies.

The learning which existed in this age, however remarkable it may have shone forth in particular instances, was by no means generally diffused even among the higher classes, whilst the generality of the lower, and many even of the middle classes remained to the end of the period almost wholly uneducated and illiterate. The father of Shakspeare, an Alderman of Stratford, appears to have been unable to write his name; and probably throughout the community, for one man that was scholar enough to subscribe his signature, there were a dozen who could only make their marks. With all the advancement the country had made in many respects, it may be doubted, if popular education was farther extended at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, than it was at the commencement of that of her father or grandfather. Even the length of time that printing had now been at work, and the multiplication of books that must have taken place, had probably but very little, if at all, extended the knowledge and the habit of reading among the mass of the people. The generation that grew up immediately after the discovery of the art of printing, and that first welcomed the Reformation and the translated Bible, perhaps read more than their grandchildren.

The French language had been familiar to all persons of education in England ever since the Norman Conquest, and as early as the fourteenth century, the Italian had begun to be studied. But in the present period the knowledge of the latter became a common accomplishment, both among men of letters and persons of fashion; nor was an acquaintance with the Spanish unusual. The English language in the course of the sixteenth century reached, both in regard to its vocabulary and its structural and syntactical character, very nearly the state in which it still exists, and which may therefore be assumed to be the full and final development of its formative genius and tendencies.

EARLY FLOWERS,

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of the "*Village Muse*.")

They bring me tales of youth, and tones of love,
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely and all die,
 Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon it's bank,
 And not reproach'd me; the ever sacred cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.

WALTER LANDOR.

THE beauty of these flowers will fade away
 And never bloom again; and in their stead,
 In the same spot will other spring and bloom,
 Smiling, not mourning, o'er the early grave
 Of these, their predecessors, tender flowers.
 Laugh not, dull mortal, at my sympathy:
 I cannot think and feel as thou do'st ever,
 Even one single interval of time,
 A faded flower, a gentle human face,
 Tho' "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"
 Are objects causing my own thoughts to flow
 In melting melancholy unison.

Ye bud, ye bloom, ye fade, ye change away:
 Certainly the universal world may change;
 The stars and all the bright and glorious orbs
 May lose their wonted forms; and every clime
 Of this mundane, terrestrial sphere;
 The site of all the cities, towns, and hamlets,
 The forests inaccessible to man,
 Wild kingdoms of the wilder savage beasts;
 The verdant plains, umbrageous groves of trees;
 Varieties of vegetable life;—
 May in the lapse of time, a desert be,
 Where neither man, nor beast, nor bird, nor tree,
 Nor wilding flower can its existence hold:
 And e'en the desert now, at some indef'nite
 Period, a garden may become:
 This is philosophy, altho' you find
 It now, upon a village poet's page.
 Why, then, mourn o'er the fate of spring-time beauty?
 Why sigh a moment over vernal flowers,
 When Summer, with her fragrant sweets is near,
 With bounteous hand, to give much more, much more,
 Than you have lost?

We often think and act
 In vain; and every pulse that beats within
 Our feeble forms and every hour that passeth,
 With vanity is equally surcharged,
 As the wild dance of madmen, or the loud
 Mid-night-revel, or the night-mare dream,
 When the old vagrant Wierd *Imagination*
 And the recording spectator, *Memory*,
 Will not retire, with the incorporate *Faculties*,
 One single moment till the morning's dawn.

This life is but a fading scene of dim
 Mortality; our grosser sense obscured,
 We see but the ignis-fatuus light,
 That leadeth us astray; and should some friend,
 Some Counsellor, some mighty God, in mercy
 To our thick darkness, send the lights to guide
 Our onward way, some demon fain would snatch
 It from our feeble hands; yet ne'er the less,
 Should we pursue our journey; we were born
 For pure beginnings and still nobler ends,
 Exalted, hallowed and immortal.
 Our pleasures ever should be chaste and pure,
 Resulting from the mind, the spirit's ray
 From the Eternal Source unfathomable—
 Not to intoxicate, corrupt, and wear,
 But to invigorate the corporal man,
 And bear us through the world with spotless honour,
 That when our names within the Book of Death
 Be register'd we may be honoured still:
 Should we have held in life the plough, the spade,
 The shuttle, or the pen; should we have lived
 As humble sons of labour unrequited,
 Or have shone forth above our fellow men,
 "Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,"—
 Virtue and goodness only can bequeath
 What sculptured marble faileth to bestow.

As I behold these flowers, I think that man
 Fills his own place on earth far worse than these,
 The beauties of the spring;—How vain and blind!
 How poor and miserable, and frail is man!
 How utterly cast down below the state
 He ought to occupy upon this earthly globe!
 These wildings of the woods and bowers
 Were born but to delight, and then make room
 For others to delight and fade, likewise;
 But man, poor blindfold being, in a cloud,
 Of pride and selfishness enveloped, thinks
 He sees the most, e'en when the most he's blind,—
 Was born for love and peace, and he delights
 In hate, and passions wild, irascible.
 The blooming wand of happy love was placed
 In his young hand; he threw it on the earth
 Contemptuously; and a few like me,
 In mind and heart are weeping over it:
 He threw it on the earth, in bitter scorn,
 And then took up the blood-stain'd sword of war,
 Tempestuous faction, fiercest contention,
 And all the ills of discord and commotion:
 His blood bedy'd the greenest fields of earth;
 The yellow corn o'er-laden with his bread,
 He trampled down, and his red furious blood
 Rush'd forth in floods of flame unquenchable,
 Like ancient *Ætna's* ever bubbling urn.

Can nought remove these sad, terrific evils?
 Must they still scorch, or still dilacerate?
 Or, tear his warm heart out of his own breast,
 That he may be at peace? while he yet lives,
 Must he be ever wretched?

Why despair?

Stop thy sad course of woe, mild, drooping *Sympathy*,
 The briny flood of tears perchance may quench
 The visual ray of the weak, human eye,
 Nor let the cheerful beams of cooler reason
 Dissipate the gloom of blind, and languid grief.

There certainly existeth in the world
 Some sparks of holy intellectual fire,
 Famous 'mongst bards of old and ancient sages,
 And never to be totally destroy'd :
 Yes : 'twill arise above this mortal scene ;
 Tho' I despair, betimes when hope hath been,
 Deprived of her invaluable store
 By disappointment's cruel iron hand,—
 The stronger mind may prophet-like descry,
 That glorious energies are bursting forth
 From their long smouldering and incipient glow,
 That will illumine to time's last period
 Man's deathless soul, that struggles in its clay,
 To burst the fetters of this world's mortality.

Away from pictures gloomy with much shade,
 I turn once more to look upon ye, flowers,
 Inhaling the pure essence of your sweets,
 Breathing the honey, which the bee might gather :
 I love ye, and can praise your beauties, too,
 And not corrupt, with artful flattery :
 I left my book on purpose to have one.
 One single glance at least before ye fade.
 He who toil'd ceaselessly to write that book—
 To gain himself a name and be beloved
 After his farewell from this passing scene,—
 With brain o'er-wrought with mental servitude,
 Searching the inexorable well
 Of secret nature, and the deep human heart,
 Braving the envious malice of the world,
 In love and pity for its weaknesses,—
 Might bravely think that his mild eloquence
 Would fascinate each future studious mind,
 And rivet every feeling to his page :
 Fond man ! thine hair grew grey—thine eyes grew dim—
 Thy life devoted to the midnight lamp,
 Expired within its perishable frame,
 Yet that old folio remains to shew
 The world its own mad folly and its shame.

But what is all thy learning unto me ?
 Thy logic, and the subtleties of schools ?
 These flowers are sweeter and can teach me more,
 And give a better lesson : lovely flowers !
 I left his page to read a more instructive page :
 These flowers are well-placed words interpreted
 By every feeling heart—they indicate
 The indescribable—the warmest feelings—
 Refined sensations, and fond clinging hopes ;
 A virgin purity, a frail mortality ;
 Death and the grave where man may be in peace.

O ! should a choice, a simple few like these,
 Permission find to grow around my tomb,
 In silent, but expressive cheerfulness ;
 And neither weed nor aught repulsive else,

Disturb my temporary resting-place;
 Shall I not have as graceful epitaph,
 As ever poet wrote, or sculptor chisell'd,
 Or passing stranger ever stay'd to read,
 Leaving behind him some memorial
 Of pity, or of admiration?—Lovely flowers!
 Budding, blooming, fading, changing flowers!
 Pass ye where'er ye may, to join and mingle
 With the rose and lily of a thousand years,
 Or, as Pythagoras might vainly hope,
 Take as your own, and intermix with those
 Now blooming on the village maiden's cheek,
 I may embalm ye with my last farewell!

LADY MONTGOMERY.

How vain are human hopes,
 * * * * *
 More flattery than love,

Miss Celicia Harding was a young lady of great personal attractions; prudent, modest and amiable—she was possessed of a large fortune which had been left her by her father, who was a gentleman of great note amongst the nobility of the day—she was, to add to her personal charms, possessed of every accomplishment a female mind could be expected to be endowed with. Though a lady of great fortune she did not seek company, or visit a number of those in her own station of life—she was one who preferred a quiet homely abode to the glittering ornaments of a lordly mansion.

Her generosity knew no bounds, the poor of the neighbourhood found in her a real and sincere friend, and no one ever went from her door unrelieved however vile the imposition.

If any poor family in the neighbourhood had any affair in hand beyond the ordinary traffic of buying and selling, they must consult Miss Harding, to know whether it met with her approbation, before they could conclude on anything which appeared to them of importance.

Her only companion was an old housekeeper of her father's, whom she accepted as her confidant and bosom friend. Her mother had died when she was very young, so that the old housekeeper had had the honour, as she termed it, of bringing up Miss Celicia.

Still amidst her solitude and retirement she was discovered; her benevolence to the poor rendered her popular in her own immediate neighbourhood, and her fortune caused her to be much talked of and admired amongst the fashionable circles.

She had many suitors for her hand, but more for her fortune. Amongst the number of her admirers were Sir Robert Montgomery and Mr. James Markham;—the former, a gentleman of great popularity and reputed great fortune;—the latter a gentleman of steady business-like habits, and who, though not living in such a princely style as Sir Robert Montgomery, was possessed of an ample fortune.

These two each found encouragement with Miss Harding; the one was admired for his title, his popularity and reputed greatness, while the other was admired for his prudence and amiability. Between the two she knew not which to choose—Sir Robert was the handsomest of the two; his fine and beautiful countenance, his manly gait and generous conduct towards her almost gained him the pre-eminence, but still in Mr. Markham there appeared something so very fascinating and enticing that she was near giving up both.

But as if to put an end to this uncertainty it so happened one evening that each met at Miss Harding's. The Baronet frowned upon his rival, as though he would say, he wondered how he dared aspire to the hand of a lady like Miss Harding. Mr. Markham did not immediately quit the house, but bore all the taunts of the Baronet with patience, and had the mortification to see his rival preferred to him.

He then left the house, the next morning Miss Harding received a note from him apologizing for his intrusion on the previous evening and bidding her an affectionate farewell.

The life of Miss Harding now became very much changed. In the place of her solitude she was driven out into the parks by Sir Robert Montgomery, visited all the public balls and assemblies, and, in short, now followed the sort of life which Sir Robert was pleased to say was consistent with her station.

Twelve months thus passed away, when preparations were set on foot for the marriage. Everything that the age could admire or the fancy wish for, was obtained. The mansion of Sir Robert Montgomery was newly fitted up, and everything was prepared in a truly princely style, but the old housekeeper did not admire all this apparent greatness; she even ventured to expostulate with her mistress on the propriety of the step she was about to take, and reminded her of Mr. Markham, whom she said, she preferred much to Sir Robert; but having gone so far, Miss Harding would not now retract.

The marriage was solemnized with great splendour—all the nobility of the place were invited to the wedding, and the poor of the neighbourhood received bounteously of the generosity of Miss Harding.

The general topic of conversation was the marriage of Sir Robert Montgomery and Miss Celicia Harding. "How happy," said some, "they will be! What a fortune they have made between them!" but the more thoughtful and prudent who were more acquainted with Sir Robert ventured to predict that it would not long continue. "All's well" said they, "that ends well."

Lady Montgomery was prevailed upon by her husband to sell the house she had previously lived in, to dismiss the old housekeeper from her service, and to transfer all her money and securities for money into his name, "As it is not worth while," said he, "being at the expense of a settlement, since it will answer the same end to be in my name as in yours."

The honeymoon passed pleasantly over and was followed by six months of continued rejoicings and pleasures—but then the change! how great the change that came over Sir Robert. He neglected his wife,—was always from home, and found no pleasure in anything but the gaming table.

He frequently lost large sums of money, which put him in such a rage as made his lady dread his return at night for fear of repeated misfortunes.

She did all she could to restrain him;—she tried all ways her love could suggest to bring him back to his former mode of life, but in vain; she was neglected, frowned upon, and almost despised. Often, very often, did she seek her chamber and there shed bitter tears at the recollection of the past.

Sir Robert returned home one evening, as usual, in a great rage, having lost a large sum of money; his lady besought him with tears in her eyes to leave off the gaming table.

"Do my dear Sir Robert," said she, "do leave off that gambling, and once more we shall live comfortable and happy in each other's love."

"Love," echoed the enraged Baronet, "love did you say? Who told you that I ever loved you? It was but your fortune I wanted to rebuild my fallen reputation, and now my God, it is fast going the way of my own."

He then rushed out of the room, and Lady Montgomery fell into a swoon, in which she was found by one of the servants, and carried to her chamber, to which she was confined for some days, and during which time her husband never went once to see her, or even enquired after her.

She was now about to become a mother, an event which she thought would tend to soften the temper of her husband, but her expectations were vain; he still continued to visit the gaming table, and to despise her. No company was ever received at the house, save a few of his friends of the same stamp as himself, and if any one enquired after her ladyship, the invariable answer was, "She declines to receive company;" and to make good his assertion he kept her confined to her room, with no other attendant than an old woman whom he allowed to wait upon her. In vain did she solicit the favour to have back her old housekeeper.

Thus she was as it were buried alive,—confined to two small rooms in a lordly mansion, which could boast of some two or three dozen rooms; one allowed her for a

bedroom, and the other for a sitting room, when she chose to occupy it, which was no very often, for what with the treatment she received, the confinement of the room, and the bitter anguish of her thoughts, she was almost constantly confined to her bed.

The child was wrung from her arms to be fostered under the care of strangers, and never was she allowed to see or know anything respecting it; possibly, for aught she knew, it might be dead, or it might be alive and cruelly treated as she herself was and perhaps it might even be under the same roof, and she not allowed to see it.

Thus did the time roll on for upwards of three years, during which period her husband but very seldom visited her, nor would he allow any one else to visit her, save the person who attended upon her. He would perchance at times enquire in an austere tone "whether she still continued in the same state," to which the reply in a general way was, "she gets gradually worse sir."

One day as she lay in bed, she complained of the dullness of time, and her attendant ventured to ask whether her ladyship would read a little to divert her thoughts.

"Divert my thoughts," she replied, "ah! you little know the weight I have to sustain; not all the books you could produce, could for one moment divert my thoughts from the horrible wretch who thus tantalizes me; but yet, I once loved him, and I think I could love him even now—ah! foolish thought, I thought he once loved me too, but how transient the vision!—how vain are all human hopes!—would to God, that I could die to be released from this vale of sufferings and misery. Oh! that I had followed the advice of my poor old housekeeper at the first, but do thou, oh, God! vouchsafe to take my soul unto thyself, and do thou, grant thy all-inspiring spirit, to change and restore my husband to his wonted happiness! And my child, my child, where is he? oh! where is my child? if he be alive, he has by this time learnt to call another by the endearing name of mother. Do thou, oh, Lord! vouchsafe thy gracious spirit and protection, to guard him through the trials and temptations of this life, and above all, keep him, oh! keep him, from the infamous habit of gambling."

At this instant, the laugh of a child in the garden caught her ear—she started up and exclaimed, "What did I hear? was not that the laugh of my child? go," said she to the attendant, "go and fetch him to me, let me see him once before I die—Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "and is it thus,——"

Here she sank back on her pillow, unable to articulate another word.

She was aroused by the return of the servant, "My lady," she said, "Sir Robert says you shall not see the child—he will not encourage your foolish fancies, as it will only tend to make you worse."

"Oh, heaven!" exclaimed the lady, "and does he dare to deny me that trifling request, well, no matter, my time will be but short and then he may repent,—but," said she, addressing the servant, "go to him, to my husband, and say, I beg that he will come to me, I wish to see him."

The servant departed on her errand, and the lady sank on her pillow bathed in tears, and listened to the sounds of her messenger's footsteps as they died away on the stairs.

In a few moments she returned with the answer, "Sir Robert is particularly engaged just now, but will come soon." "Ah!" said the lady, "it may be he will come too late."

One hour passed away, two hours passed away, and still he came not,—at length she said to the old woman, "Go to him again, and tell him I am dying, I wish to see him, for already I feel the arm of death prevail."

The servant departed and in a few minutes returned. "Sir Robert," said she, "says you only fancy you are dying, but he will come soon."

"Ah!" said the lady, "again that vague answer come soon. Bring me pen ink and paper, and I will endeavour to employ the few moments I have in writing to him."

The servant brought her a small writing desk, which furnished the materials she required, and she wrote a letter, then folded it up and delivered it the servant, bidding her take care of it until she should be dead, and then to deliver it unto Sir Robert. She then sank back on her pillow, and the servant went to take her seat at the foot of the bed.

In about an hour's time Sir Robert entered the room, and going up to the bed, "Well Celicia," said he, "I am here; what is it you want with me?" Receiving no answer, he turned aside the curtain and looked at her—a death-like paleness came over his countenance, and he appeared almost ready to sink on the floor. "My God!" said he, "then she is dead—oh! that I had come sooner!" and he was rushing out of the room when he was stopped by the old woman, who said to him—

"Sir, my lady desired me to give you this when she should be dead."

He snatched the letter from her hand, and rushed down stairs into his study, to read the contents, which were as follows:—

"You have denied me my request to see my child—you have denied me my request to see you, and now I am compelled to write when I can scarcely hold the pen.

"Before you receive this I shall be no more.

"I need not remind of you of your conduct towards me since our marriage, nor your conduct towards me *before* our marriage—your conscience will bitterly sting you for the past.

"Let me beseech you now, even now at the eleventh hour, to leave that accursed gaming table—that gaming table which has been the cause of all my troubles, and attend to the interests of my darling child. Let the words of a dying woman prevail, and God will justly reward you.

"Be careful of my child—be kind and affectionate towards him, and above all keep him from the wicked habit of gambling. If you cannot attend to him yourself, place him with some one whom you can trust, to carry out my wishes, for I know that bad as you have been to me, you will not refuse me this request.

"Farewell,—Farewell!—I once loved you who never loved me, and still at my dying hour I love you—Adieu!"

The paper fell from his hands, and he sank motionless on the sofa.

The funeral of Lady Montgomery was conducted with great pomp, and a beautiful tombstone was erected to her memory. The child was according to her wish placed with a lady, who watched over it with all the tenderness and affection of a mother.

The people of the town admired the display which the Baronet made. "See," said they, "how he loved his wife! What a grand funeral he has made, and what a beautiful monument he has raised to her memory." But very few knew the real facts of the case, so expertly had the Baronet deceived them.

Thus died the once beautiful Celicia Harding, who on her marriage vainly expected the pleasures and joys of a court life—who was lauded to the skies for her benevolence to the poor, whose "*happy marriage*," was the general theme of admiration—but thus, even thus ended the much envied "*happy marriage*" of Miss Harding, and thus died the lovely Lady Montgomery.

Nottingham.

J. MARTIN.

A LEGEND OF MANCHESTER.

BY JOHN HEWITT.

CHAPTER VII.

"I can smile, and smile,
And murder whilst I smile."

RICHARD THIRD.

RIGHT joyous were the revels held by the De la Warre in the hall of his castle of Manchester. The lights from a hundred torches flashed upon mirthful countenances and noble cheer. The wine cup circled freely, and the flesh of the red deer, and the baron of beef, the venison pasty and the wheaten bread disappeared beneath the attacks of the Baron's guests. On a raised seat at the upper end of the hall, sate the Lord of Manchester, over whose head waved the proud banner of the De la Warres. On the right of the baron, Reginald West, (who, in his late interview had lulled his uncle's suspicions) held a conspicuous place. Opposite him sate the Lady Sybilla West, and Edith Swaynson, each splendidly attired, and each resplendent in their contrasted beauty.

Edmund de Chadderton held a place near to his mistress. The remainder of the guests were a nameless crowd, who owed to the De la Warre fealty and service, and who on this occasion partook of the hospitality of their lord. "The cloth was removed," and the wine-cup filled. The laugh and the jest went round; the minstrels sang of the glories of the De la Warre, and the retainers of the baron pledged him and his lovely daughter amidst shouts which shook the rafters of the castle hall.

"Doth it not rejoice mine uncle," said Reginald West, in a low voice, "thus to behold all hearts glad in his presence, and all tongues loud in his praise."

"Aye, truly doth it rejoice me when the sincere heart is glad, and when the honest tongue speaketh truth," replied the De la warre. "But little do I reckon of the praises of my retainers, for well I know that there are amongst those who now surround me, persons who hate the name and the glory of the De la Warre."

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Reginald West, and he instinctively pressed his hand to his breast, in the folds of which the small phial lay concealed like the demon of revenge, awaiting the fitting time. "What ho! let the mummers appear," shouted the De la Warre, "and thou, daughter, (addressing the Lady Sybilla,) direct somewhat of thine attention to what passeth around thee, for methinks thou seemest regardless of the revelries."

The Lady Sybilla had been, in truth, more occupied in listening to Edmund de Chadderton, than in observing those around her, and her father's gentle reproof made the blood mantle in her fair cheek; obedient to the command of the De la Warre, the lower part of the hall was quickly cleared, and a large space allotted for the mummers. A short pause ensued, and then from behind the tapestry hangings, a grotesque figure issued, habited somewhat fantastically, after the manner of a dignitary of the church of Rome. In fact, no less a personage than the pope was here represented. The mummer bore on his head a triple crown of paper, and in his hand a large roll, purporting to be a bull. He danced for some time in a most ludicrous manner, seeming alternately to threaten, entreat, and deprecate. This was intended to typify the conduct of the pope with respect to the Reformation. When the mummer had finished his dance, he beckoned three times, and another figure issued forth, habited like a cardinal with a large purple paper hat. This figure made its obedience to the mock pope; beckoned eleven times, and each time he beckoned, a figure habited like a cardinal, made its appearance. The twelve mummers then advanced ludicrously round the mock pope, who stood in a most imposing attitude of simple gravity. When these had finished, they clapped threentimes, and a figure, habited like Beelzebub, with tail, horns, and hoof, danced into the midst of the cardinals. Before this great personage the pope and the cardinals knelt with lowly reverence, whilst the devil bestowed his benediction upon them, dancing ludicrously during the ceremony. This finished, Beelzebub beckoned, and a figure habited like an imp came dancing forwards, who with one of the cardinals footed it round the hall. Beelzebub then beckoned eleven times, and at each beckon an imp came forwards who being paired with a cardinal danced round the hall. At length when all the cardinals were paired, the devil and the pope joined hands and the thirteen couples executed a ludicrous dance, signifying the great friendship which existed amongst them. This dance finished, the pope and the cardinals embraced the devil and his imps, and then the mummers disappeared behind the tapestry hangings. During this scene the countenance of Reginald West was calm and unmoved, not even the ridicule thus thrown upon that faith which he so firmly held, could make his eye flash or his cheek wax red. A kind of half smile flickered upon his lips, whilst he gazed upon the mummers, then suddenly withdrawing his attention from them, he slowly marked the countenances of those around him. The attention of all save one was directed to the mummers; upon the countenance of that one being the eye of Reginald West rested; and he caught a glance, a single glance which Edith Swaynson cast towards him, ere she was aware that his attention was directed to her. That glance was but for a short moment, and she who gave it quickly averted her face. But Reginald West observed it well, though no change was perceptible in his bearing. Again did Reginald slowly mark those around him, the eye of Edith Swaynson no longer glanced upon him, and the attention of the rest was directed to the mummers. He drew from his vest the fatal phial, and as the De la Warre laughed loudly at the amity with which the devil and the pope embraced each other, three drops of mortal poison fell into the full goblet which stood at the Baron's right hand.

The mummers had departed, and the loud peals of laughter which had saluted their exit had subsided; when the De la Warre addressing Edmund de Chadderton exclaimed.

"By mine honour, noble De Chadderton, methinks this device of ours is a rare one. Would to heaven that some image worshipper had witnessed the warm embraces of the evil one and his holiness. Oh! that the idolaters were now within my power, there should not a single Baal-bowing recusant exist in Lancashire." "Methinks that were easily done, mine uncle," said Reginald West, in a calm tone. "When the levies of Lancashire are raised, the power of their leader the De la Warre will more than suffice to crush the bated worshippers of their fathers' faith."

The latter part of the sentence fell unheeded on the ear of the De la Warre, who again addressing Edmund de Chadderton exclaimed.

"De Chadderton, I pray thee speed on the morrow to execute the commands of the Queen's council. To thee I delegate my power, touching the raising of the levies, and with fire and sword mayest thou visit those who dare to disobey the mandate of the Queen and the De la Warre."

"Within three days," replied de Chadderton, "ten thousand armed men will be assembled beneath the walls of thy castle." These leagued with the vassals of the De la Warre and the De Chadderton, will more than resist the whole force of the hated recusants. "May this draught of right good Canary be my poison," said De la Warre, lifting the fatal goblet, "if I should not more rejoice to behold the destruction of the idolaters than to become England's proudest noble. What ho," he loudly exclaimed, "all ye who owe suit and service to the De la Warre, and who hope to gain his favour pledge him in his wish." A hundred wine cups were instantly raised, and when De la Warre, with a loud voice cried, "*May the Baal worshippers, the cursed recusants speedily perish from off the earth,*" were as speedily emptied.

Deeply did the De la Warre quaff the fatal draught, and as he drank the potion of death, the eye of Reginald West calmly rested upon him. The murderer shrunk not as he contemplated his victim, nor did a single throb of remorse agitate his bosom. And did no warning voice proclaim the deed of evil? Did no token appear denoting that the last of a mighty and ancient race had arrived at the end of his mortal career? Nor voice, nor token appeared proclaiming the extinction of the house of De la Warre. But the wind rushed through the open casement of the hall, and slightly agitated the banner which waved over the head of the Baron. The foldings of the banner then ceased to proudly flow, and hung as if mournfully lamenting the approaching death of its Lord.

"Truly, mine uncle, hast thou drank destruction to the recusant," said Reginald West with a quiet smile, "but yet methinks thou mightest remember, that of the number of these same recusants was thy beloved sister, the honoured mother of thy dutiful and loyal nephew."

"Taunt me not Reginald," furiously exclaimed De la Warre, "lest perchance I may also remember that thou too wert brought up in the faith of the Baal worshippers. Now by the honour of mine house, did I but truly imagine that thou cherishedst thy mother's faith, I would hold thee a stranger to my heart, and a foe to the name of De la Warre."

"Fear me not" replied Reginald, "in the needful hour I shall be found battling in the cause of the De la Warre. But I pray thee uncle permit me to retire. I am somewhat fatigued, owing to my last night's journey and the mid-night hour is now approaching.

"Let the banquet be dismissed," cried the Baron, "and let all who now hear the prepare on the third day from hence to follow in arms the banner of the De la Warre. De Chadderton, conduct the lady Sybilla from the hall; thou must tarry at the castle until the morrow."

De Chadderton proudly led the lady Sybilla to her apartment, and Reginald West, lowly bending, offered his hand to Edith Swaynson; as they proceeded from the hall, a few words were whispered by Reginald into the ear of his fair partner; they were words which the loving heart can but once cherish, but that once endureth for ever. The bright eyes of Edith Swaynson rested in their splendour upon the countenance of Reginald West, a slight murmur fell from her lips, the murderer felt that he had secured another victim, and his heart beat high as he contemplated the transcendent loveliness of Edith Swaynson.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Beware the cowl, the mitre, and the monk,
For they are deadly in their enterprises."

OLD PLAY.

The mid-aisle of the church of Manchester was again paced by the Warden and Reginald West. In the silence of midnight, and amidst the emblems of the departed, the murderers held their fearful consultation. A single torch which was placed near the banners of the last De la Warre, cast its feeble gleams over the pair as they conversed on their deeds of evil. The face of the Warden was bare to the torch's light, and its trembling rays rested upon his hoary brow. The countenance of Reginald West was bent upon the floor of the aisle, nor did he once raise his eyes during the conversation.

"My son" said the Warden, "we are again met within the church of Manchester, and again dost thou gaze upon the memorials of our faith which nor time nor the ruthless heretic can efface from these holy walls. Oh that I was again exalting the hallowed mass upon the altar of this once Catholic Church. Oh that the blasphemer had indeed perished. Then would my mission be accomplished, and Lawrence Vaux would rest in the grave with the saints of old."

"Father" replied Reginald West calmly, "thou mayest speedily behold thy wish accomplished. Touching the death of the De la Warre—three drops from the phial have I mingled in his wine cup. Ha, ha, ha, it was glorious to mark the zest with which he quaffed the fatal draught when he drank destruction to the recusants,"

"I knew, I knew, that thou performed the deed at the fitting time," joyfully exclaimed the Warden." For I knelt before the shrine and prayed to the saints that they would aid thee in the good work. Lo! as I bent myself in supplication unto them, a glorious light streamed upon my countenance, and methought the virgin looked down from heaven and smiled upon the humble minister of our holy faith. In that hour when the doom of the De la Warre was sealed, in this church was the *Te deum laudamus* sung, and more than I can remember rejoiced in the destruction of the De la Warre."

"And now, father, the deed is done replied Reginald, and from thee do I claim the reward of my service in the church's cause. But of that anon, what sayest thou touching thy future plans."

"The Percy and the Neville are now in arms," said the Warden, "within the hour I have received missions from them touching their future proceedings. At the head of twenty thousand men they are marching through Yorkshire, and they pray for the instant arming of the levies of the De la Warre."

"Curses upon their haste," vehemently exclaimed Reginald, "thou knowest full well that not within the month can I raise the vassals of the De la Warre, and perchance thou mayest know that the fool De Chadderton proceeds on the morrow to marshall the levies of Lancashire in the Queen's cause."

The Warden seized the arm of Reginald West and led him to the altar. He placed himself within the sacred precincts, and commanded Reginald to kneel before him. In a voice that floated in solemn cadences through the long aisles of the church, he absolved him from the deed of evil he had done to the De la Warre; and pronounced the church's benediction upon Reginald West, the great champion of the true faith. The Warden left the altar, and stood upon the steps leading to it. He raised Reginald West, and pointing to the banners as they hung in their gloomy grandeur, he cried in an audible voice, "Reginald West, there are unseen witnesses of our proceedings. Behind the banners of the De la Warre are stationed armed men, who at my beek will sheath their swords in the bosoms of our church's foes. They who now, shrouded by the foldings of the memorials of old, are watching our motions, are leaders of the vassals of Manchester. Three thousand men at the unfurling of thy banner will within the hour flock around it, and in a single day thou may'st, by my aid, command the whole of those levies which the heretic, De Chadderton, now seeks to marshall in the cause of the woman who sitteth on England's throne."

"Thou hast indeed exceeded me, my preceptor," exclaimed Reginald, "for little did I reckon of thy powerful influence in these matters. But yet methinks there is one who arrays himself against thee, and whom thou mayest fear, but cannot overcome. Knowest thou aught of Richard Trevallion, whom I lately beheld at the head of an armed band of determined heretics."

"I do know him," replied the Warden, and ere long he sleeps in death. The ministers of my purposes have well nigh caught him in their toils, and the end of his career approaches."

"Truly the varlet hath somewhat of a good knowledge of the use of the rapier," said Reginald, "and if I do not judge wrongfully, casts a longing eye upon a fair damsel whom I will ere long embrace."

A loud crash was heard, the tapestry which hung at the extremity of the altar was thrown down, and Richard Trevallion with his sword drawn, and his whole frame convulsed with passion, rushed forwards.

"God of heaven aid me, and blast the murderers," he wildly shouted. "Ha! I have caught ye, merciless assassins, and the fearful tale of guilt and horror will now be unfolded. Think ye I did not also track the steps of the accursed Warden? Think ye I did not lay the toils by which ye might be caught. Ye laughed to scorn the poor Trevallion, but he is now become the avenger of the De la Warre."

Reginald West unsheathed his sword, and was preparing to rush upon Trevallion, but the Warden calmly laid his hand upon the youth's arm and said, "Peace I pray thee, my son, to others leave the task of silencing this prating fool." He raised his voice and cried "Appear, appear, appear." Instantly the aisle was filled with armed men. "Seize him and bear him to the rocks near the Irwell," said the Warden, pointing to Reginald. The soldiers rushed up the aisle to seize Trevallion, who placed a bugle horn to his lips and blew a shrill blast. The doors of the church were in a moment forced, and amidst the cry of "A De la Warre, A De la Warre, Ho! for Trevallion," a band of well armed men poured into the church. But ere they could rescue Trevallion he was borne down by numbers, and hurried through the small chapel of the De la Warres. "Instantly depart by the secret passage" cried the Warden to Reginald West, for if perchance thou should'st be known, farewell to our deep laid schemes.

Reginald West left the church as the combat commenced. The Warden seeming to forget his sacred character, seized a sword and led his followers on to the conflict. At the first onset Trevallion's partisans were driven back, but they quickly rallied and having been reinforced by their compeers without, they advanced to the charge. The Warden placed his soldiers near the altar, that sacred place defending their rear; on his flank he had the iron rails which separated the mid aisles from the other aisles of the church, so that his position gave him a considerable advantage over his opponents. The partisans of Trevallion made a furious charge upon the Warden, but after a desperate struggle they were again driven back. In the confusion the torches which the followers of Trevallion carried fired the banners, and the aisle was instantly in flames. The alarm had been given, and the church was surrounded by numbers of the inhabitants of Manchester, who with terror spread the fearful conflict that raged within. In the mean time the secret aids of the Warden joined his defenders, whilst the Reeve with a stout party reinforced the adherents of Trevallion. Edward Swaynson now assumed the command, and made another desperate charge upon the Warden. The conflict now became terrible, the floor of the church was covered with the lifeless bodies of the inhabitants, and the holy resting places of the departed were stained with blood. The balance for some time was equal between the contending parties, for though inferior in numbers, the Warden's supporters had the advantage of position. The flames continued to rage with great violence, and cast a lurid and fitful glare upon those engaged in mutual slaughter. But the end of the contest now approached, for the inmates of the Castle of Manchester were alarmed by the spectacle of the church in flames, and the fearful shouts and the clash of arms which issued from within the sacred walls. At the command of the De la Warre a strong party of the vassals of Eccles and Prestwich, issued from the Castle headed by Edward de Chadderton. Their presence in the church decided the affray. They poured down the side aisles, tore down and trampled upon the tapestry hangings which overshadowed the altar, and breaking through its sacred barriers fell upon the Warden's rear. The Reeve, who had performed his part well in the battle, no sooner beheld the Warden's rear forced, than raising the cry of "A De la Warre, a De la Warre," he rushed forward and aiming a tremendous blow at Lawrence Vaux, missed his mark and fell headlong amidst the Warden's followers. He was however speedily rescued from his perilous situation, and the Warden's supporters seeing resistance hopeless, escaped or surrendered, Lawrence Vaux was made prisoner, and after extinguishing the flames, the supporters of the De la Warre returned to the Castle of Manchester, bearing with them the captured Warden.

CHAPTER IX.

Fond maid thou dost believe his promises !
Thy fate is sealed.

OLD PLAY.

Great was the commotion in the Castle of Manchester at the astounding events which had taken place in the church. The De la Warre was awake from a feverish sleep (for even now the poison had begun to operate) by his attendants at the first alarm, and he was prepared to receive and punish the hated Lawrence Vaux. The great hall of the Castle of Manchester, was the scene of the interview between the haughty Baron and the revengeful churchman. De la Warre rose proudly from his seat when the Warden was led into the Hall, and while his eye flashed fire, and his frame trembled with rage, he exclaimed :—

"Aye, thou mayest indeed fear, proud recusant, for thine hour of death is come. What ho ! thou deemedst that the church which thou hast defiled with thy mummeries would be the scene of thy triumph, but the pure faith will triumph, and the Baal worshippers will be overthrown."

The Warden slowly advanced towards De la Warre, and his pale countenance was illumined with a sudden glow as he gazed steadfastly upon the Baron. He flung back the drapery which shadowed his person, and stood erect in the full dignity of his priestly pride whilst he addressed the De la Warre.

"Aye, thou speakest bravely, mighty Lord," said he, "but know that he who stands before thee is beyond thy power. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to think that *thou* art in the plenitude of thy pride of place, for the arm of the avenger is raised, the champions of the faith are arrayed and thou wilt speedily be with thy fathers in the grave. Saints of heaven, (he continued with enthusiasm) I thank ye for the boon ye have granted me. In the dark midnight, and over the graves of the dead have I supplicated for the destruction of the enemy of our faith. Ye have hearkened unto my prayer, and the hour of retribution cometh."

"Thou ravest, false hearted recusant," cried the De la Warre, "but ere long thou shalt pray for thine own life instead of supplicating for the death of others." "Bear him," he shouted, "to the battlements of the Castle and hurl him from thence into the Irwell ; short shrift and a watery grave are the best reward the hoary liar can receive."

The attendants instantly seized the Warden, but his doom was for the time averted. The Lady Sybilla, with Edith Swaynson, had been spectators of the interview between De la Warre and Lawrence Vaux, and her woman's heart felt moved at the sight of the aged priest, and the knowledge of the danger which awaited him. When she heard her father pronounce the doom of the Warden, she rushed forwards, and kneeling before the De la Warre conjured him not to sacrifice the life of his prisoner. Her pleadings were successful, and the Warden was respite until the Queen's pleasure could be known.

The Warden was conducted from the hall, but ere he passed forth he gazed upon the De la Warre, and an emotion of troubled joy passed over his countenance. He then averted his face and left the hall. De la Warre again retired to his private apartment, where he passed a night of the keenest agony, for the poison had already begun its operations, and the death pangs of the Lord of Manchester were approaching.

Reginald West in the mean time, had proceeded through the secret passage to the banks of the Irwell, and having been joined by two attendants, they unmoored a small boat, rowed it up the Irk and stationed it beneath the Castle walls. Reginald gave a low whistle, and a rope ladder descended, which he mounted, and entered the Castle. In his own apartment he patiently awaited the issue of the contest in the church, and the subsequent interview between the Warden and De la Warre. By his secret emissaries in the Castle he was informed of the Warden's narrow escape from death, and of his present place of confinement.—"Thou hast done well," said he to the hoary seneschal, who being of the recusant faith implicitly obeyed the mandates of the Warden and Reginald West. "Thou hast done well, Walter, and now I pray thee conduct me to the apartment of Edith Swaynson." "Methinks," he soliloquised as he surveyed his handsome person and gorgeous attire in a large mirror, "that this daintily conceived doublet, and these well fancied points, aided by mine own address, cannot fail to win the maiden to my purpose. By mine honour it were indeed a conquest worthy of England's proudest Earl, the possessing of this beauteous lady. But curses on my folly, (he sud-

denly ejaculated) thus to stand prating here when matters of deeper moment demand my notice."

Marshalled by the seneschal, he proceeded to the apartment of Edith Swaynson. When he arrived at the door he motioned his attendant to leave him, and then tapped lightly. A few moments ensued, the door was opened, and Reginald stepped forwards. The apartment was that in which Edith held her interview with Richard Trevallion. The beauteous one was still arrayed in the splendid attire in which she graced the banquet, for the late occurrences had prevented her retiring to her sleeping apartment. When Edith Swaynson beheld her unlooked-for visitor, a deep emotion of joy beamed from her countenance. This quickly passed away, and assuming a proud and offended deportment, she exclaimed:—

"Truly the knights of Elizabeth's court were heretofore renowned for courtesy, but thou, Sir Reginald, comest like a thief in the night and insultest the privacy of her who is under the protection of the De la Warre."

"Lady," said Reginald, approaching her and gently seizing her hand, "I come to thee in mine hour of sorrow, because methinks thou smilest upon the heart's devotion of him who stands before thee. Reckest thou aught, fair one, of the words I spoke as we retired from the banquet?"

The bright eyes of Edith Swaynson flashed with an almost intolerable lustre, her lips became compressed with the agony of her feelings, and the blood rushed to her face and neck, giving them a glow of the deepest crimson as she hearkened to the words of Reginald West. For a moment she was incapable of utterance, but at length stamping her feet with passion she exclaimed,

"And if I do reckon aught, it is to thy discredit, thou miserable trifler—camest thou in the silence of midnight, and in the strength of thine own evil purposes, to woo her whose heart beats as proudly as doth that of the noblest lady of our land. Albeit my blood cometh not from the mighty of other days, the low born Edith brooks not tamely the insults of the heir of De la Warre."

Reginald was astonished at the violence of Edith Swaynson's emotions. He paused irresolutely for a moment, and approaching her tenderly said "Lady, thou indeed wrongest me, I came not hither to imagine aught of peril against thee, but to entreat thine assistance in a matter of the direst necessity. It were bootless now to speak to thee of the love I feel for Edith Swaynson; in the fitting time that love shall be proved at the altar of the church of Manchester. Lady," he continued eagerly "thou knowest that the late Warden is now the prisoner of the De la Warre. He was the friend and preceptor of mine early years, and though perchance it was ill-advised of him to array himself against mine uncle, yet methinks his hoary head were better saved from the block, and his body from the flames."

Reginald paused and gazed fixedly upon the countenance of Edith Swaynson; he marked well the struggle which duty to her own protector and love to Reginald West, held in her bosom. But this was of short duration, the woman's feelings prevailed, and throwing back her raven locks, and casting her eyes upon him whom her young heart loved, she cried out "He shall be saved."

The aim of Reginald West was accomplished. He poured into her ear a few hurried words of love, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her fair cheek, and then left the apartment, rejoicing in the success of his designs.

END OF CHAPTER IX.

MARIE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

Thy cheek is very fair, Marie,
And soft light fills thine eye,
And silken is the hair, Marie,
That on thy brow doth lie;
Thy looks are kind and meek, Marie,
And honied is thy tongue;
Thy favours many seek, Marie,
For thou art pure and young.

My vows I do not pour, Marie,
 Into thy maiden ear,
 Nor kneel thy form before, Marie,
 To tell thee thou art dear ;
 And yet upon thy face, Marie,
 Mine eyes have often dwelt,
 And, oh ! thy winning grace, Marie,
 Perchance my heart hath felt.

But mine is other fate, Marie,
 I dwell from thee apart,
 Another is my mate, Marie,
 Another claims my heart ;
 No word from me thou'lt hear, Marie,
 To stain thy virgin cheek,
 For as to sister dear, Marie,
 I only to thee speak.

May angels in the night, Marie,
 Keep watch above thy rest,
 And ever shield from blight, Marie,
 The hopes that fill thy breast ;
 May peace be ever thine, Marie,
 And when thy bloom decays,
 May love upon thee shine, Marie,
 To cheer thy fading days.

CORALIE, THE EMBROIDERESS;

OR,

THREE ERAS IN A LIFE TIME :

A ROMANCE OF PALL MALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Chapter First—The Emigree's Daughter—Chapter Second—A Court Ball at the Tuileries—Chapter Third—The White Dove of the Wilderness, and the Golden Snake.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

The Emigree's Daughter.

It was towards the close of an autumnal evening that a young girl hurried her steps through Pall Mall towards one of those dark, close and narrow streets that form the back ground to London's aristocratic squares, like a spider's web on the architrave of a palace ; the wet and slippery pavement was ill suited to her quickened pace, and pushed rudely by a careless passenger, she must have fallen but for the support of some iron railings to which she clung, and it was evident from her trembling grasp and prolonged pause that she had received some injury from the contact. Lionel Deloraine, in the busy idleness of an evening stroll, had witnessed the accident, and with a generous chivalry would have resented the outrage, but the aggressor had passed as quickly as rudely, and the young girl had evidently no protector to aid her in the emergency. "Can I assist you," said he, in a half apologizing tone, "You appear unprotected, perhaps have sustained some injury, it is getting late and if you will permit me"—The person he addressed looked up as if astonished at the kindness of the stranger, and Lionel beheld a face of such exquisite and faultless beauty as to surprise and enchant at once. She had already suppressed her tears, as if outrage and suffering were a part of

her lot, and to be borne by her humbly and unrepiningly. Her attire was indeed but the faded and worn remains of brighter days, but the dark eyes that glanced half inquiringly and half abashed from beneath her close and coarse straw bonnet, had a charm of fascination which at once enthralled the susceptible heart of Lionel. Mere humanity had prompted his first address, but the beauty of the fair stranger united admiration to benevolence, and with a yet more respectful courtesy he repeated his offer of assistance. "I will indeed accept your kindness"—she replied—"I have not far to go, and my father will be alarmed"—The slight foreign accent with which she spoke gave an added interest to her low and musical voice. Fortunately the injury had not amounted to a sprain, and, with a slight hesitation in her step, they reached a close dark street. Embarrassment on either side had prevented any conversation beyond mere enquiries and replies as to the requisite turnings in a locality with which Lionel was totally unacquainted, branching out into a labyrinth of dingy dismantled houses and intersecting alleys; and when the young girl paused to thank Deloraine for his protection it seemed to him as if so fair a creature must need it still more in such a neighbourhood. "Do you live *here*?" he said enquiringly, and she replied with a blush that partook apparently of wounded pride. Yes this is my abode, but we have not forgotten the past and my Father is a watchful guardian; but for his illness I should not have had to trespass on your kindness for protection. Accept my grateful thanks and farewell." With a graceful inclination of the head, which seemed as if she had been accustomed to the courtesies of a life far above her present position, she entered the open door of one of the houses, and ascending a stair-case was lost amid its darkness. Lionel walked home in a kind of waking dream, and his meditation terminated in a firm determination to revisit on the morrow the habitation of the beautiful unknown, but to him the labyrinths of strange streets were problems not easy to resolve, from the chaos of windings and crossings into the route traversed the evening before. Daylight imparted a yet more disagreeable air of squalidness and dilapidation to the whole region, and it was with the aid of many enquiries that he once more emerged into the world of his knowledge. His next resolution was to hover near the spot where he first met with the unknown, and to renew his acquaintance by an enquiry as to her recovery from the accident which introduced him to her. He attended at the same hour many evenings, but in vain; at last his perseverance was rewarded, at a much later period of the nightfall, by perceiving her approach slowly and with a depressed air. The night was chilly, and it appeared as if she felt its influence; her attire was scantier and meaner, and she hesitated as if unwilling to reply to his enquiries; her cheek was pale and her whole air bore the impress of sorrow and fatigue. More interested than ever Lionel unconsciously, as it were, accompanied her, and ventured to express his sympathy for her apparent depression of spirits. Her youthful and trusting heart, moved by the kind words and manly respect of her companion, in some measure reposed confidence in the stranger, and she related a portion of her history. She was the daughter she said of a French Emigré, to whose former rank in society she made no allusions, but merely stated that her father had given lessons in the French language, which supported them till lately, when a long continuance of illness had prevented him from attending to his duties, and that to her skill as an embroideress, they were at present indebted for existence. She was now compelled to work longer hours and heavier task-work, to meet if possible their increasing embarrassments. All this she related with a pathos and simplicity which bore the stamp of truth, and Lionel's heart felt indignant that so fair a creature should have to serve thus humbly the stern task-masters, who make sorrow their assistant, and give with mock commiseration, to anguish hours of added toil, when they know the unhappy thrall dare not reject the seeming boon, and its scanty additional pittance, ~~though~~ *to work longer* sap the very fount of life, lest they lose the task and are cast ~~out to~~ *into* beggary at once. Alas! there are so many eager applicants in the narrow limits of female labour, that the oppressors boldly extend their cruel exactions, knowing they are sure to meet with yet more submissive wretches who crave their fancied aid, to prolong an existence doomed by those very means to terminate more speedily and surely. The victims perish daily before our eyes unmarked and unregarded, and we talk of a crusade against slavery!—verily this *is* the age of delusions!—Though the fair speaker unfolded the horrors of poverty and her own participation in its miseries unhesitatingly, yet there was about her such a nameless dignity of mien, that Lionel dared not offer pecuniary aid, but ascertaining correctly the name and situation of the

street where he again left her, (after soliciting and obtaining permission to see her home again the next evening,) he arranged with a worthy physician to visit and relieve the urgent necessities of the suffering Emigré during his daughters absence, supplying all aid as from the emanation of his own benevolence, and at every visit to increase the comforts of his patient in every possible respect, without offending the pride which illness alone had subdued.

So efficient was Lionel's coadjutor that the fair Coralie had every evening some new kindness or comfort to mention to her now constant companion as the apparent benevolence of their new found friend the physician, who had quietly usurped the details of their household, until grateful delicacies tempted the palate of the invalid, and a night nurse obviated the task of weary watching which had so lately harrassed the over-worn Coralie. All this she assured Lionel, was to be repaid by her father attending (when recovered,) the physician's family as a French master (a harmless fiction invented by the said physician to aid his purpose); and thus supported by this lure of fancied independence of obligation, they accepted aid which offered gratuitously would have been rejected at once both by father and daughter. Lionel listened to these details with delight, and meditated the bolder act of removing them to a more salubrious district for change of air to the patient, and by some, as, yet undefined means, emancipating Coralie from the toil which he already so much lightened. Sometimes he asked himself to what did all this tend? was it indeed mere benevolence that led him to forsake all other pleasures to meet at a certain hour the young embroideress and conduct her home—that made the light fall of her step as she approached him quicken the pulses of his heart, and the relying singleness of heart with which she confided her joys and sorrows to her sympathizing auditor, bind him with yet fonder ties than those of kindred to her, and the lights and shadows of her destiny?—did he *love* the young Emigré?—*Certainly not*, he assured himself, it was mere brotherly humanity; they knew each other but by the names of Lionel and Coralie; it was a pure friendship, and as such would last unmingled with a warmer sentiment. It was Platonism on his part, and sisterly confidence on hers,—what a delightful delusion!—and as such it might have lasted longer had London been Arcadia?—Her father had now entirely recovered from illness caused solely by privations and poverty, and Lionel and the physician were alike embarrassed by his wish to commence his professional attendance, the good doctor's household being confined to himself and the usual assistants required by an old bachelor. He also wished to renew his guardianship of his daughter by attending her home. This was evaded by the physician's veto against exposure to the night air, and by Coralie herself urging him not to run such a risk, without acknowledging almost to herself how unwilling she was to part with the new protector chance had led to her aid. The air bubble of Lionel's fancied security was about to vanish. Already thorns began to penetrate the chain of roses which fettered his imagination, and the young Platonist was about to perceive FRIENDSHIP like his, was but LOVE *with folded wings*!—when Coralie and her father suddenly disappeared!—No intelligence could be gained respecting them, excepting that after the receipt of a letter, they departed in a coach with their simple luggage, after defraying all expenses with a lavishness perfectly unusual, and leaving a note for their kind physician, in which thanks were mingled with assurances that his kindness should be repaid threefold. The landlady observed that Coralie wept as she departed, but to her the coming and the parting guest were alike; she had no interest in their fortunes, but as they paid her, and was too much adsorbed in the "clearing down," for a new occupant to care for the "Old Frenchman," and his gentle daughter, and the physician finding that frequent enquiries elicited a vulgar curiosity, and insinuations that did not altogether suit his bachelor peculiarities, desisted from any further attempt. Months rolled away. Lionel haunted the scene of his lost happiness, feeling now convinced how deeply he had loved, and how dangerous had been that dream, from which he was so suddenly awakened!—the receipt of a large sum of money and a diamond ring by the physician, (left in a packet with his housekeeper, by an entire stranger), accompanied by a few lines expressing the thanks of the Emigré to his kind friend, undated however and without a name, excited fresh enquiries and new hopes, but in vain!—Time sped on without unravelling the mystery, and thus apparently ended the romance of Lionel Deloraine and the fair embroideress!—

CHAPTER II.

A Court Ball at the Tuilleries.

FIVE years had now elapsed. Lionel Deloraine had also attained his majority some time, and, being an orphan, had no restrictions when his guardians yielded up their trust, "the world was all before him." Youth and an ample revenue should have made him happy, yet he was not so. He mingled in the gay whirl of London life; to him its pleasures were tasteless; he tried visiting his estates, and forgetting amidst rural shades the beautiful phantom, that still mingled with his dreams and haunted his daily meditations. Lionel's love for the mysterious Coralie had been a passion deep and enduring, strengthened by absence and the impressions of a vivid imagination, until it had become a part of his existence—his first morning thought was "will the enigma ever be solved!—shall I ever again behold her?"—And to this end his energies were entirely devoted.

Speculating mothers patronised the young Master of Earls court, and fascinating daughters smiled upon him with *innocent* naiveté, but he had seen smiles more truthful, and beauty more exquisite, and, daguerreotyped by the warmth and ardour of first love upon his heart, the picture remained indelible!—

The horrors of the French Revolution were swept away, and France, volatile France, or at least its surface, glittered with the vanities of the restored monarchy. The fearful lesson had been taught in vain, and the luxuries and *fadé* glories of the Old Regime were again enacted by those fortunate adherents to royalty whose titles and estates were restored, or rather again created. Marquises and Counts again paced through the stately palace halls, their exile, their privations, their domestic tragedies steeped in blood and tears, forgotten in their newly awakened pride and renewed prejudices. Paris was again the brilliant theatre of voluptuous and magnificent display, and open once more to the gay seekers of delight and novelty. Lionel's errand thither was of a different description; his position in society gave him the entree into the highest circles, and amid the fairest he looked for Coralie. At each fresh disappointment he condemned himself for a knight errantry worthy of the Preux Chevaliers of the olden time. Coralie had never mentioned her father's rank or name—and at the period of their meeting they were both too young to think of the future or the past, while *absorbed in the fascinating* influence of the present! so that his pursuit seemed hopeless even to himself. A Court Ball was announced at the Tuilleries, and even there Lionel Deloraine had a lingering hope that he might once more behold the mysterious embroideress.

The stately magnificence of the guests—the accumulation of luxury and splendor, the fresh loveliness of the young beauties, rendered more conspicuous by the antiquated and rouged dowagers, who once more flirted their fans, and talked of their by-gone conquests as if they anticipated new ones, gave an air of enchantment to the brilliant scene; the royal revelry went on—but Lionel was as usual but an observer, not a sharer in its pleasures. He looked at the youngest beauties, forgetting that in the lapse of time, the maiden of sixteen, must have acquired the perfect grace of womanhood.

On a blue damask sofa, (near the pillar against which he leaned), a lady was seated, conversing with an aged gentleman, who wore a profusion of stars and orders. He soon, however, left her, as if to fulfil some commission, and she remained seated alone. The exquisite grace of her form attracted Deloraine's attention, as if by some irresistible fascination, and it seemed as if a spell of power led him to note her actions and even her attire. Her dress was a robe of the richest white satin, magnificently embroidered with silver, and looped and fringed with orient pearls, and the superb luxuriance of her dark silken hair was aranged with classical taste beneath a pearl tiara, disclosing the faultless symmetry of her pure Greek profile, and falling behind in rich clustering ringlets. By the opening of her long loose Venetian sleeve was shown the delicate roundness of a beautiful arm, a magnificent bracelet of emeralds, contrasting well with its dazzling fairness. Her face was partially turned away from Lionel, but the graceful bend of her white neck, the small delicate ear, and beautifully formed cheek, on whose soft rose-tinge the long dark eyelash reposed as she looked down in some absorbing reverie, showed that the loveliness of her features must be perfect. As he

gazed, she raised her small white hand, to place the mignon rose she held, in her bosom, and he distinctly saw on her arm, clasped beneath the emerald bracelet, a small *golden snake* of simple workmanship, the exact counterpart of one he had given to Coralie, as a pledge and symbol of eternal friendship, on the evening when they parted apparently for ever!—Could it be?—and yet there were a thousand such ornaments—but to wear a trinket of such trifling value, with such a magnificent toilet, was in itself a strange circumstance! How could he address the lady?—Should he break through all rules and speak to her?—he felt resolved to venture even at the risk of offending perhaps a stranger, but while he yet hesitated the aged gentleman returned, and after a few words the lady rose, and giving him her hand, they passed onwards. The heavy folds of her train were entangled in some ornaments of the couch, she looked back smilingly as her companion released them, and in the magnificent court beauty, Deloraine indeed beheld once more the long sought Coralie!

"What lady are you raving about, Deloraine?" "She who just now passed onwards to the throne room, De Lancy, as you so unceremoniously seized my arm, and prevented my following her. More than my life depended on that moment, and you,"—"What, the lady in the pearl tiara?—that is our new ambassadress to the court—her father is one of the returned Emigrés, who has recovered vast riches, buried by a faithful steward beneath the ruins of his chateau, destroyed during the revolution. All his family but himself and his youngest daughter, perished in the flames, or beneath the weapons of the Sans Culottes—they escaped miraculously; of course it is quite a romance, and she is beautiful enough to be the heroine of one; but pray compose yourself, you will be the talk of the ball room if you look so savagely excited; I assure you my arresting your steps was purely accidental. How am I to arrange this contre temps?—no better way than by introducing you to the fair object of your devotion." "Will you? can you?—you are as ever, dear De Lancy, my truest friend." "Allons then—but remember she is married." "*Married*?" "Yes, the bridal party have just returned, and this is her first presentation at court after the event; they are yet in the eau sucre of the honey-moon, pray heaven, that your English *venividi-vinci*, change it not into vinegar!"—In a chaos of sensations not to be defined, Lionel was during this speech hurried onwards by De Lancy in search of the ambassadress, but she had suddenly left the palace; and there was nothing for Deloraine, but to hide his chagrin as best he might, and rush away to his own hotel, where his excited feelings could have full vent in words.

"Found once more, and yet lost for ever!—Coralie married!—Married?—and yet how could such beauty fail to win worship, idolatry from all?—and he *might* have won that fair prize, wooed her in her sorrow and snatched her from toil, and he had suffered the cold commonplace conventionalities of life to deter him from such a glorious deed, and now, fitting reward, she shone above him, "like a bright particular star," and it was even forbidden him to adore!"—Such were a few of his incoherent exclamations. The night passed, he knew not how, and in the morning he sought De Lancy, to gain from him yet more intelligence; he had, however, nothing to communicate, but that the beautiful ambassadress had a perfect *furor* for English society, and that he would obtain for him, as early as possible, the entree of her salon. On this hope Deloraine lived.

Already the phantom of restored royalty grew dim and shadowy, rumours were abroad; strangers rapidly quitted Paris, France was again threatened with a new earthquake of political regeneration, and the ambassador and his bride departed suddenly on his mission, hurried by the fears of the shaken and distracted cabinet. Eustace De Lancy rallied Lionel unmercifully on his Parisian love-chace, as they drove up the avenue of Earls court, to meet a gay party of sportsmen invited by Deloraine, on his return to England, to range over his well stocked preserves, trusting that in such company, and such excitements he might banish the agonizing memories of the past, and so forget the twice found, yet now more than ever lost, mysterious Coralie!—

CHAPTER III.

The White Dove of the Wilderness, and the Golden Snake.

A NEW change came over the phantasmagoria of politics. France was in the glory of the Consulate, Napoleon directed the destinies of the world! Such was his ambitious vaunt, but in his secret soul he thought of the white cliffs of Albion, and

knew how vain that boast, while the Lion of the Sea remained invincible! But long ere this, Deloraine, weary, discontented with himself, with the world—a disappointed man, had quitted his native land, leaving his estates at nurse for the benefit of his next heir, and sought in the almost primeval wilderness of his newly purchased possessions, in the far wilds of America, a fresh excitement of purpose, the restoration of a mind clouded by an unextinguishable remorse, and tranquillity for a heart, agitated with an unavailing sorrow. Excitement there was in plenty—his estate, an Eldorado on the plan of the agent, was a mere wilderness, half swamp, half forest, with a savage tribe of Indians not yet expatriated, harrassing his woodsmen, and lumberers with an unsubdued ferocity, natural enough to the aboriginals, whose hunting grounds and wigwam villages had become the spoil of the White Man, while the Red Children of the Sun were driven like hunted deer, from the pleasant places of their fathers! Revenge, the predominant passion of the savage, rendered the remnant of the tribe dangerous neighbours, and blood had, ere Lionel's arrival, already darkened the contested boundary. This was a new arena!—compelled by the sheer force of necessity to arouse himself, deprived of the luxuries of polished life, dwelling under tents and rude log cabins, and harrassed by uncertain foes, Lionel could not have found a more salutary stimulus; health revisited his frame, his love was indeed unextinguishable, but its power was diverted from preying on his life by the force of new duties that every day presented themselves. A more concentrated attack of the Indians, happily beaten back, though not without bloodshed, urged him to despatch messengers for further armed aids, his admiration of nature not carrying him so far, as to yield his own life, and that of his dependants, to the children of the forest whatever might be their natural claim; and yet, those majestic warriors, whose symmetry of form might vie with the sculptured deities of ancient Rome, why should they be driven forth to perish?—he would seek some other land—abandon the settlement, and leave them to their free forest-life and ancient home! but he found he had *other minds* to contend with; his labourers and tenants were unwilling to relinquish their half-planted acres, their rising habitations and hopes of future prosperity. His visionary theories of liberty and justice, were to them incomprehensible. “He had *bought* the land, and why on airth had the Injun dogs a right to it?”—This was their concluding argument, and in spite of all Loraineville progressed and flourished into a very respectable settlement. The attacks of the Indians were not repeated, and Lionel, armed with his rifle, again wandered on the forest grounds yet uncleared, admiring those leafy fastnesses of nature, whose majestic growth seemed coeval with time itself. He had strayed there deeply absorbed in the predominant idea of his passion, but warned by the gathering shades of evening, he was about collecting his game and returning homewards, when the sharp quick report of a rifle rang through the forest and Deloraine fell!—When he recovered sensibility, he found himself on a mat in an Indian wigwam, a prisoner—his arms bound with cords, and a young Brave seated as a guard at the door (his rifle charged and his scalping knife in his belt,) as grave and immovable as if chiselled from red marble. This was turning romance into a disagreeable reality—his wound had been dressed with some cooling herbs, and he felt no pain; but what was to be the ultimate result of this adventure was not a very consoling idea. All the wild horrors of Indian torture rushed at once into his thoughts, and he at times threatened or supplicated his guard in order to induce him to release his arms from bondage, but the Brave remained stolid and unmoved, and Lionel soon wearied of his futile adjurations. It was yet the grey of early morning, and he trusted that assistance had already been dispatched from the Settlement. His adherents must have been alarmed at his absence, and surely they would attribute it to the true cause, an Indian ambush. Bound as he was he could effect nothing, but determined to sell his life dearly, should it be attacked. He sank down on the mat, enfeebled by the loss of blood, which from his present weakness, he judged must have been considerable, and silence rested alike on guard and captive.

As the morning advanced sounds of rapidly passing footsteps and wild Indian cries disturbed this seeming tranquillity. At first Lionel hoped it was the attack of his friends, but his guard remained still as immovable, and the sounds did not indicate a skirmish. The cries were now mingled with the rude melody of barbarian music, and the door of the hut opening widely admitted a band of Chiefs, grimly adorned with war paint, and the scalp locks of the slain. The captive was in spite of his resistance more securely bound, and carried forth in silence. He then was too fatally convinced of

the cause of the late sounds; a stake was driven into the ground near the hut, surrounded by an immense pile of faggots and brushwood, and the whole Tribe were gathered around it in a semicircle. Strange and uncouth instruments of Indian torture were displayed; the threats, the resistance of Deloraine availed him not, and he was soon securely bound to the fearful stake. His arms were then released, and the wild yells and wild music rose with a shrill dissonance, drowning the voice of the captive, whose last hour was approaching. Deloraine was a brave man, but to perish thus by torture in an Indian wilderness, was a thought too agonizing for endurance, and he writhed madly with his bonds. A yell of derision burst from the assembled warriors—the music ceased, and a profound silence reigned as an aged Chief advanced with a burning torch to fire the pile. At that moment a piercing shriek rang wild and clearly on the air, and an Indian Huntress sprang midst the crowd, kneeling before the Chief, so as to arrest his steps; she appeared to supplicate urgently, but the maddened Lionel heard not the words; suddenly she rose, and still grasping the blanket of the Chief, drew a dagger from her belt appearing to threaten her own life. The aged Chief paused and looked upon the crowd, but the unmoved countenances around him and the continual silence of the assembly seemed to leave the decision in his hands. During this brief pause Deloraine gazed on the being who seemed to plead so earnestly for his life. The rude garb of the Squaws had on her graceful form a picturesque arrangement that seemed to assimilate itself more with the European costume. A jacket of white deer skin was bound by a gay scarf of blue and amber to her slender waist, and bright coloured feathers, and Wampum embroidery, adorned the short full crimson petticoat. The delicate proportions of her exquisite ankle were covered by the Moccasin, whose rich and varied hues of dyed quill work, showed that she held an elevated rank. Her hair was closely gathered up in a rich knot of plaited braids, gay with azure beads, and a chaplet or coronal of short white downy feathers waved above her brow. The pause in her entreaties was but momentary, and with a determined air she again rapidly raised the weapon in her grasp. The Chief wrested it from her, and drawing her to his heart, let fall the extinguished torch. A cry rose from the assembly, and a hundred arrows were levelled at the captive at the stake; but his attention was rivetted on the Huntress, for as she raised her arm the sunbeams glanced brightly on the golden snake that encircled her waist, and it seemed to his excited imagination as if in the new world as well as the old, the magic influence of Coralie was to determine his destiny! There was a sudden outcry—a discharge of artillery, and in a moment the circle was broken by a determined and well armed band. Lionel's cords were rapidly cut, and he found himself in the midst of friends. The engagement became general, flight and massacre prevailed, and few of the last tribe of the Red Hunters of the Prairie survived that hour of vengeance!—

Through the tumult Deloraine sought but one object, the Huntress of the Wilderness. She still knelt on the same spot, but the aged Chief lay bleeding at her feet, and she had torn her gay scarf with a vain attempt to bind the wound. As Deloraine advanced she looked up, and he again beheld the first love of his youth, the mysterious Coralie; "Once more, once more" she cried in that thrilling voice of music which had so long echoed in his heart, "protect and aid the hapless Coralie!" Ere he could reply the aged Chief raised himself, and in a mixed patois of French and Indian languages, spoke in a low solemn voice "Take her"—he said—"oh fair haired son of the West. When the Red Children of the Forest sought to regain their lost lands, and carried fire and desolation into the dwelling of her Sire, I, the Grey Eagle of my Tribe, saved her as she lay at my feet. The Love-bird of my Wigwam had been called to the land of spirits, but in the dark eyes of the white dove of the stranger, I again beheld the glance of the daughter of my love. Since that hour she has been the light of my heart! Mourn not for me, my child, I go to the happy hunting grounds; the Great Spirit calls his son"—A convulsion past over his features, and the Grey Eagle of the Prairie was no more!—

* * * * *

Two years after this event, a gay party were assembled at Earls court, to celebrate the christening of its infant heir, and to Eustace De Lancy, Lionel presented his beautiful wife, as the Lady of the Pearl Tiara, the imagined ambassadress at the Court of the Tuilleries!—The mystery that enveloped her early fortunes was easily explained. Coralie St. Ange was the daughter of a younger son of one of the ancient nobles of France; her mother died and left her in early infancy, and she was scarce emancipated from her convent, when the horrors of the Revolution filled Paris with desolation. In the com-

mencement of that fearful outbreak, Monsieur St. Ange and his daughter were fortunate enough to escape from the carnage that immolated, as he thought, the rest of their ancient family; on the free shores of England they landed, with but slender funds, but Monsieur St. Ange, under another name, sought by his talents in teaching the French language, to support himself and daughter. He had various success, sometimes busily employed—sometimes without a hope, till illness arrested his endeavours, and the fair Coralie prevailed upon him to allow her to exercise her exquisite skill in embroidery, which even in her convent was considered matchless.—Alas! how differently was it estimated when exerted to support life!—

The crisis of her sorrows was fast approaching, when Lionel first met her,—the public papers had acquainted M. St. Ange with the fortunate escape and return of his elder brother (the head of the family) to Paris; his letter met with a true fraternal welcome in France, and was answered by a recall to his native land, and the remittance of ample funds. This was at length joyously related to Coralie, from whom he had concealed his application to his brother, lest his raised hopes should be disappointed. All this occurred with his regained health; in the innocence of her heart Coralie confessed to him her romance, and sought to induce him to consent to an introduction to her protector Lionel, but the fears of the father saw but in this stranger, some scheming ruse, whose well laid plot it was fortunately in his power to destroy; he, therefore, hurried their departure the next morning, and Coralie was borne away without the power of acquainting Lionel with the change in her fortunes. By a trusty agent, M. St. Ange transmitted to the physician a token of acknowledgement for his benevolence, and, received again into the bosom of their family, England and its memories were to Coralie an interdicted theme. It was the young Countess Angelique, the fair cousin of Coralie, whose bridal presentation at the Tuilleries led to the mistake of De Lancy. The ladies were attired alike and the mystification was easy, owing to their acknowledged resemblance, particularly as De Lancy had but glanced at the retiring figure of Coralie. She had not noticed Lionel, as her uncle led her away, and his departure for England left their mutual destinies still unknown to each other. The political agitation of France again banished Monsieur St Ange, and this time supplied by his brother with ample funds, he purchased a Clearing in the Far West, and settled down to enjoy a life of tranquillity and plenty; but the climate agreed not with his delicate and enfeebled constitution; the inroads of the hostile Indians alarmed him, and destroyed his surviving energies, and Coralie watched by his corse as the savage warriors fired their dwelling, and she was saved from the uplifted tomahawk by the Chief in whose wigwam she afterwards dwelt acknowledged by the Tribe as the adored daughter of the Grey Eagle. All this was explained to Lionel on their return to Loraineville from the valley of the wilderness. Fearing that any chance should arise to snatch her again from his watchful love, his pleadings were so irresistible, that they were speedily united, and ceding the Settlement to the brave leader of the storming party, as the reward of his opportune aid, Deloraine and Coralie returned to England, and in their wedded happiness at Earls court forgot the mysteries and sorrows that attended Three Eras of their Life-time!—

THE POET.

AN ODE.

BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

(Author of the *Patrician's Daughter*, &c.,)

Lord of the realms of Mind!

Of whom all beauteous things,
All founts whence feeling springs,
All that's bright to outward seeing,
All that's pure in inward being,
All the shapes of Love terrestrial,
All the love in the celestial,
Are the vast inheritance!

Glorious being ! Unconfined,
 Living as thou art inclined,
 In " calm and high Philosophy :"
 Or—rapt in Feeling's trance—
 Thou most august creation
 (Of Uncreated Power !—)
 Whose heart has a vibration
 To every pulsation
 Of our humanity,
 In its most lowly or exalted hour
 Thou, glorious Instrument !
 Of Universal strings,
 In which all tones are blent,
 Whence perfect Music springs ;
 There is no sound of sighing
 To which thy sympathy is not replying ;
 There is no voice
 Uttered by lips of him who doth rejoice,
 Whose mirth-inspired, and loudly pealing strain
 Thy chords responding, fail to wake again !
 Oh ! who can tell
 What visions haunt the spot where thou dost dwell ?
 Like other men,
 When summer's sunset thro' thy casement gleams
 Thine eye beholds the beauty radiant then,
 Thy room is gilded by the golden beams ;
 But unlike other men, to thee
 The glorious hour
 Brings something more than outward brilliancy,—
 It brings the spell which wakes the power
 That slumbers in thy breast,
 That power which doth invest
 The vacant air with life, and form, and grace,
 And makes thy humble home a holy place.
 Yet hast thou hours of woe,
 When the Ideal doth thy call deny,
 When Hope shrinks back within thee, all below
 Wearing a loveless aspect to thine eye ;
 When some dark Tempter is thy pathway haunting,
 Thy weary Soul with evil questions taunting ;
 " What doth avail," he cries,
 " The glorious Spirit
 Which hath elected thee to be his shrine ?
 How valueless the dower thou dost inherit—
 High thoughts and noble feelings ; thou dost pine
 Thou princely Merchant ! Thy rich argosies
 Of mental treasures, and affections deep
 Thou dost possess alone, Earth is to thee
 A desert Island, where thy wealth is vain,
 And Love and Sympathy, the great subsistence
 Wherewith that Happiness supports existence,
 Thou shalt not even in thy dreams enjoy again :
 Well may'st thou sweep
 The Earth with restless pinions, bird of Heaven !
 Thy dwelling is too high,
 Thy home too near the sky,
 'Too proud, alas ! for sympathy
 The Nature to thee given !'"

No ; no ; it is not so—
 Lift up thine eyes, dejected bard, and see,

With sweet compassion pitying thy woe,
 The Spirit, Guardian of thy destiny,
 "And, oh! my chosen child!—Why weepest thou?"
 Saith she in kindly accents,—“Follow me—

Follow me!—Follow me!”
 And where went the twain?
 Up the mountains?—to the sea?
 O'er the open plain?
 Follow we! Follow we,
 Their travel and its end to see.
 Lo! through the green field strays
 A little peasant child,
 On whose bear head the sunbeam's rays
 Alight, though warm yet mild,
 How glad he feels, he knows not why
 Oft-times he bounds, and oft would fly
 Because there is a sympathy
 Alive within his breast
 With all the beauty he doth see
 • At Nature's hour of rest:—
 “Poet!” the Spirit cried,
 “Whence hath this child his gladness?”
 And though the Poet nought replied,
 His heart had lost much sadness.
 It is mid-day, and Summer time,
 The air is mild and warm the clime,
 Yet in a spacious square
 A fire is fiercely blazing,
 And dense dark clouds are gather'd there
 In awful silence gazing;
 For, circled by the red flame, stands
 A brother man, and yet his hands
 Are raised in prayer, and in his mien
 A calm tranquillity is seen,
 He triumphs o'er the element,
 And in his time of need is sent
 An antidote, a strength, a power
 Which makes his last his happiest hour;
 “Poet,” the Spirit cried,
 “Whence so great Peace had he?”
 “Whence I have mine,” the Bard replied,
 “From Truth and Purity.”

It was a dark and loathsome cell
 In which the miser chose to dwell;
 No glorious Morn, no balmy Eve,
 Could tempt his steps that cell to leave.
 There sat he, day by day,
 Amid his useless store.
 A living death, Life in his class
 A form so torpid wore,
 Cruel was he, and merciless,
 In all her varied forms,—Distress
 With him had vainly pleaded
 All the mute eloquence of tears,—
 All shapes that supplication bears
 Had sued, but ne'er succeeded;
 But see! who comes! Unmeet a place
 For thee fair child of Youth and Grace!

Yet, when she came, dull vacancy
 Was banished from the Miser's eye,
 His brow relax'd, his thin lips mutter'd
 Blessings sincere, though faintly utter'd.
 "Poet behold!" the Spirit cried; the Poet look'd and smil'd,
 His smile was radiant, for he felt the Miser lov'd his child.

In a lone room
 There sat a queenly lady, passing fair,
 Most beautiful was she, and yet the bloom
 Of stainless Innocence was wanting there!
 Oh God! That in the chronicle of shame
 Should be recorded such a Being's name!
 For she was sent by thee,
 Unto a holy ministry,
 To be a Priestess at the shrine
 Of feelings ever glorious and divine!
 Unto what perishable God hath she
 Thus madly given
 The Faith, the Love, the Worship due to Heaven?
 Crown her with a tiara of fallen stars,
 An emblem meet to designate
 The Nature which forgot its high Estate,
 And, though Immortal, wedded Infamy!

Oh! Yet Reproach forbear—
 Observe her now
 Before her there is spread a faded scroll,
 Which she would read, but that the tear
 Obscures her vision,—why then doth it flow?
 Those faded letters were her own handwriting,
 The thoughts they imag'd her own heart's inditing,
 And what of this? Search out the date, 'twill show
 The scroll was written ten long years ago,—
 And in that date there is a spell,
 By which the Spirit of the Past
 Can bring back scenes she lov'd,—how well!
 And towards which now her eyes oft cast
 A glance of longing, all around her rise
 Old trees, old haunts, old faces, lost too long,
 And o'er the earth are spread the mellow'd skies,
 She had so loved to commune with when young,
 And then the great Antithesis of Life
 Before her passes with reproachful brow,
 The early Innocence, the after-strife,
 The unpolluted Then, the sullied Now,
 Until the tears in quick succession flow,
 And Purity returns, at once, her cause and cure of woe!
 "Poet,"—the Spirit cried, "hast thou the moral understood?
 That in all Natures doth abide the sacred Germ of Good!"

Yes,—he can comprehend
 The lesson kindly taught,
 And from his Angel—Friend,
 Angelic light hath caught;
 He sees that Truth and Love,
 Beauty and Purity
 Dwell not alone above,
 But in Humanity,
 And that abiding here
 Tho' varied names they bear,

In one may all included be
 Their common title—Poetry;
 The Poetry which ever dwells
 In Nature's Temples and her cells,
 In every form upholds her reign,
 And not the meanest doth disdain!
 In some her Presence much reveal'd,
 In others clouded or conceal'd,
 Yet there the same in all, is she,
 The UNIVERSAL POETRY!

Bard! though thy home be high,
 Thy dwelling near the sky,
 Thy glorious Art from Heav'n,
 Yet can all Life unto thy Love reply,
 "Oh—not too proud for sympathy
 The Nature to thee giv'n!"

NATIONAL EDUCATION, AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

BY GEORGE CANDELET.

"The whips and scorns o'th time—
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

HANLET.

It is a matter of most cheering prospect, that there are at this period, signs of an approaching *revolution*, a more important one, by its higher principle and its expansive impulse towards a wide and remote beneficence, than the ordinary events of that name. What have generally been the matter and circumstance of revolutions? The last deciding blow in a deadly competition of equally selfish parties, actions, and reactions; of ambition, and revenge? The fiat of a conqueror; a burst of blind fury, prematurely sweeping away an old catalogue of things, but overwhelming too all attempts to substitute a better institution; plots, massacres, battles, dethronements, restorations, all actuated by a fermentation of the basest elements of humanity. How little of the sublime of moral agency has there been, with one or two exceptions in these mighty commotions; how little wisdom or virtue, or reference to national interests; how little nobleness, or even distinctness of purpose, or consolidated advantage of success! But here is, as we trust, the approach of a revolution with different phenomena, characterised with a mighty acceleration to the progress of civilization and *nationality*. It displays the nature of its principles and its ambition in a conviction far more serious and extensive than heretofore, of the necessity of *education for the masses*. It is to a want of a broad and extensive system of national education that may be attributed many evils which so heavily afflict and distract society. Deeply impressed with its vast utility to mankind, and its competency to regenerate the national character, we learn with pleasure the intention of the present government to amend the present system of national education. Probably before the appearance of the next number of this Magazine the ministry will have developed *their plan*. We trust it will be such as will meet the approbation of all parties, all sects, and all persuasions. We trust its leading feature will be the mental and moral amelioration of the people,—that it will come forth entirely free and winnowed from sectarianism. For ourselves we are entirely opposed to party legislation. We flatter ourselves with the giant strides of an approaching period when the revenues of the British Government will not be lavishly applied to Universities for the education of a few, but to common schools. We trust the forthcoming "measure" will be considered without reference to the "men;" that it will pass through the ordeal of public opinion upon its own merits.

Vol. 9—No. 4—L.

It is a matter deeply to be regretted that there is a vast diversity of opinion upon this great question; but it is still further a matter of deeper lamentation that a concession of the *rights* of the people is urged in precedence of this question. Say political economists—let the people be put in possession of an equality of privileges in the state. Let all invidious distinctions which are artificial, arbitrary, and not inevitable, be abolished, together with all laws injuriously affecting their well-being. Give them thus a sense of being something in the social order, a direct palpable interest in the honour and prosperity of the community. There will then be a dignified sense of independence; the generous, liberalising, ennobling sentiments of freedom; the self-respect and conscious-responsibility of men in the full exercise of their rights; the manly disdain of what is base, the innate perception of what is worthy and honorable, developing itself spontaneously. All this, say they, will conduce to their education, and consequently their moral alleviation.

To say nothing of the vain fancies of the virtues ready to disclose themselves in a corrupt mass under the auspices of improved political institutions, it is unfortunate for any such speculation that what it insists on as the primary panacea cannot as yet, but very imperfectly, be had. The *privileged* have an aversion to concede to the request of the excluded, and the aversion is not without its rationality. We are not amongst those who believe in the aggregate competency of the masses. We claim precedence for the progressive “perfection of our species,” and hold it to be the only sure guarantee for a discreet, prudent, and wise exercise, of those privileges. Only let the utmost that is possible be done to train the people, from the early years to a *sound use of their reason* under a discipline for imparting a valuable portion of knowledge and assiduously inculcating the principles of social duty; and then something may be said to good purpose to their understanding and conscience while they are maintaining the competition of claims. They will then be able to see put in a fair balance many things which headlong ignorance would have taken, all one way. They would be capable of appreciating many explanations, alleged causes of delay, statements of difficulty between opposing reasons; it would be an inducement to their making a real exertion of their understanding that they thus found themselves so formally put upon their own responsibility for its exercise, that they were summoned to a rational discussion instead of being addressed in a style of inflammatory rhetoric. The strife of interests would thus be carried on with less fierceness and malice on the part of the people. The ground itself of contention—the substance of the matter in contest would be gradually diminished, by the concessions of the higher classes to the claims of the lower.

A people advanced to such a state would make their moral power felt in a thousand ways. This general augmentation of sense and right principle would send forth against all arrangements and inveterate or more modern usages, of the nature of invidious exclusion, arbitrary repression, and the debasement of great public interests into a detestable private traffic, an energy, which could no more be resisted than the power of the sun when he advances in the spring to annihilate the relics and vestiges of the winter. This infinite and irresistible influence would modify the institutions of the national community to a state better adapted to secure all the popular rights. It would convey the genuine collective opinion to bear directly on the transaction of national concerns. That opinion would be so unequivocally manifested as to leave no pretence for a doubtful interpretation of its signs, and with such authority as to preclude any question whether to set it at defiance. Let the people be intellectually prepared, ere they can receive the permanent and lasting benefits they hope to derive from a concession of privileges.

A period of upwards of twenty years has now rolled by since a plan of national education was brought forward by Mr. (now Lord) Brougham. The announcement of the scheme in and out of the British Senate, was hailed by every lover of his species as a “means to an end,”—with hope and delight by those who had so long deplored the mental depravity of the lower class. But when developed, its administrative organization was characterized by a total absence of liberal comprehension—restricted and accommodated to the prejudices and demands of one part of the community. A general protest was entered against it, and it speedily fell to the ground amidst the regret of the earnest friends of popular reformation, that a design of so much *original* promise should come to nothing. All legislative attention to the subject went into abeyance, and so has remained with a trifling exception, through an epoch in which

it would have influenced far more than a million (in England alone), of children, who were at that time within that stage of life upon which a good scheme would have acted, and would now no doubt in the days of maturity, have been beneficially manifesting itself. Think of the difference of their state as it is, and what it might have been, if there had at that time existed patriotism, liberality, and moral principle enough to enact and carry into effect a comprehensive measure. The longer the neglect the greater the pressure with which the subject returns upon us. It forces itself upon us with a demand as peremptory as ever was the necessity of an embankment against the peril of an inundation.

Hitherto the question of amending the present pitiable national education has been deemed by some to be impracticable. Alas for human nature! Well might the poet Burns exclaim that "mans' inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn;" and does the case at last come to this, that from one cause and another,—from the arrogance of the high and untowardness of the low, the obstinacy of prejudice, and the rashness of innovation, the dissensions among friends, of a beneficent design, and the discountenance of those who are no better than enemies to a mighty state, proclaiming, boasting itself to be triumphantly possessed of every other kind of power, it absolutely cannot execute a scheme for rescuing its inhabitants from being what a learned writer on this subject has declared "the worst educated nation in Europe." Then let it submit with all its pride and grandeur to stand in ridicule and be a derisive proverb on the face of the earth.

We cannot leave this question and turn to one which is most intimately connected with the foregoing, and perhaps, of equal importance, without holding forth a probability of future recurrence; we mean the importance of the uninterrupted mission of the press. Perhaps there is much truth in the language of a contemporary author who declares "the press ought to be as free and unrestricted as the air we breath—if we have it not we die."

It has ever been with us a maxim, to which we have frequently adverted with some degree of fondness, that the construction of a government is more or less imperfect in proportion as the masses are more or less enlightened. This principle has certainly not engaged extensive attention, but it is clearly proved—every page in ancient and modern history is a demonstration from the present state of all the governments in the world, that despotism and an enlightened population are irreconcilable contradictions. Tyranny can wave its banners of injustice no where except amid the gloomy torpor of ignorance, and for this reason, tyrants have always been avowed enemies to progress, particularly to the dissemination of knowledge. Perfection in governments, however, is a *chimera*; the boundary of our wishes must be the *least possible degree of imperfection*. If the maxim we have given between civilization and a perfect government admit of any exception, it is that governments have sometimes approached nearer to perfection than could have been expected from the degree in which the population was enlightened, but an enlightened population united to an arbitrary government is a political impossibility.

The law of libels, as it affects the liberty of the Press. As we propose to devote the remainder of this article to a consideration of this interesting subject, we shall attempt to define the mission or liberty of the Press, which, seems equally to ascertain its extent, and to fix its limits. It appears to be the right of canvassing the actions of all public men—and of scrutinizing the tendency of all public measures upon the basis of truth. The feelings of individuals are sacred, and let the laws employ all their vigour to preserve their sanctity, but if public men are what they would wish to be thought, viz. men of public virtue, they will invite a discussion of their conduct, that the general knowledge of their talents and their integrity may overwhelm them with the blessings of their grateful and approving country.

Opinion with reference to mens' characters and public conduct, should be as unrestrained as that which regards points of speculative philosophy. If a man utter that which injures another, he must utter that which is false, or, merely speak that which originates with the party he injures. If falsehood, let him be punished; if truth, surely every man ought to bear the effects of his own actions. We regard it as a moral axiom, that if a man injure us by merely stating what we have done, we deserve to be injured. It is a libel on truth, to say that truth is a libel. Morality would be served by every man being allowed to publish his opinions of the conduct of any other man,

if every untrue statement were made a libel, and the greater the falsehood the greater the libel. There are, undoubtedly, individuals who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame"—but even such would not bring an action against those who emblazon their virtuous deeds, if they came under the observation of the *Argus eyed Press*. Neither praise nor flattery will ever be the subject of an action at law. No, it is the perpetrator of crimes, the dirty and mean speculator, the mercenary and grovelling over-reacher in business, that seeks shelter under the proscription of opinion. Ought such to be screened—ought opinion to be stifled, that the mere silent finger of scorn should be pointed at them? No, they should be visited with universal execration. It must be injurious to morality either legally or conventionally, to check the expression of opinion. The best way to prevent crime would be to put a trumpet to every mouth with leave to proclaim it whenever or wherever it was found. Crime, meanness, and all that is injurious shrink from exposure. A sanction to expose them, is a fiat to destroy them. Decency is but a deference paid to opinion—who would then renounce this valuable auxiliary to the cause of virtue? While the air we breathe is allowed to circulate freely, it is salubrious; confine it, and it becomes unwholesome. The same may be predicated of an unrestricted press.

If, however, men shrink from investigation, and attempt to establish their ability and their innocence by a prosecution for libel, it can neither be unjust nor uncandid to conclude, that their patriotism is completely absorbed in selfishness. The principle laid down by a celebrated divine of the last age, as a maxim of theology, that, "where mystery begins religion ends," has been applied with peculiar force by the highest legal authorities, respecting the present *vague indefinite and evasive* "law of libel."—Clearness of definition, accuracy in application, and inflexible integrity combined with a mild dignity in execution, are essential qualities in the laws of a free people. Experience, indeed, has determined that no political writer, whatever be his talents or his integrity, has any foundation to hope for exemption from the evils of litigation; at least, except he uniformly panegyricize ministers, and devote his powers to the composition of eulogiums on the measures of every administration, however characterized by profusion or inefficiency. The mystery of the "law of libel," is not confined to what constitutes a libel; it exerts a still more pernicious influence over the government which takes cognizance of the offence. In perfect unison with this practice, the administration employs its power in suspending over the head of an editor of a public print all the terrors of an information *ex officio*, which brings with it the appearance of a heavy fine and imprisonment, as the consequences of a heavy trial. If it be considered unnecessary to bring the information to a trial it will most certainly inflict all the mental horrors of suspense, and will assuredly entail upon the sufferer serious expenses of litigation. This is an extent of power which good men would diffidently possess, and which bad men will not fail to abuse. The possibility of an abuse of power is we trust a sufficient reason why a period should be put to its existence. It will scarcely be contended that this extent of power, which may frequently be lodged in the hands of an individual is compatible with the principles of the British constitution. In vain then did it so equalize the powers of the state, that the limits of the legislative executive and judicial authorities are traced with the minutest accuracy of discrimination. Repugnant to the spirit of the constitution, the probability is that this is an evil, which has been *tolerated* rather than a *vested authority*. We indulge ourselves with the flattering expectation that a period is fast approaching when a general conviction of its injustice will erase it from the statute book of this country—will sweep it like *alec* before a winter's breeze—will banish it from Britain to the regions of despotism. We hail with glad tidings the approach of an epoch when we shall know nothing of sycophancy and such pernicious evils attendant on a restricted press, for we shall then be living in the enjoyment of genuine literature, flowing from a press free and independent.

To establish the true freedom of the press, the opposite extreme of licentiousness must be guarded by impassable barriers. It will be thus guarded, if its liberty be made to consist in the right of discussing the conduct of public men, and exposing the tendency of public measures on the basis of truth. "Stubborn facts" must be assumed as the foundation of political reasoning, and if any be assumed upon insufficient testimony, or be stated with inaccuracy, the freedom of the press, will not only secure their reputation and stem their progress, but will hold their authors up to

public infamy, derision, and execration. Probably it will, in connection with an efficient "National Education," have a tendency to cause every child to be well born—well nursed—well instructed in the business of life—so as to make the best of sons, the best of fathers, and the best of citizens. There would be none of those pestiferous abuses enumerated by Hamlet at the head of this article. Its mission is to purge.

"Of all the ills that men or states endure."

It is the power for which Burns so desirously sung—

"Oh, wad some power the giffle gie us,
To see oursel as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Is not this then a "consummation devoutly to be wished." It is in its power what that rich, penetrative, and patriotic mind with which Douglas Jerrold is possessed, hath proclaimed it to be, in a recent article from his talented pen. "The power of the press is as boundless as that of society. It reaches the throne—it is welcomed in the cottage. It can pull down injustice however lofty, and raise up lowliness however deep. It castigates crimes which the law cannot reach, and prevents those which the law can only punish, without repressing them. Wherever an eye can see, and a hand can write, there is the press. Persons in tribulation rely on it for redress, and they feel sure that wrong will not go unpunished if it be known to the journals. Like light, it penetrates into every nook and cranny of society, and carries help and healing on its beams. It nips rising abuses in the bud. It stops the tide of tyranny when setting in full flood. It derives its vast power from the principle of its being. Seeking out truth and representing reason, it concentrates the whole moral power of society, and persuades and governs without violence, by the mere knowledge that the physical power of society, is always ready to vindicate the right. As it comes into full operation, the course of society becomes uniform and equal, and its ends are obtained without those convulsions and rebellions, by which a rude and unlettered people make their will known."

We cannot conclude this article without recording our sympathy with Mr. Mial, the unflinching and zealous advocate of "civil and religious liberty," who has recently been entrammelled in the "meshes of the law," for some strictures (in the Non-conformist Newspaper, of which he is the conductor,) on the conduct of a Rev. Mr. Gathercole, a Church of England Clergyman, in the management of a *Public Charitable Fund*,—nor without noticing the worthiness of a *section* of the British people—who were moved by a sense of duty and obligation, to come to his rescue and testify their worthiness of the "liberty of the press," with a present of the expenses of the suit, and added to which was a present of some two or three hundred pounds for himself, amounting in the whole to upwards of *eight hundred pounds*. That "union is strength," is no longer to be doubted—since it is now become a maxim of undeniable practical illustration in the vast united bodies existing in this country. We have Associations to protect every species of Interests—Railway Interests, Commercial Interests, Shipping Interests, and we have practically exemplified the benefits to be derived from the co-operation amongst Odd-Fellows, and others of the operative classes. Co-operation seems to be the order of the day. Since then we derive immense advantages from an unrestricted press; since its existence depends, nay, draws its very life from an impartial *expose* and commentary upon *all* that comes under its gaze, and that affects national interest, it is a matter deeply to be regretted, that no association as yet exists in this country, amongst Editors of Public Prints, no funds for the defence of the "Liberty of the Press"—that no means are provided to rescue honest advocates of truth, sentinels of the freedom of the subject, from being pounced upon by the fangs of what is termed law; perhaps, from a heavy fine, protracted imprisonment, or banishment.

Mechanics' Lodge, Hyde District.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

IMAGINATION.—We ask, what are the very highest minds, by universal admission, which have yet appeared among men? Are they not those of Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser; perhaps we should add, Sir Walter Scott, Goethe, Newton, and Lord Bacon? Now, with the exception of the two last mentioned, can any one doubt that imagination, though far from being the sole, was the presiding power, in all those majestic minds. Was it not this faculty which animated that old bard who, on the Chian strand—

"Beheld the Iliad and Odyssee,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!"

Was it not imagination which prompted the golden fantasies and eloquence of Plato? Was it not the same power, in a darker and more demoniac shape, which took down the mighty Florentine through the descending circles of damnation, and up the bright steps of celestial blessedness? Did not imagination bind in, like a glorious girdle, all the varied and numberless faculties of Shakspeare, the myriad minded? Did it not show to Milton's inward eye, the secrets of eternity? Did it not pour all the "Arabian Heaven," upon the nights and days of Spenser, whose pen was a limb of the Rainbow? Did it not people the blank of the past with crowding forms and faces, to the exhaustless mind, and on the many coloured page of Scott? Did not its magic robe bear Goethe harmless, as he entered with Faust and Mephistopheles, amid the hurry and horror of the Walpurgis night? Nay, even in reference to Newton and Bacon, we can hardly persuade ourselves that, in both their minds, it was not the ruling, as we know in the latter, it was a principal faculty; that it did not attend the one in the great leaps of his geometry, as well as assist the other in making out his map of all the provinces of science, and of all the capabilities of mind. In somewhat lower, but still lofty regions, we find the same faculty presiding over the rest:—as in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelly, Byron, and Burke. In those writers who had the benefit of inspiration, it is the same. Think of Isaiah, with his glowing eloquence; Ezekiel, with his stupendous visions, tinged by the "terrible crystal;" the author of Job, with his gorgeous imagery; Daniel with his awful allegory—David, with his gusts of lyric enthusiasm, dying away into the low wailings of penitential sorrow; and him of the Apocalypse, where the events of time, and the cycles of eternity, are blended into one tremendous tragedy, and enacted on one obscure and visionary stage.—*Giffillan's Literary Portraits.*

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.—The importance of insects, commercially speaking, is scarcely ever thought of. Great Britain does not pay less than a million of dollars annually for the dried carcasses of the tiny insect, the cochineal; and another Indian insect, gum shellac, is scarcely less valuable. More than a million and-a-half of human beings, derive their whole support from the culture and manufacture of silk; and the silk-worm alone creates an annual circulating medium of nearly two hundred millions of dollars. Half-a-million of dollars is annually spent in England alone for foreign honey; at least 10,000 cwt. of wax is imported into that country every year. Then there are the gall nuts of commerce, used for dyeing and making ink, &c.; while the cantharides, or Spanish fly, is an absolute indispensable in materia medica.—*Boston Transcript.*

HINTS TO BATHERS.—The following hints are worthy of attention:—any human being who will have presence of mind to clasp his hands behind his back, and turn his face towards the zenith, may float at ease and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water—aye, and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose—not the top of your heavy head—be the highest part, and you are safe; but thrust up your long hands and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. As cramp and other illness may and does attack parties bathing, to obviate, in a measure, the consequent danger, it is suggested to adopt the following cheap and simple plan:—As an indicator, fasten a bung two or three inches in diameter, to a piece of whipcord fifteen or twenty feet in length, according to the depth of the stream, having at the other end a slip knot, to be

attached to the arm. This will be no impediment to swimming; and in the event of sinking from cramp, &c., the floating bung will at once point out the situation of the body. The body may be speedily brought ashore by the cord alone, and the chances of resuscitation be increased by the early application of means.

PEARLS.—Pearls are found in different kinds of shell fish; they are sometimes round or oval, and sometimes of an irregular figure, not coming under either denomination; and for this reason these last are called rough pearls. As there is so close a resemblance between the colour of the pearl and that of the shell, many persons have been induced to believe that pearls receive all their consistency from the glutinous matter employed by the oyster, and other testaceous fish, to form their covering—but if this were the case, pearls would be found as closely cemented to the mother-of-pearl as if they were so many warts. There are pearl fisheries in the Indian seas, in those of America, and also in many parts of Europe. The eastern pearls, particularly those found in the Gulph of Persia and on the coasts of Arabia, are esteemed the most valuable. They are transparently clear, bearing a high polish, and their whiteness approaches the colour and brilliancy of silver. Those of our own continent are generally of a much less brilliant white; besides which they soon become yellow and then black. However, Bohemia, and one or two of the northern countries, sometimes furnish pearls as much valued as those of the east; but this is rare, and they are usually small. These pearls are of a bluish cast; those of India incline to crimson; and the pearls of America are of a greenish hue. At Panama, there are also pearl fisheries, and many of the richest merchants of that place employ negroes in diving for the pearl oysters.

The greater part of the pearls taken on the South American coast are sent to Lima, and other towns of Peru. The European pearls are sold by the carat: there is a tariff for pearls as well as gems generally. The very small pearls, called seed pearls, are sold by the ounce. The Chinese have a curious method of *preparing* large-sized pearls; they cut a piece of shell into the shape of a pearl, and when the oysters are lying open in the shallows the factitious pearl is dropped in, and there suffered to remain for a year, when on being taken up, it is found covered with a fine enamel, and equal in appearance to those of the finest quality.

THE UPRIGHT MAN OF BUSINESS.—There is no being in the world, for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business.—No, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr, than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say, yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man I feel this kind of respect. Generosity seems to me a lower quality, a mere impulse compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities, who bestows magnificent donations: that may be all very well; I speak not to disparage it, I wish there were more of it, and yet it may all consist with a want of that true lofty unbending uprightness. This is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands amidst all the swaying interests, and perilous exigencies of trade, calm, firm, disinterested, and upright. It is the man who can see another man's distress as well as his own. It is the man, whose mind his own advantage does not blind or cloud for an instant,—who could sit a judge upon a question between himself and his neighbour, just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of justice! Ah! how much richer than ermine—how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority—how more awful than the guarded bench of majesty, is that simple, magnanimous, and majestic truth! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbour, and his God; true to his right, true to his conscience—and who feels the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him, than the chance of acquiring a hundred estates.—*Dr. Dewey.*

COSTUMES IN THE TIMES OF THE PLANTAGENETS.—In the reign of Henry II., *court manteaux*, and jagged garments, appear to have been introduced, and the absurdities and extravagances of dress became every day greater. One fashion succeeded another in rapid succession, and the inventive genius of man and woman seemed exerted only to discover new methods of adorning the human frame. State garments, in this reign, were profusely ornamented; and gloves were worn by the men, some of them embroidered, and with jewelled backs; and even in the sacerdotal habits, splendour was carried to such an extent, that Lord Lyttleton declares the accounts

of the magnificence of Becket to be "incredible." Alarmed at the extent to which pomp and luxury of attire were brought, the legislature interfered, and framed several severe laws and edicts on this momentous subject. It would afford no little amusement, at the present day, to listen to deep debates on the width of a tunic, the point of a shoe, or the length of a beard; to see the learning and rank of the country, consulting gravely together about wigs and peaked boots, and solemn divines launching anathemas from the pulpit against absurdities in costume. Matthew Paris says, that King Henry when interred at Fontevraud, "was arrayed in the royal vestments, having a golden crown on the head, and gloves on the hands; boots, wrought with gold, on the feet, and spurs." In an inventory of the dress of King John, hose are mentioned, and sandals of purple cloth, fretted with gold, the pantaloons or *chausses*, were worn; also a pointed cap, or capuchon. In the same reign the *petit-maitres* are accused of curling their hair with irons, and binding it up with ribands. The Normans, some writers affirm, were remarkable for choosing the gaudiest colours for their garments, yellow alone excepted, which was ordered to be worn by the Jews as a mark of infamy. Their shirts are represented as having been made of fine linen; their doublet fitted tight to their bodies, and the nobles wore them reaching to the ankles: frequently, too, an embroidered girdle, adorned with jewels, encircled the waist. But, it was upon the *court manteaux*, that the greatest magnificence was displayed. One that belonged to Richard the First is described as having been "nearly covered with half moons and shining orbs of solid silver, to imitate the heavenly bodies."—*The Book of Costume, by a Lady of Rank.*

Presentations.

On July 2nd, 1846, a handsome Silver Snuff Box, was presented to P. G., John Morley, by the Loyal Waveney Lodge, Hoxne, Bury St. Edmunds District. And on the same day, Lieutenant General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M. P., of Oakly Park, made a donation of £10 to the Funds of the same Lodge, being the third donation of the like amount, since the opening of the Lodge, little more than two years.

Marriages.

Married June 6th, 1846, P. G., Ralph Wood, of the Earl de Grey Lodge, Ripon District, to Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. John Winn, Dishforth.—June 29th, 1846, Rev. D. G. M., William Hogg, of the Caledonian Lodge, Bolton District, to Miss Elizabeth Marsden, of Sharples, near Bolton.—May 24th, P. G., Cornelius Meadley, Printer, of Peaceful Retreat Lodge, Scarborough, to Miss Maria Beale Marlor, only daughter of the late Samuel Marlor, hatter of London.—Married —, at Thanington Church Canterbury, by the Rev. Mr. Darling, Oliver Gould, P. G. M., of the Canterbury District, to Sarah eldest daughter of Mr. Davis, of Bridge, near Canterbury.—June 28th, Host Robert Hutley, of the New Prosperity Lodge, of the Shipley District, to Miss Sarah Pitts, of the same place.—February 26th, 1846, Brother Samuel Cheethams, of the Loyal Pilgrims Rest Lodge, to Caroline the daughter of P. V. G. Gibbon of the same Lodge.—July 30th, 1846, at the Saint Silas Church, Liverpool, by the Rev. J. Cardene, Mr. Christopher Thornton, N. G., of the St. George Lodge, Eccleshill, Idle District, to Miss Sarah Wignall, second daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Wignall, butter factor, Keighley.

Deaths.

February 1st, 1846, Harriet, the wife of Brother Charles Hatter, of the Earl Grey Lodge, aged 22 years.—April 16th, 1846, Brother William Kevry, of the Loyal Ritwell Lodge, Smalley, aged 44 years.—June 24th, P. G. William Millington, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, aged 33 years.—June 27th, 1846, Mary the wife of Brother Joseph Pass, of the same Lodge, aged 29 years, in the Ilkinston District.—Died March 24th, Brother William Waite, Earl of Ripon Lodge.—Brother James Barker, Duke of Cleveland Lodge.—April 27th, the wife of Brother James Sturdy, Earl of Ripon Lodge.—May 25th, Brother William Bannister, St. Peter Lodge.—June 18th, Brother James Wilson Myers, Respieth Glory Lodge.—July 16th, the wife of Brother Robert Whitehead, St. Peter Lodge.—July 30th, Brother John Matson, Benevolent Lodge.—August 6th, P. G. Charles Gill, St. Laurence Lodge, all in the Ripon District.—July 3rd, at Shipley, the wife of E. S. Joseph Horn, of the Shipley District, aged 35 years, leaving one child.—June 15th, Mary Matilda the wife of P. G. William Bates, of the Pleasant Retreat Lodge, Hull.—February 27th, 1846, Ann the Wife of P. G. M., Joseph Rushton, of the Earl of Bradford Lodge.—August 1st, 1846, P. G., Jonathan Thornley, Free Tradesman Lodge, Bolton District.

[Presentations. &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.]

MARK WARDLE and SON, Printers, 17, Fennel Street, Manchester.



John Bolton Rogerson.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JANUARY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1847.

MEMOIR OF JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON, P. G.

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON was born in Manchester, on the 20th of January, 1809. His father was also a native of Manchester, and had been, from his early years, engaged in the manufacturing business. The subject of our notice was sent to school in the town when very young, and received an ordinary English education. In one of his reminiscences he thus speaks of the youthful portion of his existence:—

“A love of nature was early implanted in my mind from having passed some of the happiest intervals of my youthful days at the country residence of a relative. In the recesses of green bowers, or seated amid the branches of leafy trees, hours were spent in reading wild and wondrous legends, and revelling in a dreamy future. The “Arabian Nights” was almost the first work which fixed my attention, and it was well calculated for engendering a train of visionary wishes and strange yearnings, which could not possibly end in reality. Before I was twelve years of age, I had read with delight the “Spectator,” “Tatler,” “Rambler,” and the whole series of the British Essayists. I had also read the works of Pope, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, Cowper, Young, Thomson, and the majority of the standard poets of the preceding century. Thomson was a great favourite of mine, and I commenced, in my thirteenth year, a poem on the seasons, in four books, and made considerable progress in the work. I had sufficient discretion, however, a few years afterwards, to commit this production, together with two volumes of MSS. to the flames. I read with avidity the productions of the most celebrated novelists. I travelled and made observations on men and manners with Gil Blas; sat at the board of the good Vicar of Wakefield; roamed over the desert isle with Crusoe; shook hands, and was quite familiar with Henry Earl of Moreland; accompanied Christian and his companions in their perilous pilgrimage; tilted with Don Quixote, and laughed at Sancho Panza. So ardent and indiscriminate, at one time, was my desire for works of fiction, that I read upon an average, not less than three volumes per day. This course of reading, though it begot a lasting passion for literature, was more injurious than otherwise, and was calculated for anything rather than to prepare the way for a solid intellectual superstructure; in fact, as a printer would say, “my mind was all in *pie*.” A more beneficial method was afterwards adopted by me: I began to read carefully, and to make extracts from the best passages as I read, and in this way I went through the modern poets, the historical works of Hume and Smollett, Gibbon, Robertson, Rollin, and others; besides a variety of philosophical and theological writings. A love for the drama was also one of the leading passions of my youth, and this led me to read all plays that came in my way, and to

VOL. 9—No. 5—O.

attempt dramatic composition myself. A drama in three acts, bearing the title of "The Baron of Manchester" was written by me, in conjunction with a friend now deceased, and was brought out at one of the Manchester theatres."

Mr. Rogerson was taken from school in his thirteenth year, and was placed apprentice with a tradesman, but in the course of twelvemonths his master failed in business, and Mr. Rogerson was afterwards articled to a solicitor. — During his clerkship he occasionally amused himself with practising the fascinating but profitless art of verse making, and in 1826, he had the gratification of seeing one of his productions in print. His first appearance as a rhymester was in the *Manchester Guardian*, and the poem was entitled "The Farewell." There is a kind of fascination in authorship, which exercises an almost irresistible influence over the young aspirant, when his productions have received an editorial sanction, and it often takes many years of suffering and bitter experience to extinguish the flame of poetry when it has been once enkindled; nay, it frequently burns the brighter in the darksome hours of adversity, and sheds its cheering, though lone ray, upon the heart, like a guiding star, whose welcome light would remain unseen in the golden sun-light.

Mr. Rogerson continued to write both in verse and prose, and his contributions frequently appeared in various newspapers and periodicals. In 1828, three friends and himself commenced publishing a weekly periodical in Manchester, under the name of "The Phoenix." This publication was continued about three months, when it was given up in consequence of want of complete leisure on the part of its conductors, and not less from a lack of sufficient public patronage. In 1831, Mr. Rogerson, assisted by a friend, commenced another weekly publication, entitled, "The Falcon," but, owing to various untoward circumstances, this work was also abandoned. The object, in originating these publications, was not of a pecuniary nature so much as of a desire to cultivate a taste for literature in the town and neighbourhood of Manchester, and to try the experiment whether it might not be found compatible with commercial pursuits to maintain at least, in that great emporium, one weekly journal unconnected with trade, religion, or politics. These publications were the first ever printed in Manchester, of a purely literary character, and whose contents were entirely original. Both attempts we see failed, as others of a like nature have done since, and we may hence infer, that amid all the noble improvements which the inhabitants of this multitudinous district have accomplished, they have not yet imbibed a thorough taste for home-bred authorship; though Dublin, Edinburgh, and London, have long shown them a significant example.

Mr. Rogerson was subsequently a frequent contributor to the London periodicals. A love of books, and a distaste for the legal profession, induced him to abandon the latter, and in the early part of 1834, he commenced business as a bookseller. On the 25th day of August, 1838, he became a member of the Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District, and immediately took office in the lodge. In a few months he was appointed secretary, and passed through the chairs without opposition. In 1840, he published a volume of mingled prose and poetry, entitled, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery." This volume was most favourably noticed by the Metropolitan and Provincial press. From the variety of its contents, it was calculated to suit the tastes of many readers, and one critic speaking of it observed that, "articles of humour, and passages of pathos; stories of mirth, and suffering, and passion; fairy tales, and lays of love; fireside scenes, and records of happy home-born affections, are here all touched upon, and succeed each other in this charming volume, with equal beauty and diversity."

In 1841, Mr. Rogerson was appointed editor of the Odd-Fellows' Quarterly Magazine. He has on all occasions been anxious to promote what he considered to be the best interests of the order generally, and though his views may not have been at all times agreeable to some of the brotherhood, he has never shrunk from advocating those views, whenever he deemed such advocacy necessary to the well being of the order, and to the upright discharge of his duty as a responsible officer.

He has attended the A. M. C's, held at the Isle of Man, at Wigan, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and at Glasgow. He retired from the bookselling business in the latter end of 1841, and in 1842, he published a volume of poems under the title of "A Voice from the Town, and other poems." In 1844, he published another volume of poetry, entitled, "The Wandering Angel, and other poems." Both of these volumes have been highly spoken of by the press.

Though Mr. Rogerson's habit of desultory reading in the early part of his life did not immediately tend to any desirable result, but rather diverted his mind from adopting some course of study which might have been profitable, yet as it gave him a general and more extended knowledge of English literature, its beneficial effects have not been, nor is it to be hoped, will be henceforward, unavailable to himself and the public; and in this sense it is, that all, or any habits of reading are better than none. A well read man, nay, even a reader who has gone only over the surface of literature, is far superior to one, who not having been blessed with a taste for reading, has consequently neglected it, and finds himself at thirty, or rather is found by society, to be a full grown person with the information only of boyhood. Mr. Rogerson's more particular acquaintance, with dramatic literature has been on more than one occasion displayed in responsiveness to public requirement, and his lectures on the drama, and other subjects, have been well received at Manchester, Oldham, Rochdale, Bury, Clitheroe, and other places in the county. He is an excellent reader of prose, and a superior reciter of poetry, which is saying much for one who is himself a poet of no mean order. In conclusion, and we cannot, we conceive, conclude better, we may state, that he is the father of a numerous and young family; that he is, we have many reasons for believing, a kind husband and a tender parent; whilst of our own knowledge we can bear witness to his being a true friend, and in every relation of social life, a worthy man.

B.

December 8th, 1846.

GRAND SOIREE AT LEEDS.

We have abridged, from the LEEDS INTELLIGENCER, the following report of an interesting and important meeting which has just taken place. We regret that we could not find space for the whole of the report, as the excellent speeches which were made are worthy of entire preservation. We shall reserve until our next number some observations on the utility of such meetings, and the advisability of making the principles of the Manchester Unity more generally known. Long as the Order has been in existence, and numerous as are its members at the present time, there are a vast number of the influential classes of society who are entirely unacquainted with the praiseworthy objects of our Institution. We must now content ourselves with merely calling attention to the report itself:—

The Odd Fellows of the Leeds District of the Manchester Unity, whose acts of charity and benevolence we have often had to record, held a grand *soiree* at the Music Hall, Albion-street, on Monday evening, in aid of one of the most praiseworthy and valuable objects of their association, the fund established for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased members. About 760 tickets were sold, and, with the invited guests, the attendance numbered more than 800 persons, a considerable proportion of whom were females.

Amongst the principal guests were Wm. Beckett, Esq., M. P., and the Rev. Dr. Hook, our worthy vicar, both of whom were loudly cheered on entering the hall; Rev. H. Dalton, incumbent of Middleton; Rev. R. N. Barnes, incumbent of Holbeck; Rev. R. O. S. Chermiside, lecturer of St. John's; Rev. A. Brameld, curate of Hunslet; Rev. G. Hills, incumbent of St. Mary's and lecturer of the parish church; J. D. Luccock, Esq., late Mayor; D. Lupton, Esq., George Goodman, Esq., Robert Baker, Esq., factory inspector, George Bulmer, Esq., Dr. Smiles, Mr. Matthew Outwaite, &c.

The hall was decorated with banners inscribed with the titles of different lodges in the district. Surmounting the orchestra in front was a tastefully-formed arch of evergreens, on one side of which was suspended the royal standard, and on the other a flag, with a device, belonging to one of the lodges.

After the tea equipage had been removed, the chair, on the motion of G. M. Hope, seconded by D. G. M. Thomas Prince, was taken by Mr. Alexander Sherriff, a member of the order.

The Chairman, before proceeding with the business of the evening, read letters from Wm. Aldam, Esq. M.P. the Rev. W. F. Black. of Bradford, on behalf of the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, and from George Hudson, Esq., M.P., Lord Mayor of York, who had been invited to attend the *soirée* but were unavoidably absent. The Society of Odd Fellows was not only a benevolent one, but also one which required more time than he could at present occupy to inform them of its bearings. It was a charitable fund; it was also an assurance one, both combined. For the weekly contributions they paid, the members of the institution could demand so much in sickness, and so much on the death of their wives, and their executors could demand so much on their death; but their hands were not bound, and whenever distress among their members showed itself, they were at liberty to relieve it according to its intensity, and their own means.—(Hear hear.) The purposes of this Society were for a body of individuals to relieve each other in sickness and in distress. No society could have a purpose more benevolent and necessary, and he was proud to say that the society of Odd Fellows had carried out the principle to a greater extent than any other extant. They were also a moral society. Any individual proposing a person as a member whose character would not bear the strictest scrutiny, was liable to heavy fines as well as expulsion, and any member convicted of misdemeanour or felony if he followed an unlawful means of getting a livelihood, or guilty of practices against public morality, was expelled. Better to lose him than that the Society should be contaminated by his example.—(Hear hear.) They were also an anti-political body. They admitted no allusion to politics and of no religious disputes. Whilst they exhorted to piety, they had no companionship with sects. During the ten years he had been a member of the Society, he had not even heard an attempt to intrude into a Lodge of Odd Fellows a single allusion to politics or creed. They met there men of all opinions, political and religious. They met as Odd Fellows, enrolled to do good, and whatever might be their religious or political creed, they met there on common ground.—(Hear, hear.) But they were perhaps of much more importance to the community than the community gave them credit for: for whilst they were a moral society, the best criterion was to take the number of convictions of Odd Fellows and compare them with the same number of convictions in the community at large. Parliamentary documents showed that there was one committal for every 1108 of the population.—Now when they took all that they expelled for deeds which were not taken before the tribunals of the country—and these were three fourths of their expulsions—they were still 40 per cent below the average crime of the country—(Hear, hear, and applause.) This society commenced in 1812, with 27 individuals, working men in Manchester. To Manchester it was confined until 1820, when owing to fluctuations in trade, many members left for Liverpool, Leeds, and Birmingham, and in those places lodges were opened. Gradually every town in the kingdom had its lodge—(hear, hear,)—and now he might say, every village had. In conclusion, the Chairman called upon Mr. Beckett to propose the first sentiment.

Wm. Beckett, Esq., M.P., rose, and was greeted with hearty cheers, which were continued for a considerable time. He spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen, on rising to propose to you the resolution with which I have the honour to be entrusted, my first desire is to offer you my sincere acknowledgements for your favourable and flattering reception, and I assure you that I undertake the duty which has been imposed upon me by your worthy chairman with great pleasure, because the sentiments conveyed in the resolution which I have to move are not less in unison with my own feelings than they are with yours. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) Before, however, I submit this resolution to your approbation, I must beg to offer a few remarks in explanation of the reason why I have ventured to appear before you to-day, not being a member of your association. When I had the pleasure of receiving your deputation at Kirkstall Grange, and was told that the object of their visit was to invite me to a public meeting of the Odd Fellows, I was considerably embarrassed in the reply which I ought to give, and my first impression was that it would be my duty to decline, because I conceived that the meeting would be occupied (such was my ignorance of your institution)—I conceived that the meeting would be occupied in the performance of rites and ceremonies with which I was wholly unacquainted, and which could only be interesting to those who had been initiated in the rights of your institution; but, my friends, the gentlemen who formed your deputation, finding the erroneous judgment I had formed, both of the nature of your institution and of the objects of this meeting, most kindly entered into an explanation which soon satisfied me that it would not only be my duty, but that it would be a great gratification to me to attend this meeting. (Cheers.) I at once complied with their request, and only upon this condition, that they would send me papers and documents by which I might be satisfied that the statements they made to me could be corroborated. Those papers and documents have been sent to me, and I have to express my acknowledgements to the deputation for paying me that compliment. I have perused them with great care, and with considerable interest. (Hear, hear.) I confess to you that I never before had read the details of any association so extensive in its operations, so admirable in its regulations, or so benevolent in its object. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) In referring to the papers which were sent to me,—I believe they referred to the Manchester Unity; in those papers I find there are no less than 3,881 lodges comprised in the unity: that there are 259,374 members enrolled, and that—and this is the extraordinary fact—they contribute £254,500 a-year for the relief of the sick, for providing medical relief, for providing the decencies of burials and funerals, and for the support of the widows and orphans. (Hear, hear.) Now I am quite of opinion that the simple narrative of those facts and figures will speak with more eloquence than any observations that I can make, and that they will sink deeper into the public mind than any praise that I can bestow; but I must be permitted to say this, that I think an association so supported, and devoted to such objects does positively confer an honour upon the national character, and in particular upon that portion of society which in general supports it. (Hear, hear.) After referring to the general state of your association, it is natural to look at the part with which we are more closely connected, and in which you are so deeply interested,—namely, the Leeds Dis-

trict of the association. And what do we find here? Why in the Leeds District, which is about commensurate, with very small exceptions, with the limits of the borough, we find that we have here eighty-five lodges; we have 5725 members enrolled; and what do they contribute? £5850 a-year for the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures (Hear, hear, and applause.) Why, gentlemen, this statement would be quite sufficient, quite enough to show the amount that you are contributing to those who are in distress; that alone would be sufficient to recommend you to public notice and to private support.—(applause)—but I should very much understate and under-rate my feelings, if I were to lead you to suppose that I estimate the value of your association simply by its pecuniary means and by its pecuniary applications. (Hear, hear.) There are other circumstances of equal consequence, and no man of any intelligence and of reflecting mind can fail to discover the salutary effects of a moral and social tendency which must be produced upon the whole of the community who come within the influence of your operations and are incited by the force of your example. Why the very establishment of your association is based upon the first principle of Christianity, teaching every man to “love his neighbour as himself.” (Hear, hear, and applause.) Your enrolling your names in the books of the association implies that you recognise that principle, and that you mean to be guided by the rules which it lays down; and I think it is impossible that you can meet together under such rules without exciting feelings of good-fellowship, of mutual regard, and exciting all those social feelings which are the best feelings of our nature, and which are the greatest ornaments of society, and the strongest basis on which it rests. (Loud applause.) In looking at your rules, why I see at once that you forbid drunkenness.—(Hear, hear)—you forbid swearing—(Hear, hear)—you forbid every extravagance of language or action. Why, is it possible to suppose that members who enrol themselves in your association, and are bound by those rules in the transactions of your association—is it to be supposed that they forget them in the routine of private life? (Hear, hear.) I am persuaded that that is not the case, and I believe that while you are directly employing yourselves in bettering the physical condition of your distressed members, you are indirectly raising the social and moral condition of the whole community in which you live. (Great applause.) Gentlemen, I will not trespass longer upon your attention, but these are the grounds which have induced me to appear before you to-day, and to advocate your cause. (Applause.) I rejoice to find, by the same document which has been given to me, that your association is upon the increase. In 1845-46 you have an increase of 24 new districts, 114 lodges, and 3395 new members; and an increase of capital of £531. 17s. 6d. My anxious desire is this, that your prosperity should go on. (Applause.) In investigating your papers, which I have done closely, I find names for which I must bear the greatest respect. I find your lodges under the names of the Marchioness of Hertford, Lady Gordon, Lord de Grey, and of the present possessor of Templenewsam, Meynell Ingram, Esq. Their example would be sufficient, if I had not investigated them, to satisfy me of the honesty and purity of your principles, and if it is in my power to assist you I shall be happy to do it—(Cheers)—and in doing it I shall think that I am not only doing honour to myself, but I shall think that I am actually conferring a great benefit upon the community in which I live. (Cheers.) With these observations I beg leave to submit the resolution appropriated to me.

“May institutions which, like Oddfellowship, have for their object the creating and fostering an honest spirit of independence among the working classes, meet with the success which they merit.”

The Hon. Member resumed his seat amidst loud plaudits from all parts of the hall.

Mr. William Alexander, C. S. of the Leeds District, supported the sentiment—He said Odd Fellowship raised the independence of every man who entered its ranks if he acted up to its precepts. What he received from the Odd Fellows, he received as a right. Benevolence was all very well, but he was afraid it had been much abused. Many, through the excessive exercise of benevolence had had to rue first receiving it. He was persuaded it had made too many rely upon the benevolent, instead of working for their living. The Odd Fellows, by every means in their power endeavoured to inculcate a different principle. They told their members that if they paid they should receive an equivalent, should they stand in need of it. That made many a poor man raise high his head, and think to himself as he walked across the lodge floor, “I am equal with the rest.”

J. D. Luccock, Esq., moved the second sentiment—Never need they despair of their native land so long as they could see such bodies of men—men of the humblest station—bound together in the bonds of charity, for the alleviation of distress, and the support of their suffering brethren. Often as he had been engaged in doling out the paltry pittance granted at the Workhouse Board he had never conceived the existence of this higher, this ennobling institution, and he now felt ashamed that he had not given his fellow-countrymen credit for that spirit of independence which he now found they so richly deserved.—(Hear, hear.) The sentiment entrusted to him was:—“May the feelings of sympathy which Odd Fellows have hitherto exhibited in behalf of the Widows and Orphans of their deceased brethren, remain a leading characteristic of the Order.”—God grant that this might be so.—(Applause.) A more sacred object, one that more required their greatest sympathies could not exist. He hated secrets, he disliked pass-words or anything of that sort, but when he found that they were merely the means of accomplishing a great good, and that their principles contained nothing but what a man could openly declare to the world and rejoice in, he would set aside his objections to secret signs and pass-words, and join their society.—(Loud applause.)

The Rev. Henry Daiton, supported the sentiment in a speech replete with excellent feeling. If they would accept him, he should be happy to become a member of their body.—(Loud applause.)

Mr. John Cook, President of the Widows and Orphans Fund, responded, and stated himself as the first originator of the fund in the Leeds District five years since.

Dr. Hook, in coming forward to propose the next sentiment, met with a very flattering reception; and when the applause had subsided, he said.—He he should address them with

greater advantage than some preceding speakers, because he was himself an Odd Fellow.—(Loud cheering.) And moreover he could say, that though he had not laboured much amongst them in their lodges, he had endeavoured, wherever he had been, and as far as his abilities permitted, to advocate the cause of Odd Fellowship.—(Hear, hear, and loud applause.) It was now some years since their friend and brother, Mr. Cook applied to him (the Vicar) to preach a sermon in behalf of the funds of the order. Of course, he made some enquiries, as he wished to ascertain what were the principles of the order; because he felt that if he could conscientiously preach on their behalf, he could also conscientiously join them.—(Hear, hear.) He did make those proper enquiries; and he was delighted to find that their principles and their mode of carrying them into practice were such that he could not only preach for the order, but also himself become a member of their society.—(Hear, hear.) As to its being a secret society, he might inform strangers that they had no dangerous secrets, and the principal secret they had was a secret sign. This secret sign they would at once perceive to be necessary to enable them to recognise each other, and to prevent imposition, when he reminded them that their order relieved distressed strangers from a distance. (Hear, hear.) But in every other respect they would find, if they joined the society, that they had no dangerous secrets. He might mention that there had been an opposition in some parts of the country, leading to collisions between the clergy and Odd Fellows, in regard to making speeches over the grave. For himself, he saw no impropriety in occasionally making a speech over the grave of a departed brother; but at the same time it would establish a precedent which it might not be very convenient to follow. He was glad to find that there had been issued an order throughout the Manchester Unity, that speeches are not to be made when it is unpleasant to the minister officiating.—(Hear, hear.)—because Odd Fellows were most desirous in every way to show deference and respect to constituted authorities. It was not the fashion to detain them by making long speeches; but there was one thing he must mention as most valuable in their order, namely, that this society was originated by the working classes, and by them brought to its present state of perfection. They had shewn by their institution that the working classes are as well able as any other to conduct their own affairs.—(Loud applause.) This was most important to be shewn and borne in mind at the present time, because, while they were asking persons of a higher class to come among them, he would entreat Odd Fellows not to allow them to interfere in any way in the management or in the manner of doing their business.—(Hear, hear, and applause.) They must do their own business, and consult them only when necessary; let not the honorary but *bona fide* members transact their business. The sentiment he had to propose related to 'The Moral and Intellectual advancement of the working classes;' and the observations he had made bore reference to that subject. Dr. Hook concluded by saying—"I will never rest until I have seen that the education of the working classes is improved both in quantity and quality—until the working classes have sufficient leisure to enjoy the privileges to which moral and intellectual culture will entitle them.—(Loud cheers.) I have, not long ago, proposed a plan for the education of the people upon the principle of conceding as much as I possibly could. I have been much abused on this account; but I care not in the least for my plan, as such. All I say is, and I say it solemnly—there must be a greater exertion among all parties and all classes to improve the education of the people, and to enable them, by sufficient leisure, to avail themselves of its benefits, which they cannot do now.—(Hear, hear.) But when the education of the people is improved, the working classes will have a right to demand promotion to, and hold many of the highest offices in the towns in which they live. They will, as in this town, be enabled to become Town Councillors, and indeed to hold any other offices, for which they may be properly qualified.—(Cheers.) And institutions like these are a stepping-stone to these offices, as by them you prove yourselves worthy to hold even the highest offices, if your fellow-countrymen will confer them upon you. You will pardon the manner in which I have spoken: I have spoken, not as a visitor, but as an Odd Fellow, who wishes well to his Order, and who will do all in his power to further and defend it."—(Long and continued applause.)

The Rev. George Hills, supported the proposition, and concluded by offering himself to their acceptance as a member, amidst loud acclamations.

Robert Baker, Esq., George Goodman, Esq., and the Rev. R. N. Barnes, having addressed the meeting,

Dr. Smiles said—He regarded, as one of the best features of this and kindred institutions, that they were the result of spontaneous effort on the part of the working men—that they were not the offspring of a sickly patronage, which generally produced as feeble and sickly results.—(Hear.) This Society had been called into existence by a want felt by the working classes; and without asking this or the other class to help them, they had set to work, like brave and true-hearted men, and helped themselves.—(Cheers.) And it was only when their institution had acquired a robust vigour and strength, that they had come thus publicly forward, to have, as it were, their praiseworthy exertions publicly recognised. There was a lesson of self-respect and of self-help in this conduct, which all classes might profit by.—(Hear, hear.) In all conditions of life, he presumed, men must, to a great extent, be their own elevators. They were not cast like straws on the strand of time, merely to mark the direction of the current, but each one of them had powers to will, to do, to overcome difficulties, to achieve progress—to improve their condition, however adverse that might be—to cultivate their faculties,—and to take such measures as wisdom, prudence, and foresight dictated, to provide against the accidents and diseases of life. And it was because he saw the Society aimed at, and went far towards the accomplishment of these objects, that he regarded it as one that should be held in high estimation by the public. (Cheers.) The moral influence of such societies also extended throughout society, far beyond those who stood in immediate relation to them as members. They taught powerfully by example, and instigated others to imitation. The practical lessons of provident economy and foresight which they taught, must more or less influence all men of their own as well as of other classes, who had heads to reflect or hearts to feel. (Hear.) He considered, also, that the beneficent influence of such societies might be extended much more widely. In this society there was found an organization ready prepared for carrying on the work of moral and social advancement among the people. He regarded this as the germ of a great educational movement—not perhaps to teach reading and writing, which after all formed but a

small part of education—but to teach such things as these—how to preserve their personal health; how to make the most of the means of social and domestic happiness which lay within their reach; how, in a word, to make them, in all respects, healthier, wiser, and happier beings. With respect to the beneficial results of such social meetings as the present, he had only a few words to add. It must be admitted that they stood in need of present opportunities, now a days, of meeting on some common ground, where men of all parties, classes and opinions, could co-operate cordially for the general good.—(Hear, hear.) The warring of opinions and the rivalry of parties was apt to engender a spirit of social enmity, which was much to be deprecated. Such warring and rivalry, was perhaps incidental to this as an age of progress, and of freedom of discussion. But it became all to be on their guard against the evil influences of such a state. By frequent meetings such as of that evening, confidence between classes would be increased, a general sympathy and good-will would be promoted, that suspiciousness of men and of classes, which was one of their prominent public evils, would be diminished, and a highly beneficial and instructive intercourse of thought would be attained, by which all would be profited.—(Hear, hear.) The rich and influential classes, by coming among the working classes at such meetings, would learn to respect and admire them more. And he could not avoid adverting, as a striking proof of the necessity for such increased social intercourse among the various classes of this neighbourhood to the admissions made that evening by gentlemen on the platform of highly influential station—that, until within the last week or two, they had been all together ignorant of the nature and objects of this society—a society which, with institutions of a kindred nature preserved a moral and social influence of the most important kind on nearly half the labouring population of this district.—(Hear, hear.) This was a striking proof that the wealthy classes stood much in need of being acquainted with the condition and the social movements of the population amidst which they lived. Hence they ought to invite and cordially welcome such men among them. Not that they should court the wealthy, for this they did not need to do. But they were entitled to ask the sympathy and the kindly co-operation of such classes, as men diligently labouring in a high vocation. As profitable and zealous labourers, also, for the community at large, they justly merited a hearty recognition. And, at this day, when the true dignity of labour was generally recognised, whether that labour be done by the head or the hand, by the pen of the writer, the chisel of the sculptor, the tool and machine of the artisan and mechanic, there was little room for doubt that such recognition would be heartily and cheerfully accorded.—(Cheers.)

D. Lupton, Esq., Mr. C. Dickinson, Mr. John Geeves, and the Rev. R. C. S. Chermiside also addressed the meeting.

A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated a little after ten o'clock.

EDGAR VERNEY.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

CHAPTER V.

Thou preachest that all sins may be effaced:
Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy creed
For Roderick's crime?—"For Roderick and for thee,
Count Julian," said the Goth,—and as he spake
Trembled through every fibre of his frame,—
"The gate of Heaven is open." Julian threw
His wrathful hand aloft, and cried, "Away!
Earth could not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me."

SOUTHEY.

I took leave of my gipsy host with a promise that I would again occasionally visit the encampment during the stay of the gipsies in the neighbourhood. For some weeks time passed on in a smooth and tranquil current, and the correspondence which I maintained with Lilius Young, had the effect of imbuing my nature with something of the kind and gentle spirit which pervaded hers. The effect, however, was only temporary, for I saw that I was universally shunned by those of my own age, and that a feeling of dislike was the only one which my presence inspired amongst the neighbours. The deed which had caused my expulsion from school was well known. I had frequently seen my victim conversing with those who had formerly been somewhat intimate with me, and who now appeared to regard me with contempt and loath-

ing. Stephen Gray, such was my victim's name, appeared to delight in tracking my steps, and often when I thought myself remote from observation, he suddenly appeared before me, grinning hideously at me with his scarred and disfigured features, and holding up his hand menacingly. I several times pursued him, but he always eluded me.

I had received an invitation to spend a few days at the house of Mr. Young, and in the autumn I availed myself of the invitation. I was anxious to again behold Lillias, and I was also desirous to vary for a short period the monotony of my existence. At home my chief employment was reading, and I had few opportunities of conversing with any persons except the members of my domestic circle. I found Edmund Young surrounded by a numerous body of friends, and beloved by all those who had only a casual intimacy with him. To his parents and sister he was devoted and affectionate, their slightest wishes being looked upon by him as a law, and the efforts which he used to advance their interests, or promote, their happiness, seemed to form his greatest "labour of love." His step was the harbinger of pleasure, and his voice was the announcer of joy. His sister employed her leisure intervals in administering to the necessities of the neighbouring poor, and she was looked upon as the good genius of the locality. Edmund Young was ever ready to lend his aid for any charitable purpose, and he was constantly watchful for proper objects of beneficence. Oh, how delightful was the evening group of that happy family! Though many years of sin and misery have rolled over me since I looked upon it, I behold it vividly before me, like the glimpse of a paradise from which I am shut out for ever. There were the fond parents with their silvery locks and benignant eyes, and the two children with their loving looks bent upon them, or it might be one of them reading from some interesting volume. Alternately reading or conversing on the topics of the day, the hours flew by fleetly and tranquilly, and the morning was only a renewal of the peaceful gladness of the preceding day. Such a mode of existence was unsuited to my nature, and I soon became dissatisfied, even though I was in the presence of her whom I believed myself to love. Before many days had elapsed, I was startled by a hateful apparition. I was standing at the window gazing listlessly on the passers-by, when my eyes fell on the hateful countenance of Stephen Gray. He recognized me instantly, and cast on me one of his usual looks of sneering defiance. He held up his hand as if to warn and threaten, and, after pausing for a moment or two, passed on. The next day I perceived a marked coldness in the manners of Mr. and Mrs. Young, and Edmund and Lillias appeared as though they had been endeavouring to remonstrate with and explain some circumstance to them. It was evident to me that Gray had been at work, and feigning to have received a communication from my father, I took an abrupt farewell of the family.

I muttered imprecations on my tormentor as I journeyed home, and inwardly vowed that I would compass his destruction. When the stage-coach was just departing from an inn at which we had stopped on the road, I saw his detested face peering at me from one of the windows, and, lifting up the sash, he again held up his hand to menace me. I was tempted to spring out of the vehicle, but restrained myself, though the wish for vengeance, during the remainder of my journey, almost maddened me.

When I arrived at my father's dwelling, I lost no time in seeking out the encampment of my gipsy friends, who were yet quartered at only a few miles distance from me. There was in the tribe one stalwart and reckless fellow, who was to all appearance a man who would not hesitate to engage in any dark and desperate deed of villany. I had made a sort of acquaintance with this fellow, for I thought when we first met, that he might ere long be serviceable to me. I drew him from the rest of his companions, and saw his eyes glisten when I spoke to him of ample remuneration for a service in which I was wishful to employ him. I described Stephen Gray to him, and signified in as few words as possible the gratification which it would give me to hear that some untoward event had befallen him. His presence, I said, was hateful to me, and even if he could be withdrawn altogether from my locality, I should consider that man who was instrumental in his withdrawal entitled to my gratitude, and that gratitude should not be evinced in mere words. I found the gipsy apt enough in comprehending me, and ready enough to undertake the fulfilment of my wishes. There was another too to whom I owed a deep debt of hatred—the schoolmaster who had expelled me from his establishment. It was possible that his barn might take fire,

without any suspicion being entertained of the incendiary, and this was another task which I confided to the charge of my hopeful accomplice.

I returned home, exulting in the prospect which I had of speedily inflicting vengeance on the two people whom I hated most, and my dreams that night were of flame and violence. My visions represented a horrible distortion of the events which I really wished should take place. My father's mansion appeared in flames, and my sister's life was in imminent danger. I rushed to the chamber, and was upon the point of effecting her rescue, when I was met by the villain gipsy, who seized her from me, and dashed me senseless into the burning apartment. And mingled with all this was the form of Gray, mocking and defying me. I awoke gloomy and unrefreshed. My sister noticed my more than usual sullenness, and anxiously enquired the cause, which I attributed to the unpleasant character of my last night's dreams. She wished me to accompany her to a friend, at whose home she was about to spend the day; but I was in no humour for company, and declined, though I promised to call in the evening and escort her home.

I passed the day in rambling through a wild and rocky labyrinth, where I was almost certain of not meeting with any wanderers, for the path which I had to pursue led directly to no travelled highway, or to any congregation of dwellings. There was a dark tale connected with the place which led the majority of people to avoid it, but I had thought little of the matter, though there existed an evidence that the tale was founded in truth. About thirty years ago, so ran the story, two boys, brothers, the one nine and the other ten years of age, were roaming about the glen searching for birds' nests, and they had secured several, when a quarrel arose between them as to the division of their spoil. They fought, and so furious was the rage of the younger, that, during the conflict, he caught up a stone and struck his brother with it violently on the head. The elder brother fell down senseless, and lay for awhile without motion and with closed eyes. At length he opened his eyes for a moment or two, murmured a few words of forgiveness to his brother, and died. The boy fratricide stood over his victim, like another Cain, and was long before he could believe that his brother was for ever lost to him. When the dreadful truth broke fully upon him, he uttered a fearful shriek of horror and despair, and reason deserted him. He sank upon the corpse, and the two bodies, the maniac and the dead, were not found until two days afterwards, search having been made in all sorts of places that were thought likely. When they discovered the lost brothers, the living one set up a scream that thrilled their blood like that of a savage animal, and he sought to tear and destroy those who were in quest of him. For years he had not a lucid interval, but when a length of time had elapsed he came to the possession of his reason for a brief period, and related the particulars of the dreadful deed, and then relapsed into a state of ferocious madness, which had since been unbroken by a ray of reason. He still lived, and was confined in an asylum in the neighbourhood. A tablet, placed on the spot where the crime had been perpetrated, recorded the circumstances as they had been detailed by the maniac. I had come to that part of the glen where the tablet marked the site of the murder, and had just read the inscription, when I heard the sound of rapid feet. I raised my head, and a form confronted me that can never be effaced from my remembrance. It was a man about forty years of age, clad in coarse and dark-coloured garments. His hair was long and grisly, his face unearthly and cadaverous, and his eyes bloodshot and glaring with fierce and unnatural wildness. He stared at me for a minute or more without speaking, and I felt myself incapable of moving from the spot. He then dashed at me wildly and furiously, and a fearful struggle ensued. I felt myself no match for my fiend-like opponent, and I expected momentarily to become a sacrifice to his frenzy. Suddenly I made one desperate effort and threw him from me. He was unprepared for the movement, and fell backwards. I immediately sought safety in flight, and fear lent me a swiftness of which I thought myself incapable. The madman, for such I saw he was, gave chase, and I felt that he would be upon me in another instant. A stone was in my path, I stopped, seized it, and turned upon my pursuer. When he beheld the attitude in which I stood, and saw how I was armed, he yelled forth a demonical cry, and fell at my feet. I did not stay for his recovery, but fled again at the top of my speed. I felt that it was the maniac fratricide, who having by some means eluded the vigilance of his keepers, had attacked and pursued me, and I continued my flight until I fell exhausted upon the earth, in a state of stupor. How long I remained so I knew not, but when I was restored to consciousness the

shades of night had darkened round me, and some time elapsed before I became sufficiently restored to learn where I was.

When I reached home, I ascertained that my sister had returned from her visit, and that she had been annoyed by the insolence of some ruffian, who had waylaid her on her return. The villain had been scared away by the approach of two young gentlemen, who were now in the drawing-room, and who had been the escort home of my sister. I hastened to see her, when what was my astonishment and indignation on entering the drawing-room, to see Stephen Gray and another young man occupied in detailing to my parents the particulars of the unpleasant rencontre, from the consequences of which they had been the means of rescuing my sister. I was unmanned and feeble with the late affray, but I cast upon Gray a look of hatred, and pointed to the door. My sister looked at me imploringly. I did not appear to notice her. Gray understood me, and departed with his companion, wishing my parents and sister a respectful good night, but passing me as though I had not been present. I learned that my sister had delayed her return in expectation of my coming, and when she was about a mile from home, a fellow, apparently a gipsy, had sprung from behind a hedge and rudely accosted her, endeavouring to clasp her in his arms. She screamed in alarm, and at the moment Gray and his companion appeared in sight, and rushed to her assistance. I had my suspicions, from my sister's description, of who the villain was, but, for various reasons, I was silent on the subject.

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.

[To be continued.]

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

The frost is abroad — there is silence around,
For the snow, like the shroud of a corse, wraps the ground;
The moon looks as quiet as maid in a dream,
And the stars seem to shiver with cold as they gleam.
The wayfarer hurries along on his track,
As swift and as still as the flight of the rack;
And as some dark river that ne'er hath a rest,
The passions of man hold their course in his breast,
And slander, and discord, and envy, and hate,
Are triumphant by turns, like the demons of fate,
Whilst at times come the spirits of peace, hope, and love,
On their white wings upborne, like the olive-fraight dove;
And the Angel of Death, and the Angel of Life,
Still onward career, in perpetual strife.

'Tis the time when our musings should backwards be cast—
To resolve that the coming shall better the past;
'Tis the time when we hear the lone year's dying knell,
And we feel that some hope with that sound bids farewell.
To our thoughts with what bitterness memory brings
The hours that flew by on the fleetest of wings,
When the cup sparkled bright, and the jest rose on high,
But to leave naught behind save resolve and a sigh;
The aspirings come back that were cherish'd in vain,
And can never take root in the spirit again.
'Tis the season when peace in our souls should abound,
When our homes should be bright, though 'tis dreary around,
When anger, and pride, and revenge should depart,
And meekness and charity reign in the heart;
'Tis the time when He came who was lowly and mild,
With the powers of a God, and the form of a child,
To teach, amid sufferings, this lesson divine,
That those who are greatest are ever benign,
That gentleness, goodness, forgiveness, and love,
Are things prized the most by our Father above.

Oh, who can look back on the years that are past,
 And think that our earth-born affections can last ?
 Like the leaves of the forest-tree falling away,
 The friends of our youth and our manhood decay,
 Till the heart seems a wither'd and desolate thing,
 That can never again know a summer or spring,
 And we feel life's warm tide growing chill in our veins,
 Like a stream which is fetter'd in winter's dark chains.
 We may gaze with an eye of devotion and pride
 On the form that has clung through all ills to our side,
 But we know that the spirit may vanish away,
 And leave us but cold and inanimate clay ;
 We may pledge our true faith to the friend beloved well,
 But we know there is one hath a mightier spell ;
 We may press to our bosom the child we love best,
 But we know not how long in our arms it may rest ;
 We may gather about us the circle we prize,
 And drink in delight from their lips and their eyes ;
 Our hearts may re-echo their laughter with glee,
 Whilst we feel 'tis a blessing to live and to be,
 But the thought will return that each moment may bring
 The decree that will shatter and sever the ring ;
 We may cherish fond hopes, we may dream of high deeds,
 We may sow in the womb of the present our seeds,
 But the fond hopes may fade, and the high deeds may fail,
 And the seeds we have sown may be strewn by the gale ;
 For the Angel of Death ever goeth his way,
 And smites as he listeth the young and the gray :
 He laughs at the monarch, and smiles on the slave,
 As his sceptre he points to his palace—the grave.

Oh, what were existence if earth were our goal,
 If the Angel of Life had no power o'er the soul,
 If the loved ones who leave us should never appear,
 To welcome and bless in a happier sphere !
 But He who came down from His home in the skies
 Hath told that the dead from the grave shall arise—
 That man shall exist in a glory divine,
 That splendour unceasing around him shall shine.
 We shall meet with the friends of our manhood and youth,
 And the being who blest with her beauty and truth,
 We shall see the young cherub we held on our knee,
 We shall hear the sweet voices once ringing with glee,
 And slander, and discord, and envy, and hate,
 Shall have ceased to exist in that heavenly state,
 And all things shall be, and shall live, and shall move
 In gentleness, goodness, forgiveness, and love.

Then gather, ye dear ones, around me to night,
 The fire on our hearth burneth cheerly and bright ;
 There is health on your cheeks, there is joy in your eyes—
 Let the sound of your innocent laughter arise ;
 And thou too, my love, with thy "bonnie brown hair,"
 And thine eyes which are lustrous despite of thy care,
 Come gather, come gather—nay heed not the din—
 If 'tis winter without, it is summer within.
 To night we'll have frolic, and story, and song,
 And our deeds shall be careless as though all were young.
 Let the spirit of thankfulness dwell in each breast,
 For the sorrows o'ercome, and the blessings possess ;
 Let our faith be fix'd firm in the Mighty and Just,
 Let us praise and be glad—let us hope, let us trust.

NATIONAL EDUCATION AND THE PROGRESS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY GEORGE CANDELET.

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
Those little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

GOLDSMITH.

We are desirous of once more recording our sentiments and lending our humble aid to a movement characterized by the mental improvement of the masses. Perhaps nothing could engage the attention of the senator or the public press so praiseworthy and laudable in itself. It will be observed by those who perused our article on this subject in the last number of this magazine, that we were elated with pleasing anticipations and hopeful enjoyments of better days—the commencement of a new era in the history of this country. We are pleased to find that since the announcement was first made by the ministry of which Lord John Russel is the premier, the movement has spread, and still continues to gain ground. We trust this magazine has done some little towards giving the movement an impetus, in arousing the operative classes from their apathy, and in strengthening the *right* of their claims on a government *that accepts of no excuse for crime in ignorance*. It is deplorable that in England and Wales we have a population of nearly one half who are described as being unable to write, and a third unable to read. We trust the present cabinet are not making use of the question as an electioneering bait for popularity alone; such a course would consign them to eternal infamy. In our last article we briefly glanced at the innumerable advantages which it is probable would be derived from an efficient plan of national instruction, and endeavoured to show the non-electors that this question ought to take precedence of a concession of privileges; that the aversion of the privileged portion of the community to concession is not without its rationality, and that it would be the surest guarantee for a wise and discreet exercise of those privileges. But whilst we entertain these opinions, we have not upon previous occasions, when application has been made to the government for intellectual qualification, been unobservant of the conduct of professing patriots in the British senate in unscrupulously refusing such application by a direct vote in opposition, on in awarding a sum inadequate for the purpose. It is revolting to the feelings of a philanthropist who peruses the extravagant expenditure of parliament annually in pensions and sinecures to persons who never rendered one single service to this country, nor could they explain for what they do receive it; whilst on the other hand the labourer, the source of all wealth, has not had one penny per head annually expended for the cultivation of the faculties with which nature hath endowed him. We are disgusted with the conduct of those who taunt the poor with ignorance, and invariably refuse to assist in removing the deficiency. Whilst all around us is happy—the beasts of the field—the birds of the air—the scaly tribes in the waters—whilst every insect that creepeth upon the earth—aye, the animaculæ, a thousand fold too minute to be perceptible to the eye; proclaim the benevolence of the creator and the immensity of that which he has created, they would make it vile and contemptible. They would have man prostrate that vast intellect with which he is endowed—by which he measures the path of the planets, “and weighs the sun as in a balance,”—discovers the laws that bind the elements—is enabled to vie with the eagle in swiftness on the bosom of the mighty deep, and by which alone he is superior “to the beasts that perish”—before the shapeless idol that they have erected in their own infatuated imaginations. Such as these it is that make

“Opinion an omnipotence—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.”

It has been a question with us, and one at the present time entitled to some attention and consideration, as to whether the science of politics ought to form part of a plan of national instruction. It is a branch of knowledge to which considerable importance is attached, but which even in seminaries and universities seems to have been neglected. Prejudice has in different periods attached great importance to political speculation, and still attempts to inflict every species of negative persecution upon certain opinions in politics, even when unconnected with practical inferences. From the universality of this prejudice may be inferred the universal conviction of the extensive influence of political science upon national happiness. What this influence is capable of becoming in a country in which any part of the government is democratical, as the English House of Commons exists in the Constitution, may be conceived, but cannot be determined. Every improvement of which government is susceptible, till it has made the nearest possible approximations to perfection, may be confidently expected from such a constitution, but it is to hope for effects without adequate causes, to expect any considerable or important improvement in government, except by means of the majority of the people studying politics as a science, from its first principles, through all the ramifications of which it is capable. If the science of politics be thus important, and if such interesting consequences may be expected from the perfect knowledge of its first principles, to what cause must be ascribed the general neglect to which it has been consigned as a science. Instead of the science there has been substituted a barbarous jargon, which has brought even the name of politics into disrepute; but to what cause can this be attributed, except to the neglect of studying politics in the same manner as the mathematics and the other sciences—by proceeding from simple to complex, and thus advancing from maxims which can admit of no controversy to the most difficult questions of political right, or the most abstract speculations respecting the theory of governments? One of the causes of the neglect of this study perhaps may be found in a paucity of elementary books on political science, and several recent attempts to supply this deficiency may be contemplated as an earnest of political amelioration. With the respective merits of these publications, we must acknowledge ourselves unacquainted, but among elementary books in the science of politics, we cannot omit mentioning *Pinnock's Political Catechism*. This admirable little book might be studied as an appropriate introduction to De Lolme and Blackstone, and in some few instances might even correct their statements, since 't ought ever to be remembered that both these valuable productions, and particularly that of De Lolme, are rather eulogiums on the Constitution than accurate delineations. Blackstone was not a man remarkably strong in his animadversions on the abuse of power. His book, equally conspicuous for the soundness of his reasoning and the elegance of his style, might rather be considered as a panegyric on the Constitution and Laws of Great Britain.

Those who reverence the Constitution as it deserves, will best manifest their reverence by disseminating the study of the Constitution upon the principles of science. But let no man assume the title of politician, nor make pretences to political knowledge, whose information is derived from the transient politics of the day. The title of politician may be given by the superficial to the mere reader of newspapers, but the thinking part of society will confine the title to the student of political science in the writings of De Lolme, Locke, Blackstone, and Hobbes; and it is surely not too much to expect from an age which values itself upon the extent of its acquisitions, that the period is arrived in which an accurate acquaintance with the principles of political science will be considered an essential part of British Education.

The period is fast approaching when this question will receive a senatorial examination—schemes will be propounded, plans recommended, each different sect and persuasion considering the plan suggested for the extension of their own limited interest and party, best suited to the requirements of the nation, and the question may be considered an insurmountable difficulty for legislation, and as such abandoned. It is a maxim to which we recur with fondness, that "where there is a will there is always a way." For our own part we see but few obstacles if there be a sufficiency of inclination. We have before us a plan for the education of the people, which might be adopted throughout the British dominions in each parish. A few years since the late Thomas Ashton, Esq., cotton manufacturer, built a school in the village of Flowery-field, a short distance from the township of Hyde, in the county of Chester, and although we

differ with its regulations, yet we recognize in it the introduction of a principle of support which has done him infinite credit. The principle to which we allude is that of levying a tax upon each householder throughout the village, to support the necessary expenses of tuition, its library, &c. &c. It is a practical exemplification of the means to effect the end. We recommend the establishment of schools upon the same principle throughout the kingdom. We provide by local taxation for paving, lighting, and improving our ecclesiastical establishments, and why not adopt a similar system for the intellectual improvement of the people? We would empower, by a special act of parliament, every parish to raise a moderate rate for securing to every parishioner a competent education. The management of the details we would leave to the rate-payers themselves, as each locality is best acquainted with its own difficulties, peculiar wants, and capabilities. We also think the rate should not be strictly apportioned to property, but spread over a wide surface, and equal in its assessment. A small rate would effect the object. We will suppose a parish of 6000 householders, rated at 1s. per year, which would realize £300. This we deem, in a majority of cases, amply sufficient for the purpose, taking into consideration other circumstances which would militate favourably, such as munificent donations, bequests, &c. We would require the state to advance, if necessary, the money requisite for the buildings, and allow the government a share in their regulation. Every rate-payer should be entitled to send his progeny free of charge, or to have the privilege, according to his assessment, of nominating others. Thus practically it would be found that every rate-payer would have the facility of education at his command. By this method those religious difficulties which have previously presented themselves would be obviated. The system would not be compulsory, because in compelling the means we compel the desire. It also would be a following consequence that the rate-payers would see in the disposal of their funds that they received the worth of their money, and in order to afford adults an opportunity, we would establish evening schools. We are sanguine that nothing would tend so much to raise the character of the most unlearned parents as contributing to the education of their children, and being *possessed with a voice in its control*. A gigantic power lies slumbering at the feet of the masses themselves. It is here perceptible that the state may with ease bring on to the hearth of the humblest cottage the blessings and advantages of education.

To encourage proficiency the scholars should undergo an annual examination, and those who were justified in their merits should be recommended to the notice of the government, to fill vacancies in the excise, customs, and the many subordinate posts of clerkship in the public offices. Here would be established at once an incentive to general emulation; and indeed we hold it to be the duty of the government if they interfere in enforcing education on the poor, to offer advantages more profitable than the mere blessings of a cultivated mind.

In concluding this portion of our article, and having exceeded the space allotted us, so reluctantly do we relinquish a subject of such paramount importance, and one in which we feel ourselves deeply interested and pleasantly occupied, that we promise again to return in the next number, when we hope to be able to lay before our readers a brief review of the opinions of some of the principal writers on this subject, Priestley, Knox, Hamilton, Edgeworth, More, Milton, and Locke. We are pleased to find that some of the London weekly papers are advocating zealously the same opinion as ourselves. We hope by a steady perseverance to beat down those imaginary obstacles that have presented themselves upon previous occasions. We are desirous that an unceasing agitation should be kept up until crowned with success.

We now turn our attention from this question to the progress of one of the greatest associations of the working classes that ever existed in this country, and of which it affords the most perfect example; but like all other societies, it contains within itself a mixture of good and evil. During the past year it underwent an important dissection advantageous to its future peace, harmony, and progressive improvement. It is a fact worthy of record that, notwithstanding the secession which followed the legislation of the Glasgow A. M. C., the numerical strength of the institution is more formidable at the present period than it was preceding the secession. The Bristol A. M. C. has furnished the members of this vast association with a solution to the enigma (which filled each bosom with anxiety), of "What will be done at Bristol?" by conceding the power to each district, of regulating *its own* affairs. It

matters little to the originators of financial reform, whether their object be effected through the medium of district committees, or by a direct legislative enactment enforced by the directors. We believe a slight misunderstanding has taken place since the termination of the Bristol A. M. C., as to the *bona fide* meaning of the injunctions placed upon districts. Such being the case, and desirous as we are to establish an agreeable understanding, we cannot do better than lay before our readers the opinions and impressions of the author of the resolution referred to :—

14, Chapel Walks, Liverpool, Oct. 9th, 1846.

Dear Sir,

My impression as to the meaning of the resolution passed at Bristol, is, and *was then*, that districts should make one *uniform* rate of payment throughout the district, and that all Lodges in the district should *conform* to that law. I recommend a plan used in some Lodges here—viz. if Lodges are not satisfied with the amount of funeral donation, let their members form an auxiliary fund to increase the amount, but to be supported by an extra contribution. I think it was generally understood as I have described above. I send you a copy of our proposed new district laws wherein you will see my meaning explicitly laid down in the laws relating to many.

Yours, &c.,

ANDREW ROURKE, C. S.

Mr. Geo. Candelet, Hyde.

We have heard but of a very few instances where the least inclination has been manifested to depart from the above meaning. Nothing more clearly evidences the wisdom of the last A. M. C. in conceding to districts at present, the power regulating the affairs of Lodges within the precincts of their own boundary. The most gratifying intelligence has reached us during the past few months, of the progress of this momentous question. We have before us a copy of newly revised Lodge Bye-Laws, to which is appended an address to its members. It is a powerful illustration of the times. As we intend to continue this article, we shall for the present content ourselves with the publication of this rare specimen of Lodge intelligence, bearing date the 19th October, 1846.

ADDRESS.

"The tender heart will melt at others' woe;
To the afflicted will its kindness show."

The prospects of Odd-Fellowship and its nature have so frequently been dilated upon, that it is not possible to advance anything new or novel. Its usefulness is now universally acknowledged, and practically experienced. Its numerical strength, and the rapidity with which it continues to spread, have become a matter of wonder. The days of its opposition, on account of its secrecy, have glided away. It hath evidently manifested and taught an important truth, that secrecy can be used as well for *good* as evil purposes. As yet, it can only be considered an experiment. Its failure could not but be deplored as a great national calamity. It will be for the members of this Lodge, as a link in the great chain of Odd-Fellowship, by paying a *due attention to their income and expenditure*, to render the experiment successful. Perhaps there is no felicity that could equal the pleasure derivable from a contracted social agreement of a body of men associated together for the mutual provision of each other in the calamitous season of need. Considering man in himself, he is an helpless being, subject to many misfortunes through life, which break in upon him at a time, when, perhaps, he is anticipating to himself hours of pleasure and comfort, and is ready to exclaim, "Soul, take thy ease, for now I shall be happy in the enjoyment of past labours," his liabilities have brought home to him the conviction that he was not made for himself alone, but that he is in a great measure, dependant on his fellow creatures.

Benevolent Societies have saved many a worthy man, when prostrate on a bed of sickness; prevented many families from want during the affliction of their only dependence, or of being under the necessity of applying for parochial relief. The avenues of death have been smoothed, and the dying man has been able to resign in peace, knowing that his family would receive a sum adequate to the expenses of his funeral, and that they would suffer no distress on that account. To secure the permanency of an institution contemplating such worthy objects, ought to engage the attention of each and all. The enquiry into the financial security of our Society is now abroad amongst those who are candidates for initiation amongst us; upon this enquiry hangs a continuance of future prosperity. *Large benefits and small rates of contribution are suspected as delusive.* The following rules are not put forth as perfect, as no human institution can boast of perfectability. They are such as have been deemed necessary and suitable to our present circumstances.

In all cases where experience has clearly established certain averages, it is deemed nothing less than folly to neglect them. Take for instance one of our splendid trans-Atlantic steamers. It has been ascertained that on an average a certain amount of fuel is consumed for each trip. What would be thought of a captain who should persist in leaving port with only two-thirds of the usual quantity? It would be regarded as an act of unparalleled folly. And yet the vessels who might meet her midway on her course would report that she was making her voyage gallantly, at her usual speed; and the deficiency would not be experienced until the distance had been well nigh accomplished. Then the difficulty *must* come. She must abandon her steam-power, and depend upon adventitious circumstances. If, instead of favourable breezes, she encounter heavy seas and adverse winds, her voyage is delayed; and although she may reach her destination, it must be after considerable delay, and with many difficulties and dangers. Take another instance. The progress of architectural science has enabled men to judge precisely the strength of a foundation to support a certain superstructure. An architect despising these rules, must almost infallibly fall into error. It can be no argument in his favour to say, that because the building looks substantial when it is nearly completed, there is a *possibility* that it may be safely reared. The probability is, that at the time when the "*top-stone*" should have been brought forth with *rejoicing*," the *rottenness* of the *foundation* will have become manifest, and the entire fabric must be *re-constructed*; or if it do stand, it will always be regarded with *suspicion*, requiring constant patching and supporting, and it will remain as a memorial of architectural folly.

So with the establishment of societies like ours. If proper and careful regard be not paid to the average amount of sickness and mortality, as clearly defined by statistical evidence, there is no substantial reason for supposing that they can *permanently* flourish. Those who despise these established principles, may, after eight or ten years of prosperity, tauntingly ask their less confident brethren where they can see the traces or symptoms of the danger they apprehended: but let them *look to the end*. Various circumstances may have favoured them: it is possible that for even ten years they may not have had the usual amount of sickness or mortality amongst them; but during the subsequent ten years a visible change will come over the scene; their members will begin to descend into the vale of life; advancing years will bring increasing sickness; and when their aged members should be realizing the comforts which for years they had been contributing to afford to others, Lodges may find themselves compelled to reduce their allowance, or they may even be brought to such straits, as to lead to the dismemberment of the society. Hundreds of instances of this deplorable termination might be adduced; and our fear is, that unless we take warning by their decline and fall, the future will afford numberless cases of an equally distressing nature. In conclusion we urgently request timely attention to the average rate of sickness, mortality, and general expenses experienced amongst us.—*Mechanic Lodge, Hyde District.*

PASSAGES IN AN EMIGRANT'S LIFE.

BY JAMES PENNOCK.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
 In stepped my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
 And stooping to the child the old man said,
 Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
 This is your Uncle Charles, come home from Spain.
 The child approached, and with her fingers light
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
 But why thus spin my ale—thus tedious be?
 Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

BLOOMFIELD.

It was about three hours after meridian, when the fresh invigorating breeze tempered the heat of the sun's beams, that my relations, consisting of father, mother and an only sister, gladly escaped from the confined atmosphere between decks, and joined myself and cousin, who were seated upon the second Gun Carriage about the middle of the ship. Our vessel carried six guns, more however for ornament than for service, not one on board having ever heard their echoes, and few would have cared to apply the torch from their time-worn and insecure appearance. The sky was of azure blue, reflecting the sun's bright radiance to an extent that made it most painful to look upwards. The light fleecy clouds hung suspended over head in streaks of purest white, falling gradually back into the dense mass of vapour which bordered the eastern line of the horizon, dipping to the very surface of the ocean, from which it was extracted by the great rarefaction of the atmosphere, induced by the heat of a July sun. A gentle ripple agitated the sea, while the sails seemed to rejoice in the light sea breeze, and puffed and flapped against the masts as it occasionally filled and then abandoned them in sportive mood. The crazy old craft crept steadily along, answering to the quickened wind. The whole space above deck was occupied by little knots and parties who enjoyed with great zest the beauty of the evening, some reading, others of the fair sex sewing or knitting, some again, and these by far the most numerous, engaged in earnest discourse respecting the land which had recently receded from their view. Though the majority were of the class of peasants, or but a few degrees removed beyond it, their whole demeanour betokened their susceptibility to the soft emotions produced by the kindly influence of nature, and nature's God; and doubt not, but that in the flight of years yet unborn, when the blessings of a liberal system of education shall have been generally diffused, and the all engrossing feverish excitement of political and religious discussion repressed within due limits by a consequent enlightenment, the descendants of these will sustain the credit of their father-land, nor suffer the finger of derision and scorn to be pointed towards everything Irish, as was the case, in the days of yore. Of our party was one whose melancholy cast of countenance, vacant expression of features, and low tones almost inaudible, yet uttered with rapid articulation, afforded sad evidence of an aberration of mind and brain. Ever occupied in arranging the mass of dark brown hair which adorned her sun-burnt brow, or in working the knitting pins which seldom left her side, she filled up the vacancy of thoughts by chanting the burden of a small collection of songs and hymns she had imperceptibly acquired from her neighbours; but frequently the light air of a love-song would blend with the solemn wail for the departed, or the muttered commencement of a favorite hymn glide into a stanza of one of the songs of the rebellion, so much in vogue at the period of which I write. Poor Shenan, whose life passed away so pensively yet so peacefully and serene was my near relative, in fact my cousin. Her maternal parent and mine were sisters and loving ones too. It was Shenan's lot never to know the fond solicitude of a mother's love, or to experience the fostering influence of a father's care. Her mother, after whom she was named, died in giving birth to the little weakling, whose life seemed so uncertain, that arrangements

VOL. 9—No. 5—P.

were made to enclose both parent and offspring in the same narrow resting place—the grave. With much care and attention she gave signs of life, yet several days elapsed before they could safely say, she breathed, and

* * *
“that those veins
Did verily bear blood.”

or discern by

“The trick of frown, her forehead,
The pretty dimples of her chin and cheek,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.”

that life was warm upon her lips, or the pulse of her heart throbbing with existence. The fate of her parents was sad and affecting. Her father young, volatile, and of a ductile disposition, was readily induced to take part in the disturbances which convulsed Ireland through every class of the community. His natural activity and vigor, with a certain superiority of education and the possession of a little independent property, quickly gave him command over the more ignorant rabble, and as his feelings were strong against the prevailing tyranny of the higher powers, he signalized himself in the outbreak, and became in consequence a marked man. He was too open in mind and disposition to lend his assistance to the midnight outrages which disgraced the popular movements in a later stage; it formed no part of his intentions to win his country's independence by cool-blooded massacres and fierce rapine; he fought and toiled in a more manly cause, a cause to which a vast number of the elite of the land had committed themselves either by counsel or pecuniary advances, but which from prudential motives they dared not openly support. If, instead of dallying in uncertainty, wavering between the two extremes, they had lent their cordial assistance to the wishes of the populace, and assumed the position assigned them by their standing and influence in society, it is highly probable that the result would have been of a different character, and that all the force and power of England would have proved insufficient to rivet the fetters of subjection on a bold and courageous people, enraged by years of misrule and oppression. Instances are numerous in which a small nation has successfully withstood the despotic aggression of a huge rival; as when the legions of Austria were defeated by the brave Tyrolese, or more recently, the countless hordes of Russia, held in check, oft times beaten, by the hardy natives of Circassia. But disheartened by the defection of their proper leaders, divided in counsel, disunited in their efforts, as well as abandoned by their continental allies, the popular enthusiasm broke down before the stern authority of the law, and what might otherwise have commanded the encomium of the historian, degenerated into a crude and reprobated revolt, characterized by the number of victims, as well to judicial slaughter as to the knife of the cowardly base assassin. The arms of his Majesty's troops triumphant, Government took under their protection whole hosts of informers, to whose vile cupidity the scaffold bears ample witness, in the number of unfortunate, perhaps misguided patriots, who there terminated their existence, publicly suffering the agonies of dissolution as a warning to the excitable multitude below, to alter the current of their thoughts and amend the errors of their ways. False theory, as if men's affections and esteem were to be gained by nothing less than the slaughter of their friends and kindred. A strange political dictionary, in which coercion and conciliation are made to bear a synonymous signification. John O'Neil escaped for a time by a residence in the wild mountains of the North, but the instinct of home overcame the dictates of prudence, and he returned to visit the scenes of his childhood, and embrace once more his fair young wife by whose side he had stood a few months before to receive the nuptial benediction. One of the horde of spies, with whom the liberally bestowed gold of the executive quickly peopled every town and village in the land, traced his steps to his own threshold, and longing to clutch the unholy price of blood hastened to inform the military of his whereabouts. The base object was however defeated. A friendly whisper told O'Neil of his danger, so taking a brief but heart-wringing farewell of his darling Shenan, he disguised himself and hastened to the sea-side, where he found a vessel on the eve of sailing to form part of a convoy bound for the West Indies. He was never afterwards heard of. It was believed that he died from the noxious effects of the deadly climate, or that he went overboard and met a watery grave from some of the chances which in a seafaring life occasionally peril both vessel and crew. His forlorn partner gradually pined away from the period of his departure, and as the crisis approa-

ched in which her accouchement was expected, settled down into complete melancholy and indifference to every thing around. Love was in her case more enduring than bodily strength, the one sapped the foundations of the other, and when the terrible hour of trial drew on she was too much weakened to encounter it, and died of a broken heart, a victim to the political disturbance of the times. Her remains were consigned to the cold grave with fewer of those superstitious rites so much in vogue with my country-men; the funeral was strictly quiet, for the turbulence of the times forbade an assemblage of numbers for any purpose. Indeed had it been otherwise it would have been sadly out of harmony with her departed spirit.

The little colleen was taken to our home and tended with more than maternal care. In no country upon earth is the open hand of charity so freely extended to objects of commiseration; generosity is so distinguishing a feature in the national character, that the greatest stranger had but to shew his necessities to have them relieved, by a share of the turf-fire or a portion of the smoking hot "phaties on the board." At first she lingered on the threshold of death and shewed few symptoms of health or improvement, but, bye and bye shot out into a tall slip of a girl. Alas it was only her form that improved, the mind remained almost stationary. Those delightful buddings of intelligence which bring pride and joy to the parent's heart were looked for in vain, the countenance was pleasing but infantile, while none of the lively tones of recognition, nor any of the endearing ways common to childhood ever broke forth to cheer the melancholy blank. It was a sore trial to my parents when the sad surmise was confirmed and they felt that she was destined to live devoid of that inestimable blessing memory—reason.

"Acushla Asthore. Yez 'ill be all the same to uz, my colleen a bawn. Ye shall niver want the bite an' the sup as long as wee've the phaties to the fore or a dthrop of milk in the biggin. An' ma be whin we're under the green sod, Providence itself will purtect your'e own purty self from harum and bring yez safe to glory. Amin." Such was my mother's good natured ejaculation on ascertaining the fact beyond doubt.

My Father cheerfully agreed in this view of the subject, and little Shenan continued the cherished one of the household, receiving aid and comfort from every one, not only of the house but of the neighbours around, who vied with each other in their endeavours to lighten the affliction of one whom Providence had blighted such is ever the case in native Erin, bold, proud, poor Erin-go-bragh.

"Shenan, Agra, come near me. Sit down between uz or you'll git hurt wid the ropes." Shenan who had been sitting somewhat apart from our little party immediately rose, and came and seated herself by my mother's side and dropped her head upon her shoulder in the innocent simplicity so peculiar to her character.

"Why Brian, I understood you to say that you had but one daughter, and now it appears you have two. How is this? Which of these young lasses claims kindred with you, eh? Nay dont hide your face young woman" said the Captain bluntly, as Shenan sunk her head deeper into my mother's shoulder quailing under the glance of the young seaman.

"No Sir, this is my niece, the other is my daughter."

"Oh yes, I remember, you gave me a history of the circumstances, a sad affair certainly, but how is it you are starting away from home to a strange country at your time of life. Are you tired of old Ireland, and like many others expect to pick up gold in the streets of the new world whither you are now bound; or is it true what they tell me, that the country is too hot for men to live in peaceably?"

"Why yez might be wider from the mark than that last guess, you have hot the right nail on the head at on'st, but shure it's quare work to lave ould Ireland at the biddin of a bosthoon I niver seed, jist a skreed of a letter wid the name of Captin Rock put at the botthom of id. Och bone! to lave my purty farm, that was me ancisther's before me this many a long day, an' to crass the salt say in me ould days it 'ill break me heart, Alanah."

"Never mind, Brian, dont be downhearted, the world's a wide place, and you will do well in America if you try. It is those only who fail, who are daunted with the difficulties almost as soon as they meet them. They don't like to work."

"Oh, bad luck to id for work, it's not that same I'm afeard of, and hav'ent I this great gommock and these colleens wid me to help me all the time, but tare-an-ages, its the laving the ould place, and the ould residents, that I've known since we wor childer together the hoighth of me knee—an' many's the dthrop of the Crather we've had together

jist to make our friendship sthronger. Yit sowl of me, ids no use laminting now we're on the road, w'e'll jist pluck up our spirits and thry our loock.

This last sentence was brought out by a simple attempt to divert the attention of my maternal parent on whom his sorrows were beginning to tell, and whose eyes were glistening with the unbidden tears of regret for her maiden home.

"You are in the right, I'll wager a crown, always look to the sunny side of things, and while others are floundering about in difficulty and darkness, you will have light enough to steer clear of the shoals of despair. It is the best philosophy seaman or landsman can teach, because it is practically useful."

"Helm, ahoy! lay her over a little more to the wind; let us make the best use we can of our sails while this fair breeze lasts. There, that will do; steady so; keep her to that point."

"Ay, Ay, Sir. Steady it is," sung out the helmsman, and the ship lurched over in obedience to the increased force of the wind.

"Now" said the Captain, who was a middle aged Englishman of a sociability of manner very unusual among his class at that period, but comparatively unacquainted with Irish affairs, having traded but once before to an Irish port, "tell me the cause of these wrathful countrymen of yours sending you that rather uncivil notice to quit."

"The cause is it agra. Shure the cause is—bud how can I till yez the cause, onless I begin a long while back, whin I was a slip of a lad an' could dance a jig or toss me shillalagh wid the best of the boys. An' that 'nd be a long story for yez to hear, Sur."

"I'll sit it out, I'll warrant, if it lasts as long as Bill Smith's yarn there, whose tongue has found out the secret of perpetual motion, for he never stops unless all hands are piped to dinner." So saying he seated himself on a coil of rope hard by.

"Ballynogue farm was left to me whin my fater was called to glory—may his sowl rist in pace—and I was jist a big strapping bosthoon, rayther handy at single stick, or wrestling, or dancing cover the buckle, and thinking myself as happy as the king in his castle. It did very well for a bit, but the neighbours said id was a shame for me to keep meself all to meself, wid me fifteen acres of dacent land an my grandfather's stock—ing cracking itself with the yellow shiners, while so many purty lasses wor waiting to be axed to follow me in chapel. Troth, an' I had'nd long to look nor I seen the jewel that was to become Mrs. Dancy Brian, pulse of me heart. Not that I'd axed her her mind or had any goster with but wanst, an that but one blessid minit at the fair. I seen her many times wid her young sister and guessed some day I'd spake to her, but me heart stu'k in me mouth whin I attempted on'st or twi'st. One day I took up coorage and plumped it out and niver stop't spaking till I'd lost all me breath, but after that felt as light as a feather, for it took a mortal weight off me mind. I need'nt tell yez about our coorting, or how we wor married, or how we kept up our wedding, shure we spint a power of money, bud we had the hoighth of divarsion. Our wedding however mortally offened an ould crony of Kitty's. He pertindted to the neighbours that she was under her promise to him, and that she had deceived him. I met him in the street one day, whin he had some of the boys wid him, an' he stipt up to me, and says he "How do you Mither Brian, an' how does Misthress Dancy Brian, the day. Shure an I wish yez much joy of her, and her parjured to a boy, that me mother's son knows. Yez sowl to pirdition, but id i'll be a black widdling for yer proud cock up Misthress Brian, afore yez see many more years o' grace."

"Aisy Tom, say I, ye thief of the world, mind what yer saying. Kitty might have the pick and the choose of the whole barony, manys the boy u'd jump off the church staple to catch her, but small blame to her for picking the best, and if yez say two crass words with Kitty's name in yez dirty mouth, ye'll git sich a leathering, as will make yer bones ache for a month."

"He had been the cock of the walk over all the villages round, but I got too much for him at last an' onst hurt him so that he kept his bed for a whole week. His timper got the mather of him, and mine being no less, we talked mighty big, and would have sittled it paceably on the spot, but some of the boys interferred an' parted us from aiche other. He got in a great rage, and swore rueful vingince agin me and mine, an' tould me to look for a shot in me head some dark night. "Devil receive me" said he "if I would'nt shoot him this varry minit, if I had me powther an shot to the fore." I went home to me wife an' tould her all about it, an' she was mighty frighted to be sure, but I was'nt a bit afear'd, for I did'nt think he would do such a thing affther his temper was

cooled a little. Well time wint on, an' the childer came about uz an' we wor doing purty comfortable, an' always had plenty to ate an' dthrink, an' a sup for a frind whin the throbles br'uk out. Throth, its no wonder there was a rebellion, for wid the people going about discouraging of our being made slaves to the English, and robbing uz of our parlimint; and the harryin' for the taxis an' turnin' thim out of their farms and holdings; an' the Protestants fightin agin the Catholics an' the Catholics agin the Protestants the crathers could'nt scarcely live, at all at all—only that I had me own farm which nobody could'nt touch. There the boys turned out at night to talk of their distresses, while bad men blarney'd thim over to stick up for their rights. But onst they got thim out they could'nt kip thim under, and the night burnin's and murders begun, an' nobody was safe in his bed that did'nt join thim. The yeomirry and the riglars war sint out by governmint an' harried the people to death, an' made many' the one turn out who would'nt ha' done id for a thrifle. A'most all the people supported thim, but dar'nt have it known, for the rason they'd be tried by military and shot wid-out joodge or jury. I did'nt go out meself, but me wife's people did, an' John O'Neil who coorted her sister at that time wint wid thim; it was siousible you know, that I would'nt turn me back upon thim for id, whin I might have me house burned over me head for me trouble. The boys did their best but it was no use, for those who led them on, flinched back whin the rale danger come, an' the boys did'nt know how to help aiche other, only whin the rale fightin was goin' on, then did'nt they handle the kippeens finely, tunther-an-ouns' but they crack'd the sojer's skulls like winkin'. Fair, but the tables wor soon turned on thim, for the military wor too strong for thim, an' bate thim out of the field entirely, an' cut thim up with soord and bagnet. Oh, wirra, wirra, it was a sight, to see thim hung up by dozens an' some shot dead left unther the hedges to rot in the face of heaven, with never a friend that dar' bury them by day-light. Musha, it wint to me heart, to see the thrade the rascally approves druv firretin' the boys out of their hiding-places, an' purtinding to bring thim to justice till justice was lost in the starness of the law and grew sick with the number of her poor unedicated victims."

Happy are we of this generation who live in times when jutice is justified, without the blood of the ignorant peasant being sacrificed to appease her manes: when humanity is seldom or never outraged by the revolting disgraceful spectatle of human beings—made in the image of the high eternal—strung up like senseless sheep, to expiate, before thousands congregated to mark their convulsive throes, and gloat over their dying agonies as some goodly show or pageant, the crimes, which a higher degree of education or moral culture, inaccessible to them, would have entirely prevented.

"Tho' the throbles war said to be over by thim who won the day, yet they war only beginning to thim that lost it. Matters war tin times worse than iver, an' the people could scarce spake to aiche other widout bein' punished for id. The country was very unsittled for a long time, they said help was shure to come from furrin parts, wid plinty of goold an' the finest throops that iver was seen, so they met as sacred as could be to talk about their wrongs an' lamint what ould Ireland had come to. Tare-an-ages but they could'nt stand this long quietly, so they riz agin an' set upon the king's troops an' bate thim thro' the provinces, an' war like to git the upper hand. The throops soon howiver got too sthrong for thim an' druv thim past all chance. They much prissed me to join thim but I kep' back, for I thought of the childher an' what might happen whin I was gone, so I detarmined not to go. They bothered and taized me till I half sed yis. Tom O'Hallan himself come to me an' offered to be friends an' forget an' forgive if I'd only shew me face an' consint to take the oath wid the rist, but I stood aginst him an' tould him me mind was made up not to join in the rising, but that I'd niver betray thim. Yez know how the rebellion inded, better than I can tell yez. Musha, but I might as well ha' gone, for from that day to this, I've had no loock. The black-hearted villians, they've burnt me corn an' set fire to the house at night wh'ar the woman and childher war sleeping in th'ar beds, not wan'st or twi'st. Every sort of divilment they've done aginst me till I've had no p'ace in life, and whin I've thought thim gone, they'd com agin an' terrify uz to the death. Two or three times lately I've got a slip of paper, not one of me knows how or whin, bidding me prepare me coffin for me days are numbered. In coorse, I was'nt aisy all this while, me wife wanted to lave the ould place, but me heart stu'k to id, it cut me to the core to think of parting wid it, 'case I loved every stone of id for many a year. To part wid the ould place whar me father an' mother an' their ancisthers lived in the good ould times before, axing yez

pardin, the Englishers c'um amongst uz ; oh, sorrow on the day. Och hone ! Och hone ! the murderers, the cutt'roat rascals, that sint me away from me nate little home. I sould it out an' out entirely, for I seen 'twas no use staying to be brought home a dead man some day. May the cowl'd airth be th'ar bed—the bla-guards that put the bad passions in the people's head to aiche other. Shure, its a doomed land wh'ar the indushtrious cannot work for fear of spite and revinge. Oh, me poor cuntry you drive your best supports away whin you force thim to lave who live by their hard sweat and labour. Yez complain of the tyrant while th'ar is no tyrant so hard as yer own sons. If I had gone off to some other place I should'nt ha' been safe, for I was tould that I was only spared so long because of the neighbours, who war me frinds and war sorry to have me life tuk. The nagur was detarmined to be revinged, but I did'nt go out afther dark for many a day and kipt out av his way. So you see, sur, the ra'son of my parting wid me native place all thro' the spite of me widding first, and thim, soun's, because I would'nt turn out in the throubles. I'ts a long time sinse, but revinge will last as long as life. I never seed O'Hallan sinse he wanted me to join thim, but I dar say he's been at the botthom of all our diathresses. Shure we give thim no offence at all at all, barring what I've tould yez. May God sind thim repentance and taiche thim better."

"Too truly do I see, Brian, that oppression has stamped a character in the mind of your nation, that not all the powers upon earth can eradicate or repel till another generation has grown up, whose minds shall have been implanted with the love of peace and of knowledge; when the influence of those who live by exasperating the worst passions of the nation shall have waned away; and reason occupy her true position obviating that blind submission to the dictates of others, which now produces such dreadful scenes of bloodshed and murder. You have been stung to the quick, and you turn against all that come near to offer assistance, whetting your passions by internal rapine, in default of strength to shew a bold front to your opponents, and raise yourselves superior to the bonds which gail your soul. Your intelligence and energies must be directed into other and safer channels; but if England waits for perfect repose and quietness in the public mind, ere she commences a system of national regeneration, by substituting the kindly national influences of moral restraint in lieu of the barbarities of physical force, then will the child have become a man of mature, nay senile years, before the first opening presents itself for carrying the project into effect. Let your people be kept employed as much as possible, extend the means of communication through every quarter of the land, from Castle Cary to Cape Clear, from Wexford to Killeen, and last yet not least, diffuse education and knowledge in every shape and form, and you will have sown that seed, which in the lapse of years allotted to one brief generation, will spring up to tranquilize Ireland, and make her the brightest jewel in the triple crown the Koh-i-nohr of the British diadem."

How deeply these words sunk into my mind I cannot express. I remember them as vividly as 'twere but yesterday they were uttered, and feel that the prophetic predictions are in gradual course of fulfilment. Much has been already performed for my native land, an infinite deal more requires to be accomplished, ere this much to be desired consummation can take place, yet the calm enquirer may trace signs of better times about to dawn upon the sea girt-Isle. Her energies are quivering with the first impulse of real prosperity, while her sons are making for themselves a name of honour and renown, claiming by their acquirements, the consideration and esteem of their contemporaries.

Before my father had concluded his narrative the decks were cleared and the night watch set. Most of the passengers went to their berths to seek the repose needed by all things with life. A few, however, of the males who were pleased to render assistance, or disinclined to encounter the close air below, remained upon deck, inhaling the calm breeze, that sipping coolness from the ocean's face blew steadily onward towards our destination, wafting us cheerily on to join the hundreds of thousands of all nations, who for years have sought life and liberty on the open prairies, the forest-clad hills and mountains of America.

I was then young, the world was opening upon me in all its freshness, and I enjoyed its varied scenes with a zest the young only can feel. Possessed of a tolerable proficiency in the elementary branches of education through my parents' kind foresight, tintured I may add with a little ambition—a gourmand in books of every description, I had filled my mind with a chaotic mass of information, interspersed with numberless anecdotes of 'moving accidents by flood and field,' in which turbaned Turk, mail-clad knight, and

plaided warrior of Celtic race bore a conspicuous share, and revelled in bright anticipations of enjoyment from seeing somewhat of the world, while with the facility of early life, I overlooked all its attendant annoyances; the which feeling, buoyant hope and the gratification of ardent curiosity tended to perpetuate. Nor did the incidents of the voyage dispel the illusion. When it ended I felt as though I had but dreamed a dream—such is life—when divested of care and responsibility. Now, however, that the sere and yellow leaf of mature age has taken place of the bright green of youth, when the wrinkles on the brow, the scanty locks on the temples, and a certain obesity of person proclaim that ease is more congenial than exertion; when having paced much of this world's weary round, I have been taught in the rough school of experience to pause, reflect, compare, hope is at least dormant if not destroyed, and curiosity if not sated is pretty considerably blunted.

The scenes in the new world delighted and astonished me. Everything wore so different an aspect to that which I had been accustomed to. The manners and customs of the inhabitants, the broad lakes, bold rapids, frowning woods, of the interior, attracted me with an indescribable charm: my mind alive to every impression, felt exhilaration and pleasure in the evanescent change of subjects as they quickly revolved across its disc. Well was it for me that this was so. We had a hard uphill fight to fight, as indeed every emigrant must expect to have, who intends to settle in a new and uncultivated country; more especially if straightened circumstances present a bar to a lengthened search for an eligible location, while at the same time they give a vast impulse to immediate exertion. Too many, unfortunately, sacrifice their every hope and chance, by lingering about the towns along the coast, until their means are almost exhausted. The market there is at all times overstocked, being the ordinary rendezvous for a season on their first arrival of nearly all who land, anxious to rest themselves after the fatigue of the voyage, as well as to glean a modicum of accurate information for their future guidance. Fallacious hopes, doomed in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to bitter disappointment. Push on! Push on! Look not back, otherwise a fate as lamentable as that of Lot's wife will surely overtake you. Perhaps worse. Not her pangsless transition from a thing of life to the inanimate pillar of salt, but the salt, salt tears of unavailing regret, mocked by hunger, nipped by the keen severity of wintry frosts and snows, burnt up by the unintermittent ravages of the climate fevers and at last—death—in the midst of unpying strangers. If, on the other hand, they wander straight into the interior, neither suffering let nor hindrance and pursue with undeviating steadfastness the purpose of their journey, success is morally certain, and in a brief number of years the substantial log house with good bacon lined, the poultry in the yard cackling to their broods, the corn in the field of finest weight and quality, will amply repay them for their exertions and prudent self denial, and real independence of mind and position, dissolve the remembrance of that shadowy outline they enjoyed but in name, in the land they have voluntarily abandoned.

The country was not then nearly so thickly inhabited as it is now, as during the last twenty years it is computed that, in addition to the increase of the resident population which has been unprecedentedly great, above one hundred thousand individuals of different nations arrive on its shores, to commingle and become incorporated with the general mass. Yet many disheartening difficulties arose ere we succeeded in obtaining a tract of land suited to our wishes. At length we alighted on a location situated close to the boundary line separating the United States from the Canadas, but under the former jurisdiction. It was partially cleared, part being under cultivation for maize and other crops; the other part consisted of unreclaimed forest land bearing trees of enormous growth, whose tall tops mingled together fifty or sixty feet above the ground, so as to preclude the sun's rays from penetrating within their deep shade. These same tall stems have frequently taxed both my strength and patience, practically enforcing the divine command that by the sweat of his brow man should live—huge monsters that took when fallen, an interminable period to cut into the requisite lengths for piling in cords, either for home consumption or market. How often have I paused and wiped away the big drops of perspiration as they coursed down my bronzed countenance, half envying the pretty striped squirrel which abounds in the woods his ease and liberty, as he ran gaily from branch to branch in pursuit of his fellows, or sat perched on the extremity of a bough undismayed by the echoes which the blows of my axe sent ringing through the woods; while his pert jaunty air seemed to say as plain as the parts of

speech, Lo! Behold! one of the lords of the creation. How they toil! How they labour! and to what purpose! while I am at ease, unfettered, free. What seductions are contained in the words ease and independence! we follow the phantom through a whole life ever fancying her within our grasp, yet ever find that she eludes our touch, even when her breath blows hottest upon our cheek. To labor is well, for labor is its own reward, affording health and strength as its concomitant advantages, as well as that light hearted independence, which, as far outweighs the mere possession of gold and inglorious ease, as the light of the meridian sun transcends the best of its paltry substitutes ever invented. Yes, labor has its pleasures as well as its pains, its bright and cheerful side to balance against the darker, more melancholy picture. 'Tis pleasant to watch the corn bursting forth from the brown arid looking earth, and know that your hand formed those straight parallel lines in which it vegetates free from noxious weeds. 'Tis pleasant to hear it rustle of an autumn evening bowing to the slight breeze as it forms a wavy sea, and know that your exertions have conduced to the prospect of plenty in the forthcoming winter, which Providence has so kindly scattered around,—'Tis pleasant to hear the blythe lark carolling his bold notes over head—and, fast fading relic of the good old times,—'Tis pleasant to share in the merry harvest home. Besides labor leaves no time, and destroys the inclination, for vain regrets. I can safely aver that at this period of my life, though necessitated to work hard, my happiness was most complete. Who so happy as the Irish boy, seated in a field with his sister by his side, deeply engaged in investigating the quality of the welcome dinner reeking with the steam of savoury herb, ever and anon raising his head, to give a monosyllabic answer or evince attention to the engrossing narrative of occurrences transpired during the long morning. Perhaps a confidential chat, renewed for the fifteenth time, on the qualities, hopes, fears, affections, of her rustic admirer, son of a near neighbour; that is a neighbour living some few miles distant. Sometimes her good humour would obtain vent in singing the songs of our still remembered home, and thus would we wile away an hour.

My cousin also frequently joined me while busy; her presence imparted vigour to my arm by destroying the sense of loneliness that would occasionally arise in my mind, for having to perform most of the manual operations ourselves, it was almost impossible for my father and I to work together. The climate appeared to harmonize well with her constitution and temperament, from our first settlement she gradually improved in health. She also, whether as a consequence of her bodily improvement or from some latent cause, I cannot tell—became more and more intelligent and took greater interest in various matters than before, assuming a carriage as if conscious of her own rational existence; from which we were led to infer, that at a future period all traces of her malady would disappear in the firm exercise of the powers of intellect and reason. Our life thus sped on its diurnal round—the seasons brought forth seed time and harvest, followed by the severities of the northern winter and the glories of the opening spring, each in its appointed time. Meanwhile matters went on prosperously with us. Our farm, a rich old loam, turned out very productive, fortune threw its kind glance upon us to cheer our hearts and make our labour light. Through the course of my life I have ever found that man's success is in the main dependent upon his own exertions. Chance may possibly in some instances afford him an eligible opportunity of advancement, but he must have already prepared himself to occupy the position or it would glide by him into more able hands. As has been remarked by a man of eminence, who from a peniless wanderer became by dint of perseverance one of the greatest philosophers and and most distinguished men of the day,*

.. Whoever by the plough would thrive,
Himself, must either hold or drive."

And this doubtless is the portentous secret or philosopher's stone, by which the struggling ambitious efforts of very humble individuals are crowned with triumphant success, while the efforts of others, made under what appear vastly superior circumstances, meet nothing but signal defeat and disappointment. Too many land in the country with the most visionary expectations as to the means of acquiring wealth, and

* Franklin.

without one thought of the patent unremitting industry, nay oftentimes drudgery, that has to be sustained before comfort much more a competency can be acquired. Depending on the inflated accounts transmitted home by interested parties, ignorant of everything that pertains to the land of their adoption, it is no wonder that they experience a bitter reverse to their hopes, and destitute of resolution, waver about the skirts of the country until their little all is expended, when too late they perceive their simplicity and endeavour to repair their error. This is only achieved by an instant removal to more distant localities, but travelling without adequate resources is but sorry work. Care and despondency oppress the mind, drink, the universal curse presents its temptations to the weary-hearted wanderers, the last penny goes for the accursed stimulant, and man, fallen from his high estate sinks into inextricable ruin 'till the cord of life is prematurely snapped in twain. This is the sad history of numberless victims and accounts for the conflicting statements so often made by two individuals. Further up, or as the modern phrase is, nearer the 'West' employment is more abundant and better remunerated, friendships are quickly formed, the process of naturalization imperceptibly goes on, new ideas, new habits, new feelings are generated, until the new-comer cannot be distinguished from the surrounding inhabitants: "home" wraps its influences round his heart and the transposition is complete.

I cannot say that we did not meet the average amount of vexations and losses, but they sat lightly on us, united in love for each other, nor did they cause a second regretful thought, well knowing that we should soon recover from them by attention and forethought. In the main we led a happy life, and if devoid of the refinements, so also were we free from the prying observation, from the cares, heart-burnings, and jealousies of larger and more civilized communities. Thus time rolled over our heads, until our third year had passed and the fourth drew on a pace. The season was spring, I had retired to rest at a very primitive hour, and awoke the following morning with the earliest dawn, having arranged to accompany my father to the town of Dover, with a miscellaneous load of our farm produce, to barter in exchange for a variety of little matters expended during our winter's sojourn in the woods, cut off as we were from all communication during several months. Our oxen were quickly harnessed and yoked to, and we started on our journey, first partaking of a substantial breakfast, such as the sleepy citizen can only enjoy in imagination. Our log shanty was situated in an open clearing of a few acres, surrounded by forest trees, which had stood in might and grandeur for many years, but now lowered their proud heads before our ruthless steel. No other sign of human habitation was visible for miles round—twenty long miles intervened between the town of Dover and our bush residence. As we went gently on, the sun gradually dispelled the grey mists of morning, tinting the tops of the trees with radiant light, and exposed to full advantage, the opening leaves of the budding maple and other forward trees. Our route took us through the winding mazes of the forest, strewn with old stumps, scorched with lightning, intersected with bog-like spots filled with mire, in places entirely obstructed by a fallen tree, which it took some time and pains to remove.—The road was execrably bad. The snows of winter were gone, it is true, but the ground was in a rotten state, causing much ado to obtain moderate progress. More than once we had literally to put our shoulders to the wheel to assist our toiling oxen. We beguiled the weary way by discoursing upon our business in hand, our prospects, the still vivid reminiscences of our absent home, for so the emigrant persists in designating the land of his origin. Sometimes lagging behind we would indulge in a brief reverie, he dwelling possibly on many matters careful for the morrow. I—shall I confess it—on a certain little member of the feminine gender whose name—Ahem—suffice it to say, is now changed, but whose bright eyes and witching smile have tempted me frequently to a long walk of ten miles when the moon has been beaming bright above head. Travelling in a thinly populated country, through woods and partially cultivated tracts of land, is really tedious work. Our progress was so slow, that the sun was in its meridian, shining vertically down upon us, by the time we came in view of the tall spire of the town church. The town has an old fashioned appearance, and has been the scene of many a deed of ruthless war and bloodshed in the contest between England and the colonies. It might be that our voices assumed a more cheerful tone, but our cattle instinctively brightened up and quickened their pace, pressing forward into the huge quaint collar. This was our first visit since the autumn, seven months had flown by from the time we last walked up its

streets, great part of which was passed in the exclusion of our own circle, occasionally enlivened by the visit of a neighbouring settler, or hunter following his arduous trade. These last would remain with us a couple of days, partaking of our plain yet hospitable fare, in return giving all the news of the district, with thrilling tales of the difficulties and dangers of their profession, some of them unparalleled in interest and excitement. The skin of the Marten, Beaver, and other furry animals, is eagerly sought after by these hardy fellows, and in fortunate seasons yields them abundant profit.

Arrived at length. "Well, Pether, you look to the cattle and see them properly fed, an' I'll go down the street to the marchant, an' thry an' git our bis'ness done 'arly. Ma'be I won't be long an' thin we'll rest ourselves and have some refreshment." Obedient to this wish, I untackled our team, and giving them a manger well filled with hay, left them to ruminate over their food a few hours, while I took a saunter about the town, to observe with minute curiosity all the alterations made since I saw it last. As in all towns in America, so in this one, quaint, prematurely old-looking buildings of timber and shingles stood cheek by jowl with modern structures glittering with stucco and tin—it may not be generally known, that many of the buildings, public and private, are roofed with that useful metal. Wood is however, quickly falling away before brick and stone, owing to the awful conflagrations periodically taking place, in which three-parts of a town will frequently be burnt down, before its ravages can be stayed. The hundred fresh matters exposed to public gaze, in the store windows, attract a stranger's attention after a lengthened sojourn in the bush. The varieties of costume, of mechanical contrivance there exhibited, common every day sights to the town-bred youth, are matters which cause the countryman to stare openmouthed in wonder. The confusion and bustle of an active town bewilders him—in place of the open field, tangled thicket, chirping grasshopper, or tuneful bird, the busy hum of many feet passing to and fro, the clang of the anvil, the grating of the file, with other undistinguishable sounds, fill his ear. In lieu of profound and oftentimes oppressive silence, he hears the loud cries of the street venders, the noisy squabble of drunken men, or the gay loud laugh of a party of revellers, and soon desires to return to his wonted quietude. Few having once become habituated to a residence in the bush, but would regret a return to the keen competition, noisy bustle, and censorious prying of large communities, what they gained in convenience they would lose in comfort. I tired myself thoroughly wandering about the town and its environs, then retraced my steps to our place of entertainment, where my father was waiting my arrival. He wore a smile of self satisfaction, which convinced me that his journey had been propitious. The glow of honest pride and exultation that thrills through the frame, on the successful termination of the objects of a journey, or other all-engrossing topic, is not amongst the least of the pure enjoyments of human nature. Thus disposed to be in good fellowship with all men, we sat down to our dinner, which with its transatlantic accompaniments quickly vanished before our onslaught, like thinnest ether before Sol's bright rays. Ye who, shut up in counting house or garret, complain of the uncertainty of your appetite and weak digestive powers, cast off your lethargy for one week alone, dash away manfully into the heart of the country, eschew all fictitious modes of conveyance, save such as nature has given you, do this day by day, unmindful of fatigue, and—my head to an acorn—your complaints will vanish like a vision's baseless fabric, leaving no vestige behind. Sound sleep with hearty appetites will be the constant attendants upon your exertion, promising you a happy life and a vigorous old age. As we were compelled to remain in the town all night, we naturally made ourselves quite at our ease, and drawing to the open window with a tumbler of the "rale ould whiskey itself," steaming beside us, amused ourselves by watching the passers by, in default of better employment. Anon our discourse ran homewards, expatriated as we were, we looked on the green sod of Erin with affection, it was the home of our childhood, and the impressions of youth are strong. We spoke of its fairs, its fightings, its wakes, and of our deserted cottage, where the breath of life first swelled my lungs, giving motion to my body, reason to my brain, until the scarcely suppressed sigh, and swelling veins gave evidence of my parent's smothered regret. A soft melancholy stole over us, as we dwelt upon the dear topic, for though manhood had barely set her seal upon my chin, and all unused to

the ways of men, my heart throbbed with sympathetic affection to the patriot's devoted love of country. A recent writer* has graphically embodied these feelings in the following lines :—

'Tis simple, but I cannot help these feelings,
 Or these hot tears,
 For every thing about me has revealings
 Of other years,
 And happier days; and then to think to-morrow,
 I shall be far away upon the deep,
 With home behind—before me nought but sorrow—
 Oh, I must weep !
 Home—Home, 'tis hard to feel that I shall never
 Come back to thee !
 Farewell, oh, none are left to say, for ever,
 God speed to me.
 Hark, hark, who blessed me ? are the echoes cheating
 My poor, poor heart—its heavy throbbings tell
 'Twas but the dear old walls repeating
 Farewell, Farewell !

We were thus indulging a dreamy half regretful tone of feeling, when two figures passed the window, with one of whose voices at least, we seemed perfectly familiar. I started up involuntarily, as though addressed by a well known friend, but quickly rechecked myself ashamed of the momentary impulse.

"It is quare," says my father, "but I thought I known that voice."

I looked on every side of the street, but saw none near except the two persons who first attracted our notice. The one was a gentleman-like person, apparently of middle age, in deep discourse with his companion, walking arm in arm. The other was dressed in sea-faring habiliments, tall yet slight, speaking in a bold round tone, in which a dash of the brogue was clearly distinguishable. As they walked steadily along, we had ample opportunity, to satisfy ourselves that the voice which aroused us so unexpectedly proceeded from the sailor. An indefinable feeling crept over me, such as I never before experienced, busy memory ran its course in quick cycles, endeavouring to obtain some clue to render tangible the cause of our recent strange emotion; while I felt as though misfortune was hovering in the air, above, about, around us, but in what direction it would befall us I could not guess.

"This bates Bannagher clane hollow: troth he's an Irishman sure enough, an' I'll spake to him whin he comes back agin, hoping no offence. May-be he's a Kerry man himself, an' can tell uz news of the people at home."

I would have dissuaded him from this course, but he was determined, as he said no harm could possibly arise from it. We had no long period to wait. Taking a turn to the extremity of the street, the two individuals turned and walked leisurely back until they came within a few yards of us, and then stopped. My father scanned him up and down even to rudeness. I could see that he laboured under considerable excitement, with difficulty controuling his desire to interrupt their conversation. Such disjointed portions of it as reached us, intimated that they had been making a bargain, and were now lingering on the threshold, intending to confirm it with a glass of spirits. The first mentioned was evidently an Englishman or American, but it scarcely needed our sharpened ear, to detect in the other the Shibolet of his country—the sweet brogue of Erin. By good fortune they came into the same apartment, and, calling for their liquor, drank it standing, evidently intending to make their stay as brief as possible. My father impelled by an impulse he could no longer restrain, rose and abruptly addressed the one whose voice first drew our attention.

"You'll plaze to excuse the liberty I'm taking sur, but will yez tell me whether you come from Ireland, and whether you've been there lately?"

"Why, I may say yes and no both, and yet tell you the truth. But, why do you ask me these questions. I should like to know that, before I answer them—eh?"

"Because whin you war walking down the shreet, yer tongue sounded like the cuckoo's note in my ear, I thought I had heerd it before. My heart tells me I've both seen and heerd yez too somewhere, but for my soul, I cannot think where, unless —"

* W. P. T.—"The Irish Boy's Farewell to Home."—January Number, 1846. Oddfell. Mag.

"Well, to set your mind at rest, my good sir, I am a native of Ireland, but I've not seen the ould place for many a day, nor am I likely to see much of it for some time I guess, for a reason I have, which is a bit of a secret."

I could see my father's disturbed state at this ambiguous explanation, his heart beat tumultuously against his breast, as his hopes redoubled on these words, undefined and indistinct as they were. To me this was a scene of surpassing interest—on the one hand, my unsophisticated parent alternating between hope and dread, on surmises which I already half fathomed, and felt a corresponding degree of interest in, while on the other, was the weather-beaten, sun-burnt seaman, not unused to the world's rough ways, in evident surprise at the excited manner, as well as the questions of the querist.

"And so, you think you have seen me before. I think it highly probable, as I'm a tolerably well known man in these parts. Not a town or village on the coast, not a hole, crook, or cranny along the shores, but what I have inspected at least a hundred times, within the last seventeen or eighteen years', which is about the time I have left old Kerry."

"Kerry! is id, yez sed. Och!—Bathershin!—Och!—Bad luck to id. An' it's yerself after all, an' me fritting the life out of me forenint ye, alannah—an' why did'n't yez say it before. Shure, an' ar'ent ye O'Neil—John O'Neil? An' did'n't yez lave yer illegant wife behint ye, whin yez wint off in the Ind'y ship? An' is it thrue, that yez forget me, standing here by yer side." Ahagur?

"My name certainly is John O'Neil, and I did leave a young wife behind me when I left Ireland—a sore trial it was, God knows—worse, than perhaps, when I heard of her death some years afterwards, but how you have arrived at this knowledge, or what connection you can possibly have with these matters, I am at a loss to imagine. I hope you are not trifling with me sir, yet you seem serious." His palpable stiffness of manner availed little to daunt his pertinacious questioner, who caught hold of his hand, and shook it so as almost to wring his arm from its socket. "Och, musha, a'int I the happy man. A'int I recompensed for all me throuble, an' are ye still alive? What'll me poor Colleen-a-bawn say to me. Oh, I shall go stark staring out o' me senses. An' Shenan too, to find her father here it'll kill her outright. Oh, joy to her heart, but she will be plazed. A cead-mail-afailtha for her sake. Wisha, wisha, what shall I do. It's yerself Dancey Brian that's the lucky man after all."—The truth now broke on O'Neil's mind, and he became almost as agitated as my father. He had not until this moment entertained the slightest idea of our individuality, as indeed was probable after an absence so prolonged. The lapse of eighteen years filled with trouble and care, sufficed to effect a material alteration in the appearance of one, and this length of time, passed in the different grades of a seaman's life, exposed to the buffetings of the winds and waves, considerably changed the outward appearance of the other, which will account for the difficulty in recognizing each other's features—besides the improbability of meeting in such a strange manner in a foreign land.

"Well, Brian, I am heartily glad to see you; but, man, give me another shake of your hand for the sake of old times. Come, let us sit down, I am longing to hear how it comes about that you are here. I want to know all about poor Shenan." Here his voice faltered, considerably betraying his inward emotion, "and about our child which you have already hinted was born, and if I judge aright is now living. Poor Shenan, she did not long live after I left home."

"Well, now, 'Neil, as you have unexpectedly dropped into the company of old friends, I will leave you to chat over these family matters. I should only be an intruder, so I shall say good by—call upon me to-morrow, according to promise."

"No, no, Mr. Jackson, pray sit down with us, you have heard from my own lips the former part of my career, the latter has been passed under your own observation, and indeed I owe all that I have gained entirely to your kindness—now you shall hear what my kinsman has to relate—besides we shall be all the better with your presence."

Complying with this request, Mr. Jackson remained, and we all sat down, while my father narrated the most important circumstances of his life, from the time he parted with O'Neil up to that moment—an epitome of which I have given in the preceding pages. That portion of it relative to his youthful deceased partner, afflicted

O'Neil keenly, but when he was told that his child was born, that it still lived, he arose in an ecstasy of emotion, "What! is my child still alive. Is she here, or are you mocking me? Tell me, does she live now?" He was told in brief, though feeling words, of all that related to her welfare, as well as of her delicate state of mind from birth, with the conjectured cause of it. This was too much for his mind to bear calmly, he got up and left the room, dashing away the large drops which silently ran down his cheeks. In a few minutes he returned more calm and composed, and listened to the remainder of the narration with a collected yet sorrowful aspect. How melancholy are these retrospective glimpses of our past life! How seldom can we look back without awakening feelings of regret: in his case, they came in full force, owing to the peculiar circumstances of his eventful life. The day was now far advanced, in fact, closed, so we drew towards the fire, and with eager ears listened to O'Neil's brief sketch of his past life.

"You remember," he began, "my parting with you, to go on board the ship 'Eurelius,' bound for the West Indies, like many others of my countrymen, who have sought that freedom of speech and action, ungalled by the fetters of a harsh government, or the still harsher curbs and chains of a bigoted people—which is not to be found at home: for believe me, there are no greater tyrants or despots in the world, than such of the poor, who are strong, to the weak—or than those base agitators, who with the accents of liberty, and a never-dying hatred to oppression on their lips, acquire power, and reign only by an indulgence in the baneful influence of terror and violence. On the passage out, I made myself as useful as possible, for the double purpose of learning a business which might afford me a livelihood, and also to occupy my mind and attention, thereby blunting the keenness of my regret, in leaving all that I held dear upon earth—my poor sainted Shenan, my kindred, and others, my friends. Being young, active, and willing, I soon acquired a tolerable smattering of a sailor's duty, and so far ingratiated myself in the captain's good graces, that when we arrived at our destination, he pressed me to remain in his ship, and promised me the place of second mate in the voyage home. Limited in means, unsettled in my views of obtaining a livelihood, I accepted his offer, and agreed on the usual terms, signing articles to that effect. He was as good as his promise. After a few months' spent on that coast, we returned to America, where the ship was chartered from, and I received my promotion. The next twelvemonth I entered on board a small coasting vessel, mainly by his advice, and there acquired that knowledge of our rivers and creeks which has since stood me in good stead. About the latter end of this time I made acquaintance with Mr. Jackson, who was pleased by my attention to my business, and who has, in fact, entirely made my fortune. I have sailed twice to the West Indies, once to Madras, and once to China, and was made first mate on the second voyage home, our first mate having died from fever, and the remainder of the crew being mostly unfit for any office of trust. I now became engaged in the coasting trade through the kindness of Mr. Jackson, who entrusted a small sloop to my care. With prudence and energy I managed to clear one of my own, and obtained so large a share of trade, that we have not had an idle day for years. Yon vessel, the tip of whose masts you can see by going into the street, calls me captain and owner, and is about to carry me into the South Seas with an assorted cargo, part of which we were bargaining for when you saw us pass. You must not suppose, that in this long space of time, I have never turned my thoughts towards my native home. I wrote several letters, and made repeated enquiries without effect, 'till one day, I met one of my countrymen who informed me that my wife and child were dead, and buried in the same grave. This bad news lessened my desire to hazard an attempt to visit you, as you know that danger lurked behind every footstep imprinted on the green sod. The bustle and activity of my employments in this fast country, have much occupied my thoughts and attention, but I have ever cherished the idea of returning to spend the remainder of my days amongst you, near to the old place—but now that you are settled here, and my daughter is so wonderfully brought to my arms, my determination will of course alter, we will live together." Many long tales diverging from the direct thread of events, were told during our sitting, which ran far over midnight, neither caring to be the first to depart. The grey twilight of morning found access through the chinks in the shutters, before we retired to seek repose, from the fatiguing effects of a most exciting day. With the usual facility of youth I slept

soundly, but the others tossed and rolled on their beds, too full of the consequences of this unexpected meeting to find rest. At breakfast we arranged the order of proceeding. My father and I were to start at once on our return home, while our relative was to follow on horseback, as soon as he had finished his appointment with his friend. This would enable us to get a good start of him with our slow means of travelling, while he could follow on more expeditiously and overtake us, thereby affording us the gratification of his company a portion of the way at least. Arrived within a moderate distance of home, one was to speed on and prepare our household for his appearance and reception. This arrangement was carried into effect. The miles were passed over quickly, as it seemed, for the abundant employment of the mind left no inclination to measure space or time. When, therefore, we came within our own boundaries, we felt surprised that the day was so far expended. I know not how I broke the good news to our people—but I fear, that I was a precipitate messenger. When did youth ever acquire the prudent restraint of age? The meeting was inexpressibly affecting to all parties. He clasped his daughter to his heart with deep emotion, then resigning her for a moment to scan her features, hugged her in his fatherly embrace with twofold ardour. Bewildered with conflicting feelings, she, poor girl, remained passive in his arms, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break; thus the two extremes of joy and grief affect us in exactly the same manner. In a short time, he curbed his feelings, and sat down with Shenan by his side, her hand fast locked in his. She by this time was completely recovered, except that now and then a shade of sadness or melancholy would come over her, so that she could talk rationally to him, and feel the novelty as well as delicate peculiarity of her existing situation, in relation to him. I must pass over much that transpired, and leave the reader to exercise his own imagination, in filling up the outline I have drawn—while I briefly conduct him to the end of my tale. The captain's stay was short, as he was about to sail on a cruise, which would occupy him a year-and-a-half—but he persuaded my father to remove nearer to the town, on a farm, which would in three months be at liberty. To enable him to do this, a "Carte blanche," was given on his credit, and his friend, now our friend, engaged to assist my father with his advice and influence to the utmost of his power. Indeed he was most imperative in deciding upon this course as the only satisfaction he could have, in thinking of his daughter's preserver, who had, as it were, restored to him the dead. For my part, I was inflamed with a desire to accompany the captain on his voyage, and at last, prevailed upon him to accede to my request—when my father consented to remove near the town. On our return after an absence of two years, we happily found them all in excellent health, and much improved by their contiguity to the town. Every spare moment was spent at their home, and certainly a happy home it was, after all their trials and vexations. I continued to follow my profession, sometimes in shore along boats, at others on the mighty main, and experienced a variety of adventures, some of which, I may hereafter be induced to narrate. The captain gave up his active pursuits, and retired to live with his child, to spend in ease and quietness the remainder of his days:—

" And we made a feast 'neath the broad oak trees,
And passed the gladsome hours,
Singing amidst the birds and bees,
Crowning our brows with flowers."

Let not the reader suppose that he has perused a tale of fiction—that occurrences such as these do not arise among the humbler sons of the earth—that the deeds of the high and mighty are alone fit to be chronicled in page and story. The annals of the poor, contain as many acts of genuine self-denying heroism and pure generosity, as those of more soaring pretensions, and though the proud and scornful may sneer at their sorrows, and undervalue their deeds, yet, happily, there is that principle in human nature, which scouts these distinctions and pursues its path with undeviating evenness, careless of the one, unmindful of the other. With justice, however, we may say, that there are some, who standing on an eminence can descend to the level of their fellow men, respond to their griefs, and alleviate their privations, without losing one atom of the respect due to their position in society. And now farewell.

Earl Pomfret Lodge; Northampton District.

DEATH OF THE HARE.

(An incident of Childhood.)

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of the Village Muse.)

Once, when a little child,
 I rambled from my home,
 Thro' mazy woodlands wild,
 Delighted I would roam,
 Gath'ring wild berries all alone,
 Until I heard a piercing moan,
 Like helpless childhood's cry,
 In danger and despair,
 As it came from the heart
 Of a poor friendless hare.

And then I heard loud sounds
 Of dogs and cheerful men,
 The deep-mouth'd cry of hounds,
 Like monsters from their den ;
 Horses, with scarlet riders came,
 The colours bright as fiery flame,
 And then beside my feet,
 The timid creature stopt,
 It had o'er-run its strength,
 And down beside me dropt.

The hounds, one, two, and three,
 Upon the sufferer bound,
 My childish eyes did see
 Them tear it on the ground ;
 The horse, and men, with panting breath,
 Soon rush'd to see the creature's death ;
 They held it up and gave
 A wild and loud hurrah,*
 Like conquerors overjoyed
 With the battle of the day.

I counted of them, then,
 Before they went away,
 About a hundred men,
 Engag'd in the affray,
 And there were scarlet riders ten,
 If you'll believe my simple pen,
 And for the sake of truth,
 I vow and declare,
 There were three score of dogs,
 For one poor little hare.

And to this very day,
 When I hear a fearful cry,
 Although my hair be grey,
 I think upon the sigh,
 And the tenderest child-like tone,
 The painful, death-foreboding moan,
 Which would melt every heart
 But those unus'd to tears ;
 Alas ! for cruel man,
 And simple childhood's years !

* Pronounced Hurrah.

Then I soon hasten'd back
 To our cottage on the Green,
 As I knew every track
 Of my native woodland scene ;
 Through rural lanes, and pasture fields,
 By brooklets, where the hazel yields
 It's pretty tiny bloom,
 'Mid alders rude and strong,
 Where the thrush builds its nest,
 And nourisheth its young.

With berries black and red,
 Of one kind and another,
 I then soon homeward sped,
 To shew them to my mother,
 And when I told her in my pride,
 Of horses, men, and hounds beside,
 And the poor, dying hare,
 And all that I had seen,
 She took me to her arms,
 In our cottage on the Green.

A LEGEND OF MANCHESTER.

BY JOHN HEWITT.

CHAPTER X.

" Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day ;
 They clash—they strive."

LALLA ROOKE.

THE De la Warre rose from his couch, with a burning pain racking his body. When his indisposition was made known to his attendants, a leech was instantly summoned, who, after having, with a grave countenance, examined the patient, prescribed certain medicines, which aggravated, rather than assuaged the baron's agonies. The Lady Sybilla having been informed of her father's alarming illness, hastened to his apartment and hung over him in a state bordering upon phrenzy. The confusion which prevailed in the castle, was considerably increased, when the escape of the warden, by some unknown aid, had been ascertained. De Chadderton, after having taken a secret and tender leave of his mistress, had departed, at an early hour, on his mission, touching the levies of Lancashire. In the mean time the agonies of the baron increased, and those who witnessed them were almost paralyzed with terror. Whilst this was the condition of the inmates of the castle of Manchester, messengers arrived in haste, bearing despatches from the queen's council, urging the De la Warre to hasten his levies, and nominating him to the chief command of the forces in the northern counties. Reginald West was again in conference with the liberated warden, at the house of a staunch retainer of the recusant faith, and having obtained sufficient knowledge of the plans and resources of the inhabitants of Manchester, he prepared to carry into effect the schemes he had devised, for the attainment of his purposes. Though aware of his uncle's indisposition, he had left the castle, under the pretence of escorting Edith Swaynson to her father's house, having, in an early interview with the maiden, urged several plausible reasons for her sojourning there, at the present moment. The warden had been for some time, secretly arraying those of the recusant faith, in Manchester; and he had now reported to Reginald West that three thousand men were willing to follow his standard. One thousand of these Reginald proposed to quarter in the castle

of Manchester, whilst he despatched the vassals of Eccles and Prestwyche to De Chadderton, under the pretence of their aid being imperiously required. The other two thousand he entrusted to the command of the warden, to be marched into Yorkshire, as aids to the Percy and Neville; whilst he intended to follow, with all the forces he could raise, as soon as the De la Warre had freed him from all restraint. Having devised these measures, Reginald West returned to the castle, and hastened to his uncle's apartment. He found the De la Warre speechless, and the Lady Sybilla weeping over him in an agony of tenderness. The murderer smiled, as he beheld the success of his deed; and already did he imagine himself the Lord of Manchester and Earl Marshal of England. But short were these feelings; for the knowledge that upon the nicest point depended his successes, urged him to counterfeit all the external emotions of sorrow and distress. Not even the Lady Sybilla could testify more lively emotion than did Reginald West, as he hung over his uncle; and deep and audible sobs burst from his bosom, as he gazed upon the agonized De la Warre. During the whole of the day he never quitted the apartment; and if the heart of the murderer had been susceptible of remorse or pity, it would have been deeply wounded by the scene of pain and distress he witnessed. But the heart of Reginald West dwelt only on deeds of evil; and even when in the presence of his dying victim, he pondered upon the means of furthering his purposes. At the close of the day he left the apartment, and having assembled the vassals of Eccles and Prestwyche, he commanded them in the name of De la Warre, to hasten to Edmund de Chadderton, who would wait their arrival, near the village of Barton. As a surety for his mission, he exhibited the signet of the baron, which he had taken from the finger of his uncle, whilst pretending to clasp his hand, during a fierce paroxysm of pain. The vassals acknowledged the signet, and obeyed the supposed mandate of the De la Warre. No sooner had they left the castle, on their bootless expedition, than the recusants of Manchester entered it, and to the surprise and dismay of the immediate retainers of the baron, assumed the office of garrison and defenders of the place.

Thus far Reginald West had succeeded. The De la Warre continued almost senseless during the succeeding day, and it was evident that his end was fast approaching. In the meantime the warden had publicly appeared in Manchester, and had openly arrayed the inhabitants, who professed the recusant faith. The reeve, alarmed by these demonstrations of rebellion, had also summoned those who aided the protestant faith, to assemble around the banner of the De la Warre; but to his dismay he could scarcely array three hundred men, and these were composed, for the greater part, of the retainers of Richard Trevallion. The astounding tidings of the mortal illness of the Lord of Manchester filled the recusants with joy, and caused many to join their ranks, who had hitherto seemed to favour the protestant faith. As yet no open hostilities had commenced between the hostile parties; but it was apparent that ere long the reeve, who had entrenched himself in the market place, would be driven from his position, and it only needed the intelligence of the death of the Lord of Manchester, to consolidate the power of Reginald West.

Reports concerning the successes of the rebels in Yorkshire, greatly contributed to aid the warden; and, during the day, various parties of recusants from the adjoining districts hastened to Manchester, in order to array themselves beneath the command of the upholder of the catholic faith. The party of the warden was, by these means, greatly strengthened, and he seriously contemplated the destruction of the small force which the reeve possessed. The sole hope of the latter was upon the levies which would be raised by De Chadderton, and he contemplated with great anxiety the possibility of keeping his position until these succours could arrive. Thus closed the day over the hostile parties; and during the night no attack was made upon the reeve, as the warden employed himself in offices of devotion, for the purpose of obtaining the aid of the saints in the great work he had undertaken.

Whilst these things were occurring in the town of Manchester, Reginald West had succeeded in lulling the Lady Sybilla's fears as to the admission of the retainers of Manchester, whom he represented as eager to guard the De la Warre, during his dangerous illness. But the levies of De Chadderton were to be guarded against; and for this purpose Reginald West despatched a trusty emissary to Warrington, whither De Chadderton had gone, informing him of the alarming illness of De la Warre, and praying him instantly to return.

This message was to be delivered as coming from the baron; and as a proof of its truth, the signet ring was borne by the messenger.

A night of sorrow to the attendants of the baron, and one of anguish to himself passed over, and still the soul seemed unwilling to depart from earth. Reginald West attended his uncle, and as heretofore, with all outward demonstrations of sorrow, hung over his couch. Yet he viewed with impatience the protracted struggles of the De la Warre, and inwardly cursed the tardy progress of the poison. The morning beheld the arrival of De Chadderton, who no sooner entered the castle than he was seized, and conveyed to a remote apartment. Thus all things seemed to favour the designs of the murderer. Richard Trevallion was confined in the rocks, near the Irwell. De Chadderton was within his power; Edith Swaynson loved him; and the De la Warre was dying. All—all combined to secure his success, and the prosperity of the recusant cause; for none, save the reeve and his small party, could now oppose the complete realization of all his designs.

CHAPTER XI.

"The Marshal's truncheon or the Judge's gown
Doth not become them half so well
As Mercy doth."

SHAKESPEARE.

At the break of day, the warden prepared to dislodge the reeve from his position; but the latter, finding resistance hopeless, retreated down Millgate, crossed the Irk, and by a rapid movement gained the village of Prestwyche. He was hotly pursued by the recusants, but succeeded in establishing himself in a position too strong to be forced without immense sacrifices on the part of his adversaries. The post the reeve occupied was a few hundred yards beyond the Moor of Kersall. It was an uneven tract of ground, sloping and intersected with numerous small rills, and rendered almost impassable by the brushwood with which it was covered. On his rear he had the village of Prestwyche, and his flanks were defended by two deep ravines, which were almost filled with water. The warden finding that an attack upon the reeve's position would not be attended with success, returned to Manchester, leaving a small force to watch the proceedings of the Protestants.

The reeve, upon the retreat of the main body of the recusants, made a furious attack upon the party of observation, completely routed them, and forced them to make a disorderly retreat after their fellows. This being accomplished, he despatched sundry small troops to observe the motions of the recusants, and to endeavour to obtain supplies of men and arms. At the mid hour of the day, one of these parties, to the great joy of the reeve, returned with seven hundred of the vassals of Eccles and Prestwyche; the garrison of the castle of Manchester, who had been on a fruitless expedition to Barton, and who, finding that they had been deceived, had resolved to retreat upon Prestwyche, until further information could be obtained. Another of the party returned with five hundred of the vassals of De Chadderton, who were crossing the Stony Knolls and marching towards Manchester; but upon being informed of the state of affairs in that town, they had willingly agreed to reinforce the reeve. Edward Swaynson was now at the head of fifteen hundred men, well armed, and burning to engage the recusants. With this force he resolved to march upon Manchester, and by co-operating with the levies of Lancashire (which he naturally supposed De Chadderton had despatched to aid the De la Warre) endeavour to obtain possession of the town.

We must return to the dying baron. As the day advanced, De la Warre recovered his recollection, but it was evident that the hand of death rested upon him, and that his dissolution might be momentarily expected. In his apartment were assembled, Reginald West (who still displayed all the outward signs of extreme grief), the Lady Sybilla, and Edith Swaynson, who, upon the retreat of her father from the town, had returned to the castle of Manchester. The dying Lord gazed tenderly upon his weeping daughter as she hung in agony over him, and he was earnestly exhorting her to uphold the honours of his house, and to ally herself with her cousin; and by that means transmit the name of De la Warre to the latest posterity, when a sudden crash was heard, and Richard Trevallion entered the apartment. He was covered with mud and foam—his looks were wild and haggard—and his eyes glared fearfully around him. No sooner did Reginald West behold him, than, drawing his sword, he rushed upon Trevallion, and would have plunged it into his heart had not Edith Swaynson, with almost supernatural strength, stayed his arm.

Trevallion heeded not Reginald West, but rushed to the couch, on which lay extended the dying baron. "I come, I come," he shouted, "ere the deed of hell hath been fully completed. Hear me! Lord of Manchester," he wildly continued, "Hear me! before thy soul passeth forth. I have pierced my dungeon walls, I have breasted the dark waves of the Irwell, I have braved peril and death in this—thy castle; and I am now before thee, accuser of thy nephew. He it is, De la Warre, who hath wrought thee this evil—he hath mingled poison with thy wine cup—he hath been the worker of thy destruction." The De la Warre slowly raised himself upon the couch, and gazed around him. His eyes rested upon his agonised daughter, who clung almost senselessly to Edith Swaynson, and then upon Reginald West, who stood with his sword drawn, and his eye glaring fiercely upon Trevallion. He then sprang upon his feet, and whilst his frame seemed convulsed with unutterable agony, he shouted "*My curse—my curse be upon him!*" and fell dead upon the floor of the apartment.

Trevallion, when he beheld the baron expire, fiercely exclaimed—"Not all thy schemes, damned murderer, shall shield thee from the block and the burning faggot. What ho! ye vassals of the De la Warre, there is treason—murder abroad. In the name of the Lady Sybilla, I command ye to seize and bear to the dungeon of the castle this horrible villain."

A number of recusants who garrisoned the castle, alarmed at the tumult, now entered the apartment. Reginald West, calmly sheathing his sword, approached Trevallion, and scornfully gazing upon him, cried—"Better hadst thou still abode in the rocks of the Irwell than have come hither, thou half-witted babbler. Tush! thou speakest bravely of villany and murder, and thinkest, forsooth, thy speech will be hearkened unto. But thou must not escape unscathed for thy folly, for I owe thee a debt of vengeance too heavy to pass unrepaid. Bear him," he continued to the attendants, "to the deepest dungeon in the castle; there let his vile carcase rot, for nor meat nor drink must be the portion of the vile heretic." They instantly seized Trevallion, who proudly returned the scornful gaze of the murderer, and who spoke not, nor betrayed the slightest agitation at the announcement of his fearful doom.

Edith Swaynson, whose frame had been convulsed by the fearful tidings of the guilt of him her heart loved, had watched, with a frenzied eye, the scene just depicted. But when she heard the horrible doom decreed for Trevallion, she madly rushed forwards, and, hanging upon Reginald West, cried—

"Oh no, no, no, thou canst not commit so monstrous an act. If, indeed, thou lovest Edith Swaynson, spare, I beseech thee, spare the life of Trevallion. God of heaven! so foul a deed were more than even woman's strong affection could survive."

"Maiden, thou ravest," calmly replied Reginald, "It must and shall be the doom of this mad heretic. Bear him hence!" he exclaimed to the attendants. Trevallion was conducted from the apartment.

Edith Swaynson stood as if stunned by the appalling surety of the guilt of Reginald West. Hitherto, her belief in the murder of the De la Warre, as announced by Trevallion, wavered; for too noble in her eyes, and too dear to her young heart was he who had been accused, and she could not, dared not imagine him guilty of evil. But the sentence he had pronounced on the hapless Trevallion proclaimed that Reginald West was indeed the demon of murder and crime in human shape; and the noble heart which beat within her bosom, though now crushed, proudly rejected communion with the son of evil. She advanced towards Reginald West, and, with a look which gave ten thousand charms to her peerless beauty, she exclaimed—

"Thy will, Reginald West, bindeth not woman's heart. I denounce the murderer—I scorn and pity thee. Saints of heaven! that my love should have been bestowed upon this blood-stained monster! I will now depart from thee, and, pure as when my eyes first rested upon the stars of heaven, I will return to the reeve of Manchester. Too long have I dwelt with affection upon such a being as thee. But now I know thee, hideous murderer; and I call upon the God of vengeance to blast thee."

Reginald West calmly and scornfully gazed upon Edith Swaynson, and then replied—

"Tush, beauteous one, thou knowest that in the castle of Manchester thou must become the bride of the Lord of these wide domains. Ha, hast thou deemed, maiden, that I will permit thee to depart from hence. Thou callest me murderer, and must not proclaim to others what thou sayest unto me. And thou, noble Lady," addressing the

Lady Sybilla, who, from the announcement of her father's being murdered, had remained seemingly unconscious of what passed around her, "And thou, noble Lady, must prepare to become on the morrow the wife of Reginald West. I trow thou heedest not the tale of the half-witted Trevallion, and that thou wilt rejoice in thy husband's arms."

On the almost palsied ear of the Lady Sybilla, these words fell like burning lava. She sprung into the middle of the apartment, and frantically kneeling, exclaimed—

"Oh, pity me, Saints of Heaven, ye cannot doom me to such torture as this. Oh, no, no, no, I have no claim to be cursed so heavily. Marry my father's murderer! Oh God, Oh God, spare me, spare me." She fell senseless upon the floor.

Edith Swaynson spoke not as she witnessed the merciless proceedings of Reginald West, nor did she re-echo the harrowing cry of the Lady Sybilla; but there was a wild glance in her eye which told of defiance, and which promised the knowledge of deliverance. She summoned the female attendants, and the Lady Sybilla was borne from the apartment. As Edith Swaynson passed forth, her eye rested upon the dead body of De la Warre; and a convulsive shudder ran through her frame.

Reginald West was now Lord of Manchester. He displayed his banner on the castle walls. He despatched numerous emissaries to announce the death of his uncle to the principal retainers of the baron, and to command those who owed fealty to the house of De la Warre, instantly to repair, well armed, to his castle of Manchester, to aid their Lord in his enterprizes.

CHAPTER XII.

"Now bravely breast the waves, thou bonny bark,
And save thy inmates from destruction's grasp."

OLD PLAY.

The tidings of the death of Lord De la Warre were received with great joy by the warden and recusants of Manchester. The fortifying of the town against the reeve and his force was commenced and carried on with great activity, whilst numerous bodies of recusants still continued to arrive as re-enforcements to the warden. The amount of those who were now arrayed beneath the banner and the cross were about six thousand men, and these were confidently expected to be greatly augmented by the distant feudal vassals of the house of De la Warre. The arrival of missives again urging the speedy march of the levies of the recusants was a double spur to the exertions of the warden and Reginald West. An interview in the market place of the town of Manchester took place between these personages; in which it was finally resolved, that early on the morrow, the marriage between Reginald and the Lady Sybilla should be solemnized; immediately after which, the warden should hasten with five thousand men to join the Percy and the Neville, who were now encamped near Bolton-Abbey in Yorkshire. With the remaining force, Reginald West resolved to attack the reeve, and upon his discomfiture to march in person to the assistance of the recusants, with the whole array he could muster. The arrival of a numerous body of the distant vassals of the house of De la Warre gave still further surety of success to the recusant cause, and enabled Reginald West to take measures calculated to ensure the certain defeat of the reeve.

The indefatigable Edward Swaynson had not neglected to prepare himself for the coming encounter. During the day, he had received re-enforcements from those of the Protestant faith who abode in the Barony of Manchester. These, with the vassals of Eccles and Prestwyche and retainers of De Chadderton and Trevallion, constituted a force amounting to about three thousand men. The reeve continued in his position during the day, anxiously awaiting tidings of De Chadderton and the levies of Lancashire. But night drew on, and still his emissaries could discover no trace of the expected succours. The death of De la Warre was learned, and communicated to the reeve, as also were the mighty preparations making to fortify Manchester. The reeve now determined to march upon the town, as he rightly deemed that a strong force, unless diverted by an attack, would be despatched to aid the rebels in Yorkshire. And it was of the direst importance to the Queen's cause that the Percy and the Neville should not be joined by the recusants of Manchester. Accordingly, he put his force in order, and, crossing the Moor of Kersall and the Stony Knolls, he encamped on the hill of Cheet-ham, which overlooked the town, resolving, early on the morrow, to make a fierce attack upon the warden and his adherents. We must now return to the prisoners in the castle of Manchester.

Fearful were the emotions of Richard Trevallion, as he paced the narrow dungeon destined to be his tomb. A small lamp which, in mercy, his guards had left to cheer his desolation, cast a feeble light upon his countenance as its anguished expression betrayed the agony of his heart.

"Wild dreams of my early years," he murmured, "is it thus ye are realized. Are the visions of beauty, of power, and of minstrel honours, to perish in the darkness of captivity, and amidst the horrors of unappeasable hunger.—Mighty aspirations, ye are quenched for ever, and thou bright form of loveliness who blest my wayward imaginings, thou art also departed!"

As he spoke, the door of the dungeon was opened, and Edith Swaynson stood before him. Trevallion shouted with joy when he beheld her; he tossed his arms, and wildly exclaimed—"Thou art come, thou art come, form of heaven! even in the dungeon dost thou visit me, and bless my fond gaze as thou didst when I slumbered on the mountain side amidst the forests and streams of my native Derbyshire."

"Speak not thus wildly, Trevallion, I pray thee," said Edith Swaynson, "I am not the spirit who blessed thy visions on the mountains of Derbyshire, but one who cometh to deliver thee from darkness and death."

"Maiden," replied Trevallion, who now recognized the fair being who addressed him—"Maiden, thou speakest truly, thou art not she who blessed my visions, for thou hast spurned my love. But why comest thou hither to visit the lone Trevallion? Methinks it were enough that I should suffer the direst evils without thee perilling thyself for my sake."

Edith Swaynson proudly stepped into the middle of the apartment. She gazed earnestly upon Trevallion, and a strange and awful emotion passed over her countenance. She spoke in a low, calm voice, which floated sweetly through the dungeon—

"Trevallion, I come to deliver thee. Though I regarded not thy love, I come to save thee from a cruel death. Thou knowest, Richard Trevallion, thou, with all the devotedness of truth and holy love, I gave my young heart to Reginald West, he who is now the avowed murderer of the noble De la Warre. Saints of heaven, he hath dared to taunt me touching my soul's weakness, he hath imagined that I would become his willing paramour, and hath basely determined to wed the daughter of him whom he hath poisoned. Thou shalt be free, Trevallion, and then thou wilt, I know full well, battle against him whom my soul abhorreth."

"Lady," replied Trevallion, "thou indeed comest as a comforter; but methinks thou canst not aid me in my escape from hence, for the recusants guard too well the means of egress."

"In mine early youth," said Edith, "I learned much touching the secret passages of the castle. The recollection of them I have treasured for the fitting time. It is now come, and the means by which I have worked have enabled me to be thy deliverer."

Edith Swaynson passed forth from the dungeon and was followed by Trevallion. They proceeded along a number of intricate passages, damp, and infested with loathsome reptiles; after a considerable time had elapsed, they emerged into a large cavern, which opened to the shore of the Irwell. In the cavern two personages were seated, who were evidently anxiously awaiting their coming. A few words discovered them to be De Chadderton and the Lady Sybilla, who had also been delivered by Edith Swaynson. On the shore of the Irwell lay a small boat. It was pushed into the river, and in it the four embarked. It was a stormy night, and the Irwell, swollen with the long continued rains, rolled its dark waves rapidly along. The wind blew in fearful gusts, nor star nor moon shed its friendly ray to cheer the liberated prisoners. The boat was pushed from the shore, and it required the utmost exertions of De Chadderton and Trevallion to prevent its floating down the stream. Scarcely had they commenced rowing ere the wind increased in strength, and the waves of the Irwell rolled more furiously along. The dark clouds floated rapidly over the face of heaven, and desolation seemed to follow in their track. The boat was tossed to and fro by the stormy waters, and destruction seemed almost inevitable. Yet, animated by the hope of escaping from the power of Reginald West, the rowers plied with redoubled diligence; and whilst they strove to raise the spirits of their fair companions, they strained every nerve to reach the opposite shore.—The Lady Sybilla wept as she contemplated her dreadful situation. Her father murdered—her fair inheritance torn from her by her ruthless cousin, and the fearful state of danger she was now in, appalled her woman's heart. She gazed through her tears on the proud castle of Manchester, as it stood in gloomy grandeur the lord of the rushing waters—

she marked the beacon light upon its summit, as it cast a red glare upon the pennon of Reginald West, which now fluttered to the waving of the mighty banner of the house of De la Warre; and deep sobs burst from her bosom. Edith Swaynson sat calmly viewing the strife of the waters, nor did her eye quail or her frame tremble, as ever and anon the boat seemed to rush forwards to certain destruction. At length the shore was won, and the fugitives safely landed beyond the power of Reginald West. It was resolved instantly to proceed to Prestwyche, and to assemble in the name of the Lady Sybilla, all who owed suit and service to the house of De la Warre, in order to battle for her right, and to achieve the destruction of the warden and Reginald West.

CHAPTER XIII.

*"The sky is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily with clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Caesar and of Rome."*

CATO.

Terrible were the emotions of Reginald West when he discovered the escape of Edith Swaynson and his prisoners. His deep laid schemes were now partially frustrated, and unless he could defeat the reeve's force, the ruin of his own was certain. The distant feudal retainers of the house of De la Warre would instantly forsake his standard at the command of the Lady Sybilla, and vain would be the attempt to oppose them if banded with the levies of Lancashire. Reginald West heaped curses on his folly in deeming that Edith Swaynson's love would cling to him in his course of crime, and bitter were his reflections for his carelessness in permitting her to roam at large. But the die was cast, and he despatched a message to the warden, informing him of the disastrous intelligence. The Warden instantly joined him in the castle, and it was resolved forthwith to issue from the town, and battle with the reeve, ere the escape of the Lady Sybilla could be known. Accordingly the whole force, under the command of Reginald West, was arrayed, and presented an imposing appearance. Thousands upon thousands thronged around the banner of the De la Warre, and spears glanced, and harquebusses flashed through mist and gloom.—The heart of the murderer beat high as he contemplated his means of attack, and giving the war-cry of his house—he commanded the numerous warriors under his sway to march forth and battle with the heretics.

The reeve had been joined during the night by De Chadderton and Richard Trevallion. Great was the joy of the Protestants at the arrival of these their leaders, but greater still were the imprecations on Reginald West when they learned his crime and the wickedness of his proceedings. A council was called, in which Edmund de Chadderton was made commander-in-chief of the Protestant forces in Lancashire. It was resolved to give battle to the recusants, whose forces were deemed much inferior to their real amount. De Chadderton despatched a party to raise in arms all the vassals of his house capable of following his banner, and emissaries were sent commanding the service of the distant feudal retainers of the house of De la Warre; their arrival in Manchester not being known to the Protestants.

Such were the preparations made by the contending parties. The day which decided the cause of the murderer rose dark and lowering. Clouds, teeming with rain and tempests, floated through the air, and a deep mist partially veiled the face of the earth. The mighty forces who battled for the recusant cause slowly emerged from the town, and were arrayed in order of battle, beneath the protection of the castle of Manchester. A series of skirmishes ensued between the advanced guards of the Protestants and recusants, which terminated in the former being driven within their lines. Edmund de Chadderton, when he beheld (with astonishment) the mighty force possessed by Reginald West, deemed it the most prudent to retreat upon Prestwyche, until further aids could arrive. He drew off his array, and amidst a series of severe encounters fell back upon Kersall-moor. Here the ardour of his followers was such that he was, per force, compelled to array his force in order, and give battle to his pursuers. He divided his little army into three bodies: himself commanding the centre, whose rear was upon Prestwyche, whilst Trevallion and the reeve commanded the other two, which protected the flanks of the main body. The recusant army was led by Reginald West, who

assumed the command of the inhabitants of Manchester. These constituted the main body. The recusants, who had flocked to his banner, were led on by the warden, who opposed his old adversary the reeve. The distant vassals of De la Warre claimed the privilege of being commanded by their own immediate leader, Ralph de Middleton. These were opposed to Trevallion.

The Protestants' flank, commanded by Trevallion, was somewhat in advance of the main body, and was stationed on a hill which commanded a wide extent of the Moor. The battle commenced by a fierce attack by Ralph de Middleton upon Trevallion, with an intent to dislodge him from his position. A severe conflict ensued, during which the whole of the contending forces became engaged. The vast superiority of numbers possessed by Reginald West stood him now in good service. Charge on charge made by him upon De Chadderton compelled the latter to give way, and though he bravely continued the conflict, it was evident that the main body of the Protestants would be defeated. Trevallion, with almost superhuman valour, defended his position, and though he still maintained it, a terrible impression had been made upon his force. The reeve fought with his usual dogged valour, but he had been driven from his position, and was retreating, though slowly, before his old enemy the warden. Such was the state of the Protestant force. Their defeat was certain, for though they could prolong the contest, victory on their part was hopeless. The superior force possessed by Reginald West, their valour and discipline, ensured him success, and he was rejoicing in the certain destruction of his foes, when an unlooked for circumstance changed the aspect of affairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

On, swords of God, the panting Caliph calls,
Thrones for the living, heaven for him who falls.
On! brave avengers on! Monkanna cries,
And Eblis blast the coward wretch that flies.

LALLA ROOKE.

Thus ever did rebellion find ill luck.

SHAKESPEARE.

The appearance of the Lady Sybilla, attended by a small retinue, arrested the attention of the combatants. Mounted on a palfrey, a white pennon borne before her, she galloped into the midst of the feudal retainers of her father's house. The swords fell harmless around her. The bows and harquebusses were stayed in their work of death, as she wildly shrieked to Ralph de Middleton to desist from warring against the Protestants. Her command was obeyed. The followers of de Middleton drew off, and the Lady Sybilla hurriedly informed their leader of her father's murder—her captivity and escape. A loud cry of "De la Warre"—"De la Warre," was raised by De Middleton, and he commanded his troops to wheel round and join their forces under the command of Edmund de Chadderton. Aware of this defection, Reginald West drew off his forces and arrayed them in fresh order of battle. The contending armies were now nearly equal, and the decisive struggle must speedily ensue. The Lady Sybilla, who had been instigated by Edith Swaynson to attempt the dangerous task of drawing off De Middleton, was escorted back to the village of Prestwyche, and De Chadderton prepared to make a furious attack upon the warden and Reginald West.

The army of the recusants was formed in a dense mass, presenting four sides. Their array was defended by an uneven tract of ground, and spears and harquebusses bustled amidst their ranks. The mighty banner of the house of De la Warre floated proudly over them, and the cross, borne by the warden, towered in the air. The wild cry of—"The True Faith," mingled with that of—"A De la Warre"—"A De la Warre," rent the air, as like a torrent Edmund De Chadderton rushed upon the recusants. The attack was received with firmness. A fearful struggle ensued. Heaps of dead strewed the Moor, and blood flowed like water down the ravines which intersected it. The Protestants, aided by the force of De Middleton, made incessant charges upon the recusants, but the latter still kept their position. Trevallion thrice, at the head of a small band, pierced their ranks, and was as often driven back. The recusants in these encounters lost a great number of men, but they seemed determined to perish sooner than retreat. Reginald West and the warden animated them by their example,

and fought like lions. At length, De Chadderton concentrated his whole force, and precipitated it in a furious charge upon the left flank of the recusants. The charge was successful. Trevallion, for the fourth time, pierced their ranks, and in this onset kept his ground. The recusants were forced to retreat, after sustaining a dreadful loss, and the warden and Reginald West, despite their exertions, beheld the ruin of their cause. At this moment Trevallion in his charge upon the retreating recusants, encountered Reginald West. The conflict was short. It seemed as if some angel had nerved Trevallion's arm. He pierced Reginald West to the heart, and the murderer fell dead beneath the avenger's steel. The rout of the recusants was now completed. They fled in all directions, and amidst the mighty slaughter which ensued, not one-third of their number escaped. The warden was made prisoner, and conducted to the rear of the Protestant army. Edmund De Chadderton, upon the entire defeat of the recusants, instantly marched upon Manchester, and occupied that town. The castle surrendered upon the first summons, and the Lady Sybilla was conducted with all due pomp to the abode of her ancestors.

The cause of the recusants in Lancashire was now ruined. On the morrow after the battle of Kersal-moor, Trevallion, at the head of five thousand men, marched to join the Queen's forces in Yorkshire. The warden was publicly executed the same day in the market place of Manchester, and a rigid enquiry was instituted into the conduct of those who had joined him in his late rebellious proceedings. The funeral obsequies of Lord De la Warre were performed with great pomp and solemnity in the Church of Manchester. A few days after the departure of Trevallion, missions arrived, informing Edmund De Chadderton of the entire defeat of the rebels in Yorkshire by the Queen's forces. They also stated that Trevallion, in consequence of his valour, had been knighted upon the field of battle by the Earl of Surrey. Thus the recusant cause was entirely crushed, and the Protestants returned joyfully to their homes.

A few months after the death of the baron, Edmund de Chadderton and the Lady Sybilla were married in the Church of Manchester, with great pomp and rejoicing. They fixed their abode in the castle, and a few years after their union, feasted in their hall a belted Earl and his beauteous Countess. They who once owned the names of Richard Trevallion and Edith Swaynson.

THE END.

TRUTH.

HAIL sacred Truth, that with soul-wooing charms
Doth sometimes glad our weeping, wayward race,
And teach us how to walk life's paths aright.
Daughter of heaven! Source of earth's best joys!
Scourge of oppression and dark tyranny!
Thou great ennobler of the human mind,
Oh! let me woo thee for my comforter.

Men tell me that thy worshippers do wear
The cold impress of sorrow on their brows:
That on their cheeks health's roseate tint ne'er dwells,
That in their voice there is no joyous tone,
Nor in their steps that sprightliness or grace
Which sometimes folly's thoughtless sons display.

I cannot credence give to such weak tales,
But rather would believe that thou dost give
To those who love thee and espouse thy cause,
That majesty which speaks the mighty mind,
The beauty, grace, and cheerfulness, which spring
Ennobling to the soul from virtuous acts,
The steadfast faith, forbearance, justice, love;
The never-wearying patience, and that calm,

That virtuous calm beneath assailing might,
Which make thy cause triumphant, lovely Truth!

Erewhile thou didst inspire the souls of men
With zeal from heaven caught. They vaunted forth,
Strong in the righteous nature of their cause;
They sought no armour save thy pure white robes!
The greedy spear, the flesh-devouring sword
Were seldom wielded 'gainst thy enemies,
Yet tyranny shrunk back in dread amaze,
And coward scandal hid herself through fear—
Dark superstition cursed her bloody rites,
And stiff-necked bigotry shrunk into nothingness!

Poor narrow-minded, one-eyed prejudice,
That still inclines to measure men and things,
Not as they are, but as they seem allied
To her own narrow views, is waning fast,
And making way for thee, and Peace and Love
Which are thine offspring, or thy near akin!

I well remember when I was a child
My mother used to speak in praise of thee.
There aye seemed something sweetly eloquent
In the mild tones with which she won my ear;
Her lessons reached my soul and stirr'd to life
A thirsty keen anxiety to know
More of thy sacred loveliness, fair Truth,
And when I asked how I might know thee from
Those errors which some men mistook for thee,
My poor, unlearned, yet kind instructress
Would tell me that thy author was our God,
That He would soon reveal thee to my mind!

I could not learn in youth to know thee from
Smooth-tongued deception, black hypocrisy,
And wilful errors palmed upon mankind
To make the many toil to feed the few.
But this I learned, e'en when a simple child,
That thou art mighty, mild and beautiful,
The enemy of error and deceit,
The tyrant's chastiser, the good man's guide;
The soul's best source of happiness on earth.
And the unerring guide to bliss on high!

Fair Truth, thy advocates, where'er they dwell,
No matter what their colour or their creed—
What language they converse in; on what grade
Of rank they hold among their fellow-men,
Are my choice friends, my brethren—as such
My soul clings to them with a fervent love
Which nought of earth shall ever tame or tire!

WILLIAM FISHER.

Loyal British Flag Lodge, North Shields.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

BY W. ROWLINSON.

DAYS of my childhood! ye have passed like the balmy breath of summer, with its buds of beauty and perfume, its sparkling fountains of gladness, and its glory of sunbeams. Days of my manhood! ye have come like the chilling blasts of desolating winter, with its wrathful fury; sweeping before it the bright buds of the spring, the full flower of the summer, and the golden corn sheaf of the autumn.—

Even so was my boyhood—even so hath been my manhood. Oh! for those days of joyfulness, when the glad emotions of my heart were echoed by the sparkling starbeam, the murmuring streamlet, and the waving of the vast and high forest trees. Oh! for the days when the chords of my bosom were strung in unison with the dashing of the mountain cataract, the rushing of the mighty blast, and the roaring of the boundless ocean. Oh! for the days when I inhaled the free and pure winds of heaven, as I bounded over the woodlands a joyous young forester; when I climbed the crags of the vast Torr, and tore from thence the eagle's nest; when I laved my limbs in the sparkling waters, and breasted the dashing wave.—Oh! for the days when I knew not misery; when the fountains of my heart were not dried by the withering and searing breath of calumny, oppression, tyranny, and falsehood, ere my hopes had been blasted by repeated disappointments.—Alas! alas! why recall the days of my boyhood? They are departed, but the memory of the past will never depart, till this frail form is mingled with the clouds of the valley. Then, aye then, will the weary one be at rest from the cares of the world, and from the neglect of the cold in soul. I have had glorious imaginings, conceptions beyond the power of language to paint; but the holiest and brightest of these have been when lulled by the sound of the mountain torrent, and the music of the mountain winds, to a calm slumber. Remembrances of these visions sometimes have a soothing influence upon my troubled soul, but they are quickly succeeded by the recollection of the dreams that have haunted my manhood. These have been dark and gloomy as my own destiny. I am not the same being that I once was, I am changed in all but name. Time hath made strange ravages with my form; and the happy young forester is now a melancholy wretch, weary of life, but fearing the darkness of the grave, where the cold worm must revel over the relics of mortality. Be it so. It must be better to rest in the deep sleep of forgetfulness in the tomb, than to bear the taunts of the ignorant rich, or the sneers of the insignificant proud, who may have worked their way from obscurity into notice, by their cunning and duplicity. From my infancy I have been greatly addicted to dreaming, and the recollection of some of these visions are the green and verdant spots in my memory; whilst others sear my heart by their bare remembrance. One of the earliest of these is one upon which I can dwell with rapture; but words are inadequate to describe it, or the state of my feelings when I re-picture it in my memory. I will attempt to convey as full and as distinct an idea of it as possible. I was at that time about twelve years of age, and was as fearless a hunter-boy as ever bounded along the green sward. The glorious sun was shining brightly, and I had joined the hunters early in the morning, and after a long chase, we came to a delightful glen, through which ran a clear stream of water, that was flung from a rocky precipice at the head of the glen. The torrent fell into a natural basin, made by the waters of ages; and the lulling sound, added to the caroling of birds, and the rustling of the elm trees, that waved majestically in the sunshine, so invited to rest, that I flung my wearied limbs upon a mossy bank, and was soon wrapped in a profound slumber. I dreamed, and thought that I was straying in a path of loveliness and beauty, odoriferous flowers of various hues and fragrance were blooming about me, winged creatures, too rich and dazzling to have birth, flitted around me, and the brightness of their plumage was made still more bright by the flashing of sunbeams upon their exquisite and magnificent colours. Fruits more rich and luscious than the grape, clustered around; the earth was a rich carpet of flowers; the streams had a brightness and clearness in them that cannot be described; the skies were more dazzling and beautiful, though not more oppressive to the eye, than any I had ever beheld! My soul was glad with the scene, and my heart beat with an extatic bliss I had not before felt.

I thought I knew I had been an inhabitant of earth, and that I had at last attained my wish of existing apart from all mankind, and living in a world of my own, where age would never come; where it would be one eternal summer of sunshine, flowers, and fruits.

Moreover, I thought I should never be sated by this continuity of joyfulness, that I should not grow weary of happiness, that grief and repentance would not succeed pleasure, as was the case on earth. I imagined that I had lived through long ages, that I still was young, and had the same zest for enjoyment that I had ever experienced. There was no change either in my nature, or in the appearance of the objects that surrounded me—the sky was still bright and beautiful—the flowers still bloomed in all

their pristine exquisiteness, fragrance, and colour—the verdant earth was gemmed with flowers—the trees still waved majestically in the sunshine—and the waters wore the same silvery brightness.

I thought there was one spot that I loved to be in; it was a glen, green, rich, and beautiful beyond description. I was seated on the velvet moss, listening to the music of a cascade, when a form of light, loveliness, and beauty, approached me. I thought that she trod upon the flowers, yet they shrunk not; and the air around her seemed brightened by her presence. I was not alarmed at her appearance; on the contrary, I felt even more gladdened than before. I asked her who she was. Her countenance became more beautifully bright; and in a voice in which all the music that could be conceived was blended, she answered me, "*I am the angel of peace!*" I enquired where we were: and she answered, "*In paradise!*" And I thought she took me by the hand, and said she would lead me into the presence of the OMNIPOTENT, and I followed her.

* * * * *

When I awoke, I found that I had been absent from home two days; that my mother had discovered me sleeping in the glen; that when she took me by the hand, I arose and went with her, although asleep, and that as we walked along, I kept muttering something very earnestly. Thus ended my first vision.

Manchester.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

See yon ship! The wild rough sea is roaring,
To overwhelm her 'neath its bitter spray;
In vindictive turgid rage 'tis soaring,
To hide her from the cheerful light of day:
Its surges rise, huge billows flow amain,
Careering by its wrathful mood to-vent,
On the blythe barque whose spars and timbers strain,
To countervail the fearful fell intent.
Yes, such is life, when youth casts off the bonds,
Tight bound at school, or in future training,
At once to the divine command responds,
Needful bread to gain by dint of straining,
Each nerve and pore. Life must be nourished
Throughout its fitful course to its last thread.
Such is the will of Him, who flourished
Before all time, whose word we love and dread.
Then why, this constant opposition, strange,
To the crude efforts of the struggling young?
Is't right or manly that mankind should range
Themselves against the tyro? while he, flung
Into doubt and difficulty, must seek
To win the prize from calumny's cold touch,
By guarded speech and action. Week by week
Enduring glance of contumely, such
As those might bear, who bore the wooden * cross,
In bye-gone days when Luther and bold Knox,
Accounting this world's wealth but sinful dross,
Refused their homage to the Romish box. †
How are men fallen from their high estate!
Once, so boastful of their better feelings!
An Angel, listening, might well relate,
A centennial tale of their revealings.
The Godlike attributes of Man should cause

*Many of the early Martyrs were compelled to carry a wooden cross to their place of execution.

†The base containing the pix or consecrated wafer representing the Host.

Their hearts to tender sympathy, advice;
 In obedience to those well known laws,
 Framed, for the world's guidance, full, but yet concise
 Methinks, I see the crowd with brows uplifted,
 Scanning, with curious eye, each feature
 Presented to their bold gaze, till sifted
 Are thoughts, words, deeds; yea, his inmost nature.
 They find he's human and prone to frailty,
 With hopes, doubts, and fears, like one of themselves,
 Yet they make no sign of cead—mail—failthe §
 To rescue him from the little blue elves;
 But ruthless sounds, such as are often heard,
 In the sandy desert or jungle wood,
 When the jackall and fierce wolf have stirred,
 In hunger emulous, to try which could
 First dip his keen fangs in the victims gore,
 And pull the fleet antelope down to earth.
 Should one of the band, faint, stop, tried sore
 With the speed of the race, his life's not worth
 A penny I ween; for the rest will eat
 Him, body and bones, and think it a treat.
 Like these ranging sons of the forest wild,
 Engaged in tearing down their brother,
 Mankind with specious speech beguiled
 Seeks one, the best means, to injure t'other.
 What though no benefit to them arise,
 On the downfall of the injured youth!
 It is seen clear by all but wilful eyes:
 (Though many may not like to hear the truth)
 They with importance swell, seem wondrous wise,
 Point the cold finger with prophetic skill;
 Predict his failure in their croaking guise;
 Nor cease their venomous assaults, until,
 Best friends turn cool, the public turn away:
 All hope, all heart, is lost, as well as self:
 Were these, unblushing, the command can say,
 That bids to "love thy neighbour as thyself;"
 Better, almost, to brave the Cossack's lance,
 Where death at once succeeds the hardy blow,
 Than live, the sport of fortune, with no chance
 The enmity to sooth of those we know.
 How is this so? As plank well balanced,
 I' the middle, when either end rides high,
 One must be down. So they, entranced
 In contemplation of one's fall, do sigh,
 To think themselves so good—immaculate
 In thought, word, deed—self sufficient—free
 From every stain. 'Tis thus they will relate,
 With modesty much like the Pharisee;
 All men have sinned. But I—the chosen,
 Among my fellow townsmen, do appear
 More pure than the flake-snow newly frozen;
 And purer still for, by reflection clear,
 Their stain sets off my purity; whereby,
 The arrow of detraction harmless glides,
 Unheeded, by. While I can cry, Oh! lie!
 To those into whose heart it quivering slides.
 Thus we trace, with noon-day light, the reason

§ Irish for many welcomes.

Why mankind so oft to-slander listen;
 Why turn tyrants for so long a season,
 With hearts so steeled scarce death can soften.
 Did I say, mankind? I could not mean it,
 As common censure without exception;
 For some there are whose true friendship makes it
 A pleasing task to give them warm mention,
 Such as their due, in manly gratitude,
 For kind favours oft conferred on those,
 Who thus can take a bolder attitude,
 And combat cheerfully a host of foes.
 Tis this, that constitutes the spice of life;
 That gives a charm to its pleasantest scenes;
 That drowns the remembrance of frequent strife
 To which our nature too constantly leans.
 Friendship! magic sound, which, softly stealing
 O'er our senses, embues our hearts with love;
 Art thou of Heaven's joys the revealing,
 Foretaste of that more perfect joy above?
 Ah me! that happiness should not be spread,
 Where'er Sol's radiant rays are beaming.
 That Afric's sons, with the white man, and red,
 Should not, with peaceful banner streaming,
 Possess the earth in unity and love:
 And each one keep the golden rule, in view,
 To do to others as you wish they'd do.
 Mayhap, such life does seem too sweet? Tis true,
 For sure as sparks fly upwards, troubles come
 And o'er our path do prickly thistles strew,
 Making our slow progress hard and toilsome.
 Then brace thy armour close around thee,
 With sustaining innocence for thy shield,
 Nor fear thy foes e'en should they hundreds be,
 Nor use the weapons they so basely wield.
 Yet list awhile—anon the tide may turn,
 And waft you share of this world's yellow pelf,
 Kind friends who'll care not tho' the sky looks stern:
 If not, contentment, peace, keep in thyself.
 Be thine the steady task, attentive, bland
 Courteous to all, humble though they be
 And stranger, thou shalt prosper. Still thy hand
 Must oft be raised to him whose gifts are free.

JAMES PENNOCK.

Earl Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

THE period at which the majority of the benefit societies appear to have originated, may, in a general way, be dated at the commencement of the present century. At a period when reason and knowledge had begun once more to resume their wonted places in the developement of the mighty concerns of mankind; when the dark and benighted horizon of civilization had again become bright, and illuminated by the vivid darts of almost supernatural talents, daily flashing against the bigotry, the exclusiveness, and contracted notions of the great; when minds and men were evidently born for the peculiarities of the times, and were spreading far and wide the clear and uncontrovertible truths, that knowledge was man's birth-right, and ought to be disseminated to all orders and conditions of society, throughout the inhabited world. It was about this ever-to-be-remembered period, that encouragement was openly given by the great, the wealthy,

and the influential, to insurance and assurance societies, of which Oddfellowship is evidently a type. Many of the clubs, societies, and institutions of that and subsequent periods, which are now defunct, particularly those called secret societies, had many very objectionable matters connected with their laws, rules, and management; the most prominent of which were their festivities. The extravagance, immorality, and drunkenness which marked the return of their festive days, was a by-word and gain-say to the better part of their advantages; and too frequently the well disposed were apt, and perhaps not wrongfully to infer, that an outward development of immorality, and insobriety, by members professing to propagate the pure and christian principles of benevolence, brotherly-love, sobriety, and chastity—argued but a sad manifestation of human depravity, in the professions and practises of men. And what indeed could be expected, by way of impression, on the minds of the uninitiated, from these outward demonstrations of principles, ostensibly propagated to do good, and promote "peace and good-will amongst men; when the fountain, the very head and front, nay, the day most appropriate to moderate rejoicing, and most properly devoted as an additional evidence of the prosperity of their institutions, was employed in debasing man's noblest faculty; but for a few transient hours of undignified prostration of the mental attributes of man's superiority over the other creations of Providence. Its effects, indeed, must have resembled the dying act of the great heathen philosopher Socrates, whose whole life, we read, was spent in trying to prove to his heathen countrymen, the existence of but one God; but whose last act gave the contradiction to his reasonings and belief, by sacrificing a cock at the shrine of his God, in obedience to a heathen mythology. I regret to say, that even the festivities of Odd Fellowship were not free from many of those riotous proceedings; for I have been informed by some old members of the order, who were initiated in the early period of its establishment, that members were sadly imposed upon by the ruling factions of the lodges, that excesses of flagrant kinds were constantly practised, and that even strangers, when first introduced into the society, were subjected to great indignities, and in some cases to positive cruelties. Happily, however, for the character of most institutions of this kind, these follies and abuses have nearly all been swept away; and now instead of the ludicrous ceremony once performed over the timid and fearful, *at their making*, we, amongst Odd Fellows, receive a solemn and impressive charge, teeming with exhortation to morality, christianity, and obedience to the ruling powers; and calculated, if properly followed out by the individuals themselves, to elevate the christian character to the highest point of excellence.

Again, a vast number of clubs and societies, evidently instituted for the express purpose of alleviating and elevating the condition of the working classes, were instituted by the rich and benevolent, and encouraged and supported by annual donations from the well disposed and philanthropic, thus giving an immense impetus to the prosperity and stability of such institutions. But unfortunately, this admirable system of doing good failed in a manner apparently calculated to cause great surprise to the silent observer. It would appear, that the executive or management part of most of these societies, was under the direction and guidance either of the original founders, or of honorary donors, thus at once taking the management of the clubs entirely out of the hands of the subscribing members, who had the sole and only interest in the welfare of the institution; added to which, many of the most active parties connected with these institutions were frequently prevented from attending their clubs regularly, and hence arose the unwise policy of leaving their affairs in the hands of paid deputies or secretaries, without any positive control over the affairs of the clubs except by the executive. This system of irregularity soon produced its effects upon the minds of the thinking portion of the members; for it will be seen, that it at once struck at the root of their independence; it totally annihilated their just right to have some control or voice over the moneys, which they were paying weekly into the funds of their institution; and however poor men may admire the kindness and assistance of their superiors, nevertheless, there is an innate principle, deeply rooted in the heart of the poor man, as well as that of the rich, to have a voice in the affairs that immediately concern themselves; for whilst we all pay homage and due deference to superior attainments and exalted rank, we have a right, based upon the unerring laws of nature, that we shall have the power to do as we like with our own, provided that power is not abused, or perverted to the detriment of our fellow-creatures, or society at large. These modes of benefiting the working

classes were very extensively carried out in the agricultural districts of this country some twenty-five years ago ; and if there ever was a class of people, that were adapted from circumstances, to be thus moulded into this obedient way of placing their little savings in the hands of disinterested parties, for succour and assistance in sickness, distress, and death, it was the agricultural labourers; for their natural docility of demeanour, and general disposition of character, and their little intercourse with the busy world around them, admirably fitted them to adopt any course laid down to them by their superiors and employers; particularly, when a corresponding and ultimate advantage would arise from their adhesion and attachment to this mode of assisting themselves. But even in the most likely localities, this system failed, in the long run, partly through the luke-warmness and inattention of the supporters, and more frequently from a disposition shewn amongst the peasantry themselves, to decline supporting an institution, that confined its government in the hands of the few, and which did not permit free election and choice in the officers of their societies. But in the manufacturing districts, this plant never took root; for its principles, however good in the abstract, were at once defined, rejected, and considered unfit for a free principle of protective assurance; and the result has fostered the almost universal plant of Odd-fellowship, throughout all the agricultural and manufacturing districts of Great Britain, and extended its usefulness to America, and the British Colonies.

From a Lecture on the Origin, History, and Principles of Odd-Fellowship, delivered in the Lancasterian School-Room, Dudley, by C. F. G. Clark.

THE WIDOW TO HER DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Thy cheek is pale, my dearest, thy cheek is very pale,
 And early toil has bow'd thy form, so delicate and frail;
 Thy eyelid droopeth heavily, the light within is dim,
 And the aching weight of weariness has fetter'd every limb;
 Thy silken hair is gather'd back to cool thine aching brow,
 They burn within my heart, those drops that dew it ever now!—
 Alas, my tender blossom! did I rear thee for this doom!
 How swift they gather round thee, those shadows of the tomb!
 Alas, what is this chamber where want and toil and pain
 Are the ever-watching dwellers, but the last link of the chain
 That drags thee from me quickly, my beautiful my own—
 And I—I cannot save— we must toil and die alone!—
 Thy fair cheek never yet has flush'd with girlhood's happy mirth,
 Thy step has never wander'd free thro' the loveliness of earth
 Thy voice, thy low sweet sighing voice, comes sadly to my ear,
 Ah, laughter and the tones of joy have long been strangers here!
 And yet, my pale and lonely flower, Heaven's goodness shines on thee,
 Thy gentle heart is stored with thoughts of golden poesy;
 Even now a rainbow prism of light thro' the tatter'd curtain's fold
 Seems to thee the angel ladder by the Prophet seen of old.
 And even as the Seraphs went up that radiant way,
 So soareth up thy kindled thoughts on the wings of that bright ray!
 No murmur is there on thy lip for thy worn and wasted youth;
 The love that aids thy steadfast will, the faith whose light is truth
 Support thee on thy weary path; ah! why should I repine
 That Heaven recalls thee in thy youth, to spare thee woes like mine!—

THE VOICE OF MEMORY.

I hear the chapel bell—
How awfully it toll'd!
Thrilling each bosom-chord
As on the air it roll'd.

A voice is in its sound,
Breathing—"Eternity,"
And mournfully is heard
The voice of Memory.

A voice that chills the soul—
Sad, solemn, and sublime:
How speedily its breath
Rolls back the flood of time!

Bearing away our thoughts
To days of trouble o'er,
And forcing the sad tear
For friends that are no more.

It tells of ruin'd hopes,
Of joys that never bloom'd,
Of hearts that long have ceased
To beat for loves entomb'd.

Oh, hardened is the heart
That sorrow cannot swell,
And listless is the ear
That scorns each passing knell.

Heaven bids us not to hope
For perfect bliss below;
For long as Memory lives,
Our tears must ever flow.

Hollinwood.

B. BRIERLY.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

INFLUENCE OF THE NATURAL LAWS ON THE HAPPINESS OF INDIVIDUALS.
—It happened in a remote period, that a slater slipped from the roof of a high building, in consequence of a stone of the ridge having given way as he walked upright along it; he fell to the ground, had a leg broken, and was otherwise severely bruised. As he lay in bed suffering severe pain from his misfortune, he addressed Jupiter in these words: "O Jupiter, thou art a cruel god; for thou hast made me so frail and imperfect a being, that I had not faculties to perceive my danger, nor power to arrest my fall when its occurrence showed how horrible an evil awaited me. It were better for me that I had never been." Jupiter, graciously bending his ear, heard the address, and answered: "Of what law of mine dost thou complain?" "Of the law of gravitation," replied the slater; "by its operation, the slip which my foot made upon the stone, which, unknown to me, was loose, precipitated me to the earth, and crushed my body, never calculated to resist such violence." "I restore thee to thy station on the roof," said Jupiter; "I heal all thy bruises; and to convince thee of my benevolence, I suspend the law of gravitation as to thy body and all that is related to it: art thou now content?"

The slater, in deep emotion, offered up gratitude and thanks, and expressed the profoundest reverence for so just and beneficent a deity. In the very act of doing so, he found himself in perfect health, erect upon the ridge of the roof; and, rejoicing, gazed around. His wonder at so strange an event having at last abated, he endeavoured to walk along the ridge to arrive at the spot which he intended to repair. But the law of gravitation was suspended, and his body did not press upon the roof. There being no pressure, there was no resistance, and his legs moved backwards and forwards in the air without any progress being made by his body. Alarmed at this occurrence, he stooped, seized his trowel, lifted it full of mortar, and made the motion of throwing it on the slates; but the mortar, freed from the trowel, hung in mid-air—the law of gravitation was suspended as to it also. Nearly frantic with terror at such unexpected novelties, he endeavoured to descend in order to seek relief; but the law of gravitation was suspended as to his body, and it hung poised at the level of the ridge, like a balloon in the air. He tried to fling himself down, to get rid of the uneasy sensation, but his body floated erect, and would not move downwards.

In an agony of consternation, he called once more upon Jupiter. The god, ever kind and compassionate, heard his cry and pitied his distress; and asked, "What evil hath befallen thee now, that thou art not yet content? Have I not suspended, at thy request, the law which made thee fall? Now thou art safe from bruises and from broken limbs; why, then, dost thou still complain?"

The slater answered: "In deep humiliation, I acknowledge my ignorance and presumption; restore me to my couch of pain, but give me back the benefits of thy law of gravitation."

"Thy wish is granted," said Jupiter in reply. The slater in a moment lay on his bed of sickness, endured the castigation of the organic law, was restored to health, and again mounted the roof that caused his recent pain. He thanked Jupiter anew, from the depths of his soul, for the law of gravitation with its numberless benefits; and applied his faculties to study and obey it during the remainder of his life. This study opened up to him new and delightful perceptions of the Creator's beneficence and wisdom, of which he had never even dreamed before; and these views so excited and gratified his moral and intellectual powers, that he seemed to himself to have entered on a new existence. Ever afterwards he observed the law of gravitation; and, in a good old age, when his organic frame was fairly worn out by natural decay, he transmitted his trade, his house, and much experience and wisdom, to his son, and died thanking and blessing Jupiter for having opened his eyes to the true theory of his scheme of creation.

The attention of Jupiter was next attracted by the loud groans and severe complaints of a husbandman, who addressed him thus: "O Jupiter, I lie here racked with pain, and pass the hours in agony without relief. Why hast thou created me so miserable a being?" Jupiter answered: "What aileth thee, and of what institution of mine dost thou complain?" "The earth which thou hast made," replied the husbandman, "will yield me no food, unless I till and sow it, and no increase, except it be watered by thy rain. While I guided my plough in obedience to thy law, thy rain came, and it fell not only on the earth, but also on me; it penetrated through the clothes which I had been obliged to make for myself, because thou hadst left me naked; it cooled my skin, which thou hadst rendered delicate and sensible; it disordered all the functions of my body; and now rheumatic fever parches my blood, and agonises every muscle. O Jupiter, thou art not a kind father to thy children."

Jupiter heard the complaint, and graciously replied; "My physical and organic laws were established for thy advantage and enjoyment, and thou hast grievously infringed them; the pain thou sufferest is intended to reclaim thee to thy duty, and I have constituted thy duty the highest joy of thy existence; but say, what dost thou desire?"

The husbandman answered: "What, O Jupiter, signify the purposes of thy laws to me, when thou hast denied me faculties competent to discover and obey them? Frail and fallible as I am, they cause me only pain; deliver me from their effects, and I ask no other boon."

"Thy prayer is granted," said Jupiter: "I restore thee to perfect health; and, for thy gratification, I suspend the laws that have offended thee. Henceforth water shall not wet thee nor thine, thy skin shall feel cold no more, and thy muscles shall never ache. Art thou now content?"

"Most gracious Jupiter," said the husbandman, "my soul is melted with deepest gratitude, and I now adore thee as supremely good."

While he spoke he found himself afield behind his team, healthful and vigorous, jocund and gay, and again blessed Jupiter for his merciful dispensation. The season was spring, when yet the chill blast of the north, the bright blaze of a powerful sun, and passing showers of rain, interchanged in quick and varying succession. As he drove his plough along, the rain descended, but it wet not him; the sharp winds blew, but they chilled no fibre in his frame; the flood of heat next poured upon his brow, but no sweat started from its pores: the physical and organic laws were suspended as to him.

Rejoicing in his freedom from annoyance and pain, he returned gladly home to meet his smiling family, after the labours of the day. It had been his custom in the evening to put off the garments in which he had been toiling, to clothe himself in fresh linen, to sup on milk prepared by his wife with savoury fruits and spices, and to press his children to his bosom with all the fervour of a parent's love; and he used to feel a thrill of pleasure pervading every nerve, as they acknowledged and returned the affectionate embrace.

He looked to find the linen clean, cool, delicately dressed, and lying in its accustomed place; but it was not there. He called to his wife to fetch it, half chiding her for neglect. With wonder and dismay depicted in every feature, she narrated a strange adventure. With the morning sun she had risen to accomplish her wonted duty, but although the water wetted every thread that clothed other individuals, it moistened not a fibre of his. She boiled it over a powerful fire, and applied every means that intellect, stimulated by affection, could devise; but the result was still the same: the water glided over his clothes and would not wet them. "The physical law," said the husband within himself, "is suspended as to me; henceforth water wetteth not me or mine." He said no more, but placed himself at table, smiling over his lovely family. He lifted the youngest child upon his knee, a girl just opening in her bloom—pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her ruddy cheek. But he started when he experienced no sensation. He saw her with his eyes, and heard her speak, but had no *feeling* of her presence. His knee was as stone, his bosom as marble, and his lips as steel; no *sensation* penetrated though his skin. He placed her on the floor, looked wistfully on her form, graceful, vivacious, and instinct with love; and as if *determined* to enjoy the well-remembered pleasure now withheld, he clasped her to his bosom with an embrace so ardent that she screamed with pain. Still he was all adamant: no sensation reached his mind. Heaving a deep sigh, he sent her away, and again the thought entered the very depths of his soul—"The organic law is suspended as to me!" Recollecting well the sweet gratifications of his evening meal, he seized a bowl, and delicately began to sip, exciting every papilla of the tongue to catch the grateful savour. But no savour was perceptible; the liquid glided over his gustatory organs like quicksilver over the smooth surface of a mirror, without impression, and without leaving a trace behind. He now started in horror, and his spirit sank within him when he thought that thenceforth he should live without sensation. He rushed into the fields, and called aloud on Jupiter, "O Jupiter, I am the most miserable of men; I am a being without sensation. Why hast thou made me thus?"

Jupiter heard his cry, and answered: "I have suspended the physical and organic laws, to which thou ascribest thy fever and thy pain; henceforth no pang shall cause thy nerves to shrink, or thy muscles to quiver: why, then, art thou thus unhappy, and why discontented with thy new condition?"

"True, O Jupiter," replied the husbandman; "but thou hast taken away from me sensation: I no longer feel the grateful breath of morn fanning my cheek as I drive my team afield; the rose diffuses its fragrance for me in vain; the ruddy grape, the luscious fig, and the cooling orange, to me are now savourless as adamant or air; my children are as stones: O Jupiter, I am utterly wretched; I am a man without sensation!"

"Unhappy mortal," replied the God, "how can I afford thee satisfaction? When I gave thee nerves to feel, and muscles to execute the purposes of thy mind—when I bestowed on thee water to refresh thy palate, and made thy whole frame one great inlet of enjoyment—thou wert not content. I made thy nerves liable to pain, to warn thee of thy departures from my laws. The rain that was sent fell to fructify and refresh the earth, and not to injure thee. I saw thee, while the showers descended, stay abroad, regardless of its influence on thy frame. The northern blast received from me its pierc-

ing cold, to warn thee of its effects; and yet I saw thee, wet and shivering, stand in its course, regardless of its power. In the voice of the storm I spake to thy understanding, but thou didst not comprehend. The fever that parched thy blood was sent to arrest thee in thy departures from my organic laws. If I restore to thee my institutions, thou mayest again forget my ways, and in misery impeach my justice."

"O most gracious Jupiter," cried the husbandman, "now I see thy power and wisdom, and my own folly and presumption. I accept thy laws, and gratefully acknowledge that, even in the chastisements they inflict, they are beneficent. Restore to me the enjoyments of sensation; permit me once more to reap the advantages that flow from the just uses of my nerves and muscles, and I bow with resignation to the punishment of misapplying them." Jupiter granted his request. His fever and pains returned, but by medicine were relieved. He slowly recovered health and strength, and never afterwards embraced his children, or enjoyed a meal, without pouring forth a deeper offering of gratitude than he had done before. He was now instructed concerning the source of his enjoyments; he studied the laws of his nature and obeyed them; and when he suffered for occasional deviations, he hastened back to the right path, and never again underwent so severe a punishment.

Just as the husbandman resumed his wonted labours, a new voice was heard calling loudly to Jupiter for relief. It proceeded from a young heir writhing in agony, who cried, "O Jupiter, my father committed debaucheries, for which my bones are pierced with suffering; gout teareth my flesh asunder; thou actest not justly in punishing me for his transgressions: deliver me, O Jupiter, or renounce thy character for benevolence and justice." "Thou complaineest of my law of hereditary descent?" said Jupiter; "hast thou derived from thy father any other quality besides liability to gout?" "O Jupiter," replied the sufferer, "I have derived nerves that feel sweet pleasure when the gout ceaseth its gnawing, muscles that execute the purposes of my will, senses that are inlets of joy, and faculties that survey and rejoice in thy fair creation, but why didst thou permit gout to descend from him who sinned, to me?"

"Short-sighted mortal," said Jupiter, "thy father was afflicted because he infringed my institutions; by my organic law, thou hast received a frame constituted as was that of thy father when thy life commenced; the delicate sensibility of his nerves transmitted the same susceptibility to thine; the vigour of his muscles has been transferred into thine; and by the same law, the liability to pain that existed in his bones from debauchery, constitutes an inseparable element of thine: if this law afflict thee, speak the word, and I shall suspend it as to thee."

"Bountiful Jupiter!" exclaimed the sufferer; "but tell me first—if thou suspendest thy law shall I lose all that I inherited by it from my father; vigour of nerves, muscles, senses, and faculties, and all that constitutes my delight when the gout afflicteth me not?" "Assuredly thou shalt," said Jupiter: "but thy body shall be free from pain."

"Forbear, most bounteous deity," replied the sufferer; "I gratefully accept the gift of thy organic laws, with all their chatishments annexed: But say, O Jupiter—if this pain was inflicted on my father for transgressing thy law, may it not be lessened or removed if I obey?"

"The very object of my law," said Jupiter, "is that it should. Hadst thou proceeded as thy father did, thy whole frame would have become one great centre of disease. The pain was transmitted to thee to guard thee by a powerful monitor from pursuing his sinful ways, that thou mightst escape this greater misery. Adopt a course in accordance with my institutions, and then thy pain shall abate, and thy children shall be free from its effects."

The heir expressed profound resignation to the will of Jupiter, blessed him for his organic law, and entered upon a life of new and strict obedience. His pain in time diminished, and his enjoyments increased. Ever after he was grateful for the law.

A feeble voice next reached the vault of heaven: it was that of a child, sick and in pain. "What is thy distress, poor boy," said Jupiter, "and of what dost thou complain?" Half drowned in sobs, the feeble voice replied: "I suffer under thy organic law. A father's sickness, and the disorders of a mother's frame, have been transmitted in combined intensity to me. I am all over exhaustion and pain." "Hast thou received no other gift," inquired Jupiter, "but sickness and disease—no pleasure to thy nerves, thy muscles, or thy mental power?" "All are so feeble," replied the

child, "that I exist, not to enjoy, but only to suffer." "Poor victim," said Jupiter, "my organic law shall soon deliver thee, and I will take thee to myself." The organic law instantly operated; the body of the child lay a lifeless mass, and suffered no more; its spirit dwelt with Jupiter.

The next prayer was addressed by a merchant struggling on the Mediterranean waves, and near sinking in their foam. "What evil dost thou charge against me," said Jupiter, "and what dost thou require?"

"O Jupiter," answered the suppliant, "I sailed for Tyre to Rome in a ship, which thou seest on fire, loaded with all the merchandise acquired by my previous toils. As I lay here at anchor off the port of Syracuse, whither business called me, a sailor, made by thee, thirsted after wine, stole it from my store, and, in intoxication, set my ship and goods on fire; and I am now plunged in the waves to die by drowning, to escape the severer pain of being consumed by fire. Why, if thou art just, should the innocent thus suffer for the guilty?"

"Thou complainest, then," said Jupiter, "of my social law? Since this law displeaseth thee, I restore thee to thy ship, and suspend it as to thee."

The merchant, in a moment, saw his ship entire; the blazing embers restored to vigorous planks; himself and all his crew sound in limb, and gay in mind, upon her deck. Joyous and grateful, he addressed thanksgiving to the God, and called to his crew to weigh the anchor, set the sails, and turn the helm for Rome. But no sailor heard him speak, and no movement followed his words. Astonished at their indolence and sloth, he cried in a yet louder voice, and inquired why none obeyed his call. But still no answer was given. He saw the crew move and speak, act and converse; but they seemed not to observe him. He entreated, remonstrated, and upbraided; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, could obtain no reply. All seemed unconscious of his presence. Unconscious of his presence! The awful thought rushed into his mind, that the social law was suspended as to him. He now saw, in all its horror, the import of the words of Jupiter, which before he had not fully comprehended. Terrified, he seized a rope, and set a sail. Every physical law was in force, and obeyed his will. The sail filled, and strained forward from the mast. He ran to the helm—it obeyed his muscles, and the ship moved as he directed it. But its course was short: the anchor was down, and stopped its progress in the sea. He lowered the sail, seized a hand-spoke, and attempted to weigh; but in vain. The strength of ten men was required to raise so ponderous an anchor. Again he called to his crew; but again he found that the social law was suspended as to him: he was absolved thenceforth from all suffering caused by the misconduct of others, but he was cut off from every enjoyment and advantage derivable from their assistance.

In despair he seized the boat, rowed it to the port of Syracuse, and proceeded straight to his commercial correspondent there, to beg his aid in delivering him from the indolence of his crew. He saw his friend, addressed him, and told him of his fruitless endeavours to leave the anchorage; but his friend seemed quite unconscious of his presence. He did not even look upon him, but proceeded in business of his own, with which he seemed entirely occupied. The merchant, wearied with fatigue, and almost frantic with alarm, hurried to a tavern on the quay, where he used to dine; and, entering, called for wine to recruit his exhausted strength. But the servants seemed unconscious of his presence; no movement was made; and he remained as if in a vast solitude, amidst large companies of merchants, servants and assistants, who all bustled in active gaiety, each fulfilling his duty in his own department. The merchant now comprehended all the horrors of his situation, and called aloud to Jupiter—"O Jupiter, death in the waves, or by consuming flame, were better than the life thou hast assigned to me. Let me die, for my cup of misery is full beyond endurance; or restore me the enjoyments of thy social law, and I shall cease to complain of the pains which it inflicts."

"But," said Jupiter, "If I restore to thee my social law, thy ship will be consumed, thou and thy crew will escape in a boat, but thou shalt be a very beggar; and, in thy poverty, thou wilt upbraid me for dealing unjustly by thee."

"O bountiful Jupiter," replied the merchant, "I never knew till now what enjoyments I owed to thy social law; how rich it renders me, even when all else is gone; and how poor I should be, with all the world for a possession, if denied its blessings. True, I shall be poor; but my nerves, muscles, propensities, sentiments, and intellect, will be left me: now I see that employment of these is the only pleasure of existence; poverty will not cut me off from exercising these powers in obedience to thy laws, but will rather

add new motives exciting me to do so. Under thy social law, will not the sweet voice of friendship cheer me in poverty; will not the aid of kindred and of my fellow-men soothe the remainder of my days? and, besides, now that I see thy designs, I shall avoid employing my fellow-men in situations unsuitable to their talents, and thereby escape the penalties of infringing thy social law. Most merciful Jupiter, restore to me the benefit of all thy laws, and I accept the penalties attached to their infringement." His request was granted; afterwards he made Jupiter's laws and the nature of man his study; he obeyed those laws, became moderately rich, and found himself happier than he had ever been in his days of selfishness and ignorance.

Jupiter was assailed by many other prayers from unfortunate sufferers under the effects of infringement of his laws; but instead of hearing each in endless succession, he assembled his petitioners, and introduced to them the slater, the husbandman, the young heir, and the merchant, whom he requested to narrate their knowledge and experience of the natural laws; and he intimated, that if, after listening to their account, any petitioner should still be dissatisfied with his condition, he would suspend for him the particular law which caused the discontent. But no application followed. Jupiter saw his creatures employ themselves with real earnestness in studying and conforming to his institutions, and ever afterwards they offered up to him only gratitude and adoration for his infinite goodness and wisdom.—*Combe's Constitution of Man.*

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—The "Oldest Inhabitant" seems to live, move, and have his being in the newspapers. His appearance is inseparably connected with the disasters or moving accidents which they chronicle; hail-storms, high winds, high tides, wet seasons, dry seasons, are all duly recorded in their columns, and the experience of the "Oldest Inhabitant," is uniformly appealed to in support of each separate event being the most tremendous and terrific and astounding that has occurred since heaven knows when. The "Oldest Inhabitant" is, therefore, an exclusively newspaper personage. Griffins and unicorns live in heraldry. Lady Bountifuls are to be sought for in moral stories for moral children. Generous thieves and heroic foot-pads are the heroes of modern novels: each class of fiction creates its own proper fictitious personages. Mrs. Gamp created Mrs. Harris; but penny-a-liners, it is, who create "Oldest Inhabitants." No elixir of life preserves their vitality; no miraculous pills have kept them hale and sturdy while ages waned, and friends and neighbours and acquaintances waned with them. We know not how they became what they are; we know not what they are: we know not how one succeeds the other, or when the stroke of death smote, and promoted to the title the now current "Oldest Inhabitant." We merely see them in black and white; we must take them upon credit, and take the surprising violence of such a storm, or the abundance of such a harvest, upon their credit too.

The authority of most people is cited for what they know or remember. The "Oldest Inhabitant," however, is only cited as an authority when he does not remember. We only hear of him when his memory can bring no parallel to the matter in hand: he is remarkable for remembering nothing. If he remembered, he would be of no use—he would never be cited. He might as well not be the "Oldest Inhabitant." The paragraph concoctor works lustily at an inundation, or storm of thunder and lightning. He soon exhausts all the common-places of his craft. He duly makes the storm "visit" the devoted city; he chronicles in good set phrase the "ravages of the destructive element;" but he wants a climax, a peppery wind-up for his lucubrations, he has made the waves roll, and the "electric fluid" flash; he wants something more forcible and pointed still, to bring before his reader in a word the violence and the fury of the tempest; so, summoning up with a scratch of his pen, an "Oldest Inhabitant" manufactured expressly for the occasion, he bids him dive back into the recesses of past times, grope into the inmost cavities of the memory, and resting fruitlessly from the search, declare upon his honour that no similar visitation has occurred within his recollection.

"Oldest Inhabitants" are not altogether of modern invention; we have said that they are newspaper characters; the pointers of a paragraph and the adorners of a puff. Such is the rule, but there is at least one exception. The great forte of the "Oldest Inhabitant," as we have hinted, is not remembering any storm equal to the last storm. He is called forth by a storm as naturally as an umbrella by a shower of rain, or a mouse by toasted cheese. Shakspeare knew this propensity of the "Oldest Inhabitant."

The night in which Duncan was murdered, the elements were tumultuous. Forthwith appears on the stage an "old man," evidently the then "Oldest Inhabitant" of Inverness, who declares—

Three score and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

The "Oldest Inhabitant" is thus always labouring in his vocation; always not remembering—that is to say, remembering a great deal, but never remembering anything equal to the last catastrophe to which he is requested to remember a parallel.

We have said that we have never seen an "Oldest Inhabitant," nor know we any person who has; yet after all there must be some "Oldest Inhabitant" of the parish, of the city, of the world. Methuselah must have been a very respectable "Oldest Inhabitant," but the phrase was not in use in his days, as there were no newspapers. Of course, if there were, he would have come down to us with as great a character for not remembering as he has for longevity—not that there would be any particular connection between the newspaper "Oldest Inhabitant" of the time and Methuselah, newspapers always having "Oldest Inhabitants" like correspondents, "of their own; but that we should be apt to associate one with another, and account poor Methuselah a perfect blessing to the journalists of his day.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant," of the veritable flesh and blood species, lives in a distant unvisited place, hemmed in by miles and miles of solitary fields and meadows. Only country cross-roads, unfrequented and full of ruts, not from traffic, but from neglect, traverse the neighbourhood of his dwelling. No stream of busy travelling flows past. No modern innovations and changes alter from day to day, and from year to year, the well-known aspect of surrounding objects. They have never been but as they are in the recollection of the "Oldest Inhabitant." Several times, indeed, he has been to the nearest large town, and once, very long ago, he saw London—the King, the Queen, and the lions, in the Tower. That was, perhaps, the event of his life: happy, quiet life, which can reckon such an event. He is a great authority in the parish, for, be it known, even in the most sequestered of pastoral spots, there is a little world in the parish. He is, we say, a great authority there, perhaps, even greater than the parson—undoubtedly greater than the clerk. His words are listened to very reverently; and when a doting sentence, a wandering expression escapes, it is still heard respectfully and pitifully; for the hearers know that mind totters under the load of years. He is fond of surrounding himself with the neighbouring children, who look upon him with almost superstitious awe, and suspend their play, and assemble round the door of his cottage, where he sits enjoying the afternoon sun. He tells them stories of people whose memory has lingered long in parish annals, local heroes, remembered for what they have done or suffered; or he tells them tales of their own fathers, or mayhap their grandfathers' childhood; of rustic feats achieved, of rustic skill attained—always winding up the narration with, "Ay, ay, that was when I was a boy."

When he was a boy! his little auditors look wistfully into his face—into that old wrinkled furrowed face—upon the few locks of straggling hair, fine and silky, and white as a new-coined shilling—upon the eye which has lost its light—the limbs all bent and shrunken, and strengthless as the summer reed—and the long skinny brown hands, which shake with a strange ceaseless motion. When he was a boy! they cannot realise the thought. When he was little plump and ruddy; when he shouted and screamed, and ran and leaped, and climbed trees, and robbed orchards, and swam the first across the river. Strange! Could he ever have been a boy? Was he not always thus? And would they one day, if they lived, be so too? Away! childhood cannot grapple with such thoughts—in the next moment they are forgotten. Had the old man dated his story in the year one, the children would have thought dimly of some time long, long ago; but "when I was a boy," the time is harder to be seized—more indefinite, more uncertain to their minds than would be the year one.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant" is often to be found wandering among the grave-stones of the churchyard. He looks upon old stones, almost covered with green clinging moss. No need for him to attempt to decipher the inscription. He knows well who lies beneath; he knew him in life, and he remembers him in death. No need for the stone to set forth his virtues; he knows them, and he knows, moreover, what the

stone does not set forth—his faults. On a Sunday, after service, he loves to sit near the church porch : he is the centre of a little group : he talks of old things, old customs, points out where the old boundaries stood, now unknown, and the true sites of old parish legends. He always elevates the past at the expense of the present. The young men, he says, were stronger in his days, more manly, more open ; the maidens more fair and more true ; and the young men and the young maidens around listen without gesture of dissent, or word of murmur, but in their hearts they believe it not.

The country "Oldest Inhabitant" thinks little of modern improvement ; in fact he does not deem it so much improvement as innovation. He is even slow to believe all the wonderful tales retailed by parish travellers, and vouched for by half-year old newspapers which occasionally find their way to his cottage. He long shook his head at what he heard of steam : carriages moving without horses, ships without sails ; at any rate, there were no such things in his day. At length a railroad is projected ; it passes through his neighbourhood. He receives, half doubtingly, from day to day, the accounts of its progress ; of iron belts, stretching from field to field, from east to west ; of the squire's pheasants preserve, which he has always deemed ground almost as sacred, as hallowed as the church-yard itself, being sacrilegiously broken into, the old trees cut down, old land-marks effaced. He knows not what to say ; he wishes it may all be for good. At length the railroad is complete. Down the rich country flies the hissing, shrieking train, with a demon's might, and a demon's speed ; the seething, panting engine—gorgeous with polished brass and glittering steel, sweeps merry, hopeful hundreds after it in its flight. The "Oldest Inhabitant" comes and sees ; he confesses he will believe anything now ; he does not know what the world is coming to ; it was a different place once. But his day is past ; these things belong to his children and children's children. He wishes but for peace and quiet to think over old times—to hold mental communion with old friends, long, long buried. Still he is cheerful and tranquil, and patiently waits the day (he knows it is not far off) when he, too, will be borne to that well-known, long known churchyard, and where most of the parish will assemble round the grave of the "Oldest Inhabitant."—*Illuminated Magazine.*

THE REASONING SCHOOLMASTER.—The master of our school was an eccentric pedagogue, very learned as we thought, very formal as we saw, very severe as we felt ; and among his eccentricities there was none more laughable and cryable than his manner of inflicting punishment. It was a maxim with him that justice should not only be done, but acknowledged ; and thus such scenes as the following were of frequent occurrence.

Pedagogue. John Smith ?

John. Here, sir !

Ped. Come from your "here" hither. [*John moves slowly and reluctantly up to the rostrum.*] John Smith, you have been guilty of throwing stones, which I forbade. [*John hangs his head disconsolately.*] John Smith, it is of no use looking sorrowfully now, you should have thought of sorrow before you committed the offence [*reaching down the cane.*] You are aware, John Smith, that those who do evil must be punished ; and you, John, must therefore be punished. Is it not so ?

John. Oh, sir, I will never do it again.

Ped. I hope you will not, John ; but as you forgot the prohibition when left to your unassisted memory, the smart of the remembrance now to be administered will be the more likely to prevent any relapse in future. Hold out your hand. [*Whack*]

John. Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! I will never do it again.

Ped. I hope not ! hold out your hand again. [*Whack, and a screech from John.*] Now, John, you begin to perceive the consequences of disobedience ?

John. Oh, yes, sir,—enough, sir, enough, sir !

Ped. By no means, John. You are somewhat convinced of your error, but not yet sensible of the justice of your punishment, and the quantum due to you. Hold out your other hand [*whack and scream.*]

John. Mercy, sir, I will never—[*blubbling.*]

Ped. It is all for your good, John : hold out your left hand again. Even-handed justice ! Why don't you do as you're bid, sir, eh ? [*A slash across the shoulders.*]

John. Oh ! oh !

Ped. That's a good boy ! [*Whack on the hand again.*] That's a good boy

[*Whack.*] Now, John, you feel that it is all for your good?

John. Oh, no, sir,—oh, no! it is very bad, sir, very sore.

Ped. Dear me, John. Hold out again, sir. I must convince you that it is justice, and all for your good. [*A rain of stripes on hands and back, John bellowing, all the while.*] You must feel it is for your good, my boy!

John. Oh, yes, sir—oh, yes-s-s-s-s.

Ped. That's a good lad; you're right again.

John. It is all for my good, sir: it is all for my good.

Ped. Indeed it is, my dear. There! [*Whack, whack.*] Now thank me, John. *John hesitates,—whack. whack.*

John. Ah, ah! Thank you, sir;—thank you very much. I will never do it; thank you, sir. Oh, sir, tha-a-a-nks:

Ped. That's a dear good boy. Now you may go to your place, and sit down and cry as much as you wish, but without making a noise. And then you must learn your lesson. And, John, you will not forget my orders again. You will be grateful for the instruction I have bestowed upon you. You will feel that justice is a great and certain principle. You will feel it, John. You may see, also, how much your companions may be benefited by your example. Go and sit down; there's a good boy. John, there are punishments in this school more disgraceful and severe than that you have just undergone.

John, bowing. Yes, sir,—thank ye, sir.—*W. Jerdan, in Bentley's Miscellany.*

Presentations.

Loyal Queen Dowager Lodge, Sunbury District, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity. At a Lodge Committee, held at the Lodge House, Sunbury, on the 22nd day of June, 1846. P. G. Joseph Taylor in the Chair. It was moved by P. G. John Anning, seconded by P. G. John Griffith, and resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the officers and brethren of the Queen Dowager Lodge, Sunbury, are eminently due, and are hereby given to P. P. G. M. Henry Ratcliffe, for the kind, courteous, and gentlemanly manner in which he replied to their communication on the subject of their proposed application to become a district—for his valuable suggestions as to the nature and amount of information required to be laid before the A. M. C. relative thereto—and for his personal attendance and able advocacy of the measure before the Sub-Committee while assembled at Bristol. On the 21st July, 1846, the Officers and Brothers of the Loyal St. Andrew Lodge, No. 1248, of the Wolverhampton District assembled for the purpose of presenting P. P. C. S., Wm. Laws, with an elegant Patent Silver Lever Watch, accompanied likewise by a Silver Guard, the gift of the maker, P. G., Edward Hyatt, of the same Lodge, as a token of their esteem of his valuable services, both as a Member and an Officer to the Lodge, and for his assiduous and upright conduct as their permanent Secretary for a period of five years. The above present was the *voluntary* and *spontaneous* gift of the Brothers. Presented to P. G. George Holden, by the Sir Nicholas Sherbourne Lodge, on the 6th day of July, 1844, a Silver Medal. Presented to P. Prov. G. M. William Dawson, by the Well-Wisher Lodge, on the 20th day of July, 1844, a Silver Medal. Presented to P. Prov. G. M., George Bowker, by the Limestone Rock Lodge, on the 27th of September, 1845, a Silver Watch and Appendages, all in the Clitheroe District. On the 15th August, 1846, a Handsome Silver Watch, with Appendages, value £8, to C. S., James Lambert, by the Loyal Myrtle Lodge, Bingley District.

Marriages.

Married Oct. 12th, 1846, Brother James Smith, to Miss Elizabeth Inman.—Oct. 17th, 1846, Brother Fielding Whone, to Miss Ruth Preston, both of the Loyal Myrtle Lodge, Bingley District.—August 7th, 1846, Brother William Hall, of the Agricultural Lodge, Endon, Pottery and Newcastle District, to Miss Goodfellow, of Macclesfield. October 22nd, 1846, At St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Francis Close, Brother Richard Kettley, of the Loyal Harmonic Lodge, Cheltenham District, to Miss Vina Carter, only daughter of P. D. G. M. Carter, Host of the above Lodge.—July 5th 1846, Brother William Heatley, of the Victoria Lodge, Blackburn, to Miss Margaret Ainsworth.—August 19, at Longton Church, Staffordshire, by the Rev. Dr. Vale, Brother Samuel Bateman, of the True Benevolent Lodge, Manchester District, to Ellen, daughter of the late John Allen, Esq., of the former place.

Deaths.

July 12th, 1846, Hannah, the wife of Brother Joseph Walbank, of the Myrtle Lodge.—July 20th, Brother Thomas Shackleton, of the Myrtle Lodge.—August 20th, Sarah, the wife of Brother Benjamin Moorhouse, of the Victoria Lodge.—August 27th, Ann, the wife of Brother George Clough, of the Myrtle Lodge.—Sept. 14th, Mary, the wife of P. V. Thomas Moore, of the Myrtle Lodge, all in the Bingley District.—June 23rd, 1846, The wife of Mr. John Sidebottom, Trows Print Works, and P. P. G. M., Yew Lodge. Shaw District.—At Brigham, near Cockermouth, on the 29th of Sept. 1846, after a tedious illness of 9 months, in the 67th year of her age, Mary, the mother of Pr. G. M., Joseph Neale, of the Cockermouth District.—On the 2nd Sept. 1846, aged 30, Prov. D. G. M. Kemp, of the Lewes District. His remains were attended to the grave, by upwards of 50 of the members of various Lodges belonging to the District.

MARK WARDLE and SON, Printers, 17, Fennel Street, Manchester.



James Roe Esq.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

APRIL.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1847.

MEMOIR OF JAMES ROE, PROV. C. S.

BIOGRAPHY, in every age, and among people of every degree of civilization, has been a favourite species of literature. Of every man whom we have met with pleasure or regarded with interest, we desire to know something personally. The desire arises from a secret wish to know the rise and growth of excellence, and no curiosity can be more laudable than that of tracing the source of another's improvement.

But as "MEMOIRS" are chiefly written of persons of title or conventional distinction, they have lost much of their intrinsic interest. The accidents of birth are but the products of the artificial mechanism of society, and possess little merit and little instruction. Such events make biographies the annals of automata—not of men—a glittering but a poor exchange for the efforts of native independence and perseverance, in their struggles after worth. For instances of this latter kind we must look in the ranks of the people—to which the subject of this sketch belongs.

JAMES ROE is a native of Fazeley in Staffordshire, where he was born, October 18th, 1805. He had the advantage of receiving two years' instruction in Sir Robert Peel's Free School—and was one of six scholars selected by Sir Robert for admission to a preparatory academy with a view to college training—which distinction indicates early attention and merit on the part of our young pupil. Unfortunately Sir Robert was diverted from his praiseworthy intentions, by the prejudice then existing against the education of the "lower orders," and young James was obliged to be content with such instruction as the slender means of his parents could afford and his own exertions procure. At a proper age he was apprenticed to an uncle, a Fancy Brush Maker at Birmingham. That his habits were characterised by aptitude, industry and enterprise is evidenced by the fact, that coming to London in 1832 with his master, he soon after commenced business on his own account, and though his capital consisted only in the knowledge of his trade, and a small stock of tools provided by his father—he, aided by the better fortune still of an independent spirit and determination to succeed, overcame all difficulties and established a respectable connexion in trade.

His next connexion (excepting the pleasant one of marrying) was with the Manchester Unity. Early in 1839, he was attracted by the grotesque wood-cut which adorned Mr. Hetherington's periodical, entitled the "Odd Fellow." He purchased

VOL. 9—No. 6—S.

a copy which happened to contain a lucid article on Odd Fellowship, by P. G. M. Peiser of Manchester. This induced him to enquire further, and in July 1839 he joined the Good Samaritan Lodge, of the North London District, which at that time contained only 28 Members, and the whole District but 370. His attention to Lodge business was such as became a young Member—it was earnest and perfect, and he passed through every Office as fast as the General laws allowed.

Some errors having crept into the District accounts, he was, so soon after his membership as May 1840, appointed one of a Sub-committee to rectify them. His course was marked by great good sense. He raised no premature or unfounded suspicion of neglect or dishonesty on the part of others (a course by which many pursued reputation) but he quietly set himself to search out the error, and he had the gratification of informing the District Committee, that he had traced it to the *system* of book-keeping followed, and suggested the double entry plan. It was adopted, and produced so much satisfaction, that the next Committee voted Mr. Roe thanks for his recommendation, and to this time the Auditors have endorsed the plan with their approval.

In December of the same year, 1840, he was without any solicitation or expectancy on his part, appointed to the important and responsible Office of C. S. of the North London District, which he still holds, with credit to himself and the unanimous satisfaction of the Lodges. His first step was consistent. He reduced his own financial precepts to practice, and with such success, that though for many Quarters the Auditors appointed were persons theoretically opposed to him, and consequently lynx-eyed for the detection of mistake, the accounts have in every instance been pronounced without error. A wide-spread confidence in the affairs of the District sprang up. On C. S. Roe's appointment, the District numbered but 10 Lodges and 500 Members—since which time 100 new Lodges have been added, and now the District boasts of 7000 Members. Of course others have taken part in producing this flattering augmentation, but how honourable a share C. S. Roe had in it, the District itself testified in 1843, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, as a mark of appreciation of his services. And it is not easy to estimate too highly the value of the arithmetical reform which he instituted. Money is not more the sinew of war than is accuracy in accounts the sinew of confidence, wherever pounds shillings and pence are concerned. A safe Actuary is the soul of a Provident and Benevolent Society.

These qualities achieved for Mr. Roe distinction in a wider sphere. He has been elected to represent the North London District at the A. M. C.'s held at the Isle of Man, Wigan, Bradford, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Bristol, and is now appointed to attend the ensuing one at Oxford. Three A. M. C.'s have appointed him a Director of the Order, and during three successive years he has been one of the Trustees of the Unity. These duties have ever been discharged with honour to himself. His practical good sense secures him the respect of his Fellow Directors and the attention of the Annual Meetings.

No man has juster notions than James Roe of the vast powers of combination, whether for good or evil, possessed by the Manchester Unity, and no one is more honestly resolved to direct them wisely. He is one of the acknowledged opponents of ignoble content with partial good and evident imperfection, and ranks with the foremost friends of temperate and judicious progression, and he has creditably identified himself with the great measures of equalised representation and sound financial reform.

That useful principle enunciated in one of the Ethical "Lectures" recently adopted by the Order—that moral worth lies in the continuity of a man's proper duties well fulfilled—is strikingly illustrated in the character of James Roe. No man knows better what it is expected that as an Officer he should know. With the Laws and usages of the Order he is well acquainted. Such is his familiarity with them that by some of his friends he is pleasantly styled the "Follett of the District"—the late Sir William Follett seeming not to be more at home in the jurisprudence of the British Empire, than C. S. Roe in that of the Manchester Unity. He is frequently made an umpire in disputed cases, and the confidence placed in his decisions reflects credit on his judgment and intellectual habits. It is known that he will thoroughly examine *both* sides of the question. From his verdict there has seldom if

ever been an appeal; and in declaring his opinion he so happily combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* that justice and fraternity are both maintained.

An attractive characteristic of James Roe is his evident honesty. You feel at once that there is no reserve about him. His friendly offices are all frank. He never stoops to *finesse*. When he rises to speak, you perceive that he is going to speak what he thinks. He may be in the wrong, but he has no double meanings. He never means but one thing and that the right one. And if an error in his conceptions is pointed out to him, he has the courage and manliness to own and correct it at once. With him, "Friendship, Love, and Truth," are not so many words learned by rote to be given with "quick fire"—or to round periods with at annual dinners—but words of sincere import, breathing their influence over thought and conduct. These are the men who give freshness to society, and we turn from the din of "cheers" and blaze of eulogy, too often won by clap-trap and hollow profession, as from an unhealthy excitement, and seek the wholesome company and converse of the less glittering, but the more estimable—the unassuming, the frank, and the true.

THE CALAMITIES OF IRELAND.

The Order still continues to maintain its generous and benevolent character, and to shew mankind that its charities are not confined to those who are entitled to consideration from the ties of membership. We gave in our last an abridged report of a meeting which had taken place at Leeds, and which proved from the speeches of some of the principal speakers, that the aims and capabilities of the Institution are still things of doubt and mystery to many of those who occupy high and influential positions in society. The name of the Order, conveying as it does nothing more than the idea that the members are associated for some eccentric purpose, has no doubt been the means of misleading many, and deterring others from seeking to become further acquainted with the usages and laws of the society. It may on the other hand be contended that the vagueness of the name has had the effect of inducing numbers to come amongst us from motives of curiosity. However this may be, it is now very questionable whether it would be desirable to abandon our original designation and adopt one of a more characteristic nature. The society has risen to its present extent and eminence without either the aid of a captivating title or aristocratic patronage, and though we have now with us many great and good men, they have joined us from a conviction that our purposes were benevolent, and our actions distinguished by a pure and exalted philanthropy. By such meetings as the one lately held at Leeds the press have had the opportunity of making our deeds and sentiments known to the public, and Odd Fellows have been distinguished from those who assemble solely for social amusement and convivial hilarity. Independent of the funds contributed for their own exigencies and the relief of their Widows and Orphans, our members have never been backward in aiding the charities situated in the various towns where lodges are located. The benevolent institutions of many of our large towns, as well as those in less populous districts, have had cause to look with respect and gratitude on Odd Fellows, and our Annual Meetings have always been productive of pecuniary benefits to the charities of the towns in which they have been held.

Now that a season of unparalleled calamity has visited us—when the three kingdoms have been overrun with want and destitution, we rejoice to

find that our own body have manifested their usual liberal and philanthropic spirit. We rejoice that our members are not only anxious to do good in their own immediate vicinities, but that they are extending their sympathies to wretched, famine-stricken Ireland. Subscriptions are being made in different districts, and we hope that they will shortly become general throughout the whole Order. Already the sum subscribed amounts to £1432 14s. 5d. and we anticipate that, before our next number is issued, double the amount will be realised towards alleviating the horrors and dreadful necessities which have fallen with such a crushing and direful effect upon the miserable natives of our unhappy sister Isle. It is not our province to discuss the question in a political point, or to enquire into the merits or demerits of the Irish character. Enough for us to know that misery of the most heart-sickening kind is in existence—enough for us to know that thousands of our fellow-creatures have perished and are perishing for want of food—enough for us to know these facts to stimulate us by every means to endeavour to decrease, in however small a degree, the vast amount of human suffering which has now accumulated.

There is little occasion for us to go into minute details, and yet some of the accounts which have recently come under our observation are so pregnant with statements of unequalled desolation, disease, and death, that we need not apologise for bringing them before our readers. It seems that fever is now added to famine, and in localities far apart large numbers of all classes are falling victims to the dreadful contagion. In Armagh it has spread to an alarming extent in and around the city, and in remote districts of the county its progress, and that of dysentery, is fearfully prevalent among the poorer classes. Fever, however, has attacked those of a higher rank of life in the city and its vicinity, and numbers of the middling classes, as well as professional gentlemen, have fallen victims to the malady. The workhouse in Balinrobe has been the scene of pestilence, which has attacked both paupers and officers. The building is described as one horrible charnel-house, the unfortunate paupers being nearly all the victims of a fearful fever, the dying and the dead huddled together. The contagion has visited Ballina and Swinford, and Sligo has been fearfully scourged. The most alarming accounts have been received from Cork. The hospitals are full, hundreds are lying ill of the fever, and as there are no places for them, the consequences to be apprehended are dreadful. Many of the respectable citizens, merchants and others, have also been fatally attacked.

The accounts received from the West of Cork, and the two Carberies are of the most horrifying description. The *Cork Reporter* contains the following appalling particulars :—

“ It is not food the unfortunate people now want most—it is medical attendance; not additional poor-houses, but hospitals, they require. A pestilential fever, more mortal and destructive than cholera or plague, is carrying off the poor. All the food, solid or liquid, on earth, could not save them without medicinal and sanitary accompaniments of the most extensive, active, and efficient sort. There is not a house, from Bantry to Skull, that, with scarce a dozen exceptions, does not contain either the sick, the dying, or the dead. The latter lie where they die, or are barely pushed outside the thresholds, and there suffered to dissolve. Their living relatives within the huts are too feeble to remove them further; and the strong, outside, from distant places (and they indeed are few), are afraid to handle unshrouded and uncoffined bodies, Judge of the consequences. The weather begins already to grow warm, and decomposition

sets in more rapidly than a month since. Let us state two or three facts which we have on unimpeachable testimony. Our informant is one who, besides being incapable of an untruth, has an interest rather in exposing than encouraging exaggeration. He has told us, that in one locality, where public works are in progress, the labourers were forced to examine a cabin at some distance in consequence of the noxious and intolerable effluvia arising from it. They discovered in it five bodies in an advanced state of putrefaction, the whole of a family who had died none knew when. None of the labourers dared touch the bodies, and to protect themselves whilst remaining on the work, where they were compelled to earn their bread and chance of life, they pulled down the hovel, and heaped timber and thatch over the blackened corpses, applied fire, and kept aloof until the dwelling and the dead were consigned to ashes. Such was the interment. This occurred at a place called Ratoora. In another hovel were found the dead bodies of a father and son, and, horrible to relate, in the mouth of the latter was seen the father's hand, three fingers of which had been eaten off by his famishing offspring. It is our duty to publish these appalling facts. We have authentic information of others just as dreadful, but our flesh creeps at the remembrance; we cannot go on with the relation."

To assist in the remedy of such a state of things as is described above Odd Fellows are now called upon, and we feel that little appeal is needed in the face of such facts. The claims that press immediately upon us may be great, but we cannot know that such large masses of human beings are perishing so near us without depriving ourselves even of a portion of our comforts to relieve them.

It is pleasing in the midst of this great calamity to find the general spirit of sympathy which has been almost universally diffused, and it enhances the pleasure when we learn that the working-classes have not done the least, according to their means, to forward the progress of charity. Not only in England, but in the Colonies and the United States, those who labour for subsistence are sparing something from their well-earned pittance for the relief of their friends in Ireland. "One bank alone at Liverpool," says the *Times*, has received 413 separate orders for money paid by parties in New York, to be transferred to parties in Ireland in sums from £1 to £24, the whole amounting to £1,566 18s. 0d. and the average, consequently, being £3 15s. 9d. An immense number of orders have passed through the other Liverpool banks, and through the American merchants at that port." It is to be regretted, that amidst this display of benevolent feeling the Irish gentry alone are almost supine upon the subject, leaving to those who dwell in other lands the task of administering to the wants of their starving tenantry. A statement was lately made in the house of commons that in a small town in South Wales, where great distress existed in consequence of the failure of the usual crops, £3,000 had been subscribed in one week, by the magistrates and gentry of the locality, for the purchase of food, and an order had been sent to a great mercantile house for 1,000 quarters of corn. The question naturally followed "Why could not the magistrates and gentry of Ireland make similar exertions to procure prompt and effectual relief for the distressed poor of their several districts?" They have not done so, and it remained with others to carry out those measures of relief which the squalid and dying peasantry sought in vain for at home. The proper time has passed away, the seed is unsown, and another season of scarcity is inevitable. In the meantime emigrants are pouring in vast shoals into England, and the manufacturing districts are overrun by a population who know nothing of the ordinary avocations of the people amongst whom they come; they are consequently unable to work, if work

were abundant (which it is not), and the parish is obliged to provide for them. The inhabitants are heavily taxed for their support, and yet the industrious Englishman manages to spare something further from the fruits of his labour to sustain those who remain to pine amid blighted and untilled fields. We rejoice that our brethren have stood forth on this occasion, and given one proof more to the world that Odd Fellows are only desirous, in common with all true philanthropists, to lessen the evils of existence, whilst they forbear to search too narrowly into the errors, venial or otherwise, of the recipients. Without further remarks, we leave the matter with the members of the Order, in a full confidence that their efforts will be appreciated and successful.

EDGAR VERNEY:

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE only physical exercise which I followed as an amusement was archery. In this sport my brother felt an equal interest with myself, and we had raised shooting-buts in my father's grounds, where we frequently resorted. I became a complete marksman, and could send my arrow into the bull's eye with almost undeviating certainty. When it was that the horrid and monstrous thought, that I am now about to speak of, first entered my mind, is unknown even to myself. Whether it presented itself to me in some hideous pitchy vision of the night, or whether demons walk by us in the broad daylight, and breathe things in our ears to lead us to destruction, I know not, but the foul idea was constantly with me, and I strove vainly to expel it.

Often had the knowledge of my brother's superior claim to my father's estate been as wormwood to me, though for a length of time I was content to curse my own evil star that had not decreed to me an earlier birth. Now the unnatural and bloody thought that haunted me was how I could best effect the destruction of my brother's life. His meek manners and fair and delicate countenance instead of turning me from my purpose only confirmed me in it, and incited me to the perpetration of the deed. I could not brook to think that one so womanish and tame should stand between me and my inheritance.

One day when we had been practising in the archery ground, and my brother had turned to run towards me with an arrow which he had just pulled from one of the butts, the thought that I could kill him then flashed like a stream of fire across my brain. An arrow was at my bow—I sent it hissing forth with my utmost strength—the aim was too true, and he fell like a stricken deer, with the shaft quivering in his heart. I turned away, and for a time dared not advance towards him. When I had nerved myself to the desperate task, and came to bend over him and examine his wound, I saw that he was indeed dead. His eyes were open, and save that his features wore an expression of surprise, he appeared with the same sweet and placid look which he wore in life. A sickness came over me, not from compunction, but from a dread of the consequences. Counterfeiting the utmost alarm, I reached home, and stammered out a lying account of the deplorable accident which I stated had occurred from my brother suddenly shifting his position whilst I was firing at the butt. It is needless for me to attempt the portrayal of the misery which was caused by my narration of the event. My father and mother could not possibly think me so immeasurably wicked as to dis-

believe me, but there was one whom I could not deceive. My sister's eyes were rivetted upon me, and my soul cowered beneath them, for they said too plainly "I know thee, villain, for a *murderer*!"

Of course the circumstances of the case underwent investigation, but my account was a plausible one, there were no witnesses to contradict my statement, and I was legally absolved of murder. But there were not wanting those who suspected me nevertheless, and, if I were previously an object of dislike, I could now see that I was looked upon by the majority of our neighbours with abhorrence. About this time too a dastardly and savage attack was made in a lonely by-path upon Stephen Gray, as he was indulging in a solitary evening ramble. He struggled with the person who assaulted him, and though no match for him in strength, he kept him at bay until the sound of advancing footsteps caused him to retreat. Gray had at once identified the man as the scoundrel who had insulted my sister, and here again suspicion rested upon me as the prime mover in the affair. An attempt had also been made by some incendiary to fire the barn of my former schoolmaster, and though it had failed, and the party was undiscovered, it was added to my score, and I was greeted on all hands by coldness, if not repulsed with execration.

I could not bear this state of things, and again I determined to visit Lilius Young, and, if possible, prevail upon her parents to consent that she should unite her fate with mine. My presence was evidently unwelcome to all but Lilius, and if her father did not exactly refuse me the shelter of his roof, his hospitality was not such as to induce me to make a prolonged stay with him. Edmund Young was absent for a few days, and I passed my time until his return in wandering about like an unquiet spirit. My opportunities of seeing Lilius alone were few, and the interviews which I had with her were always brief and interrupted. On her brother's return I saw contempt and indignation written too legibly in his features for me to mistake them. He declined my proffered hand, and without deigning me a nod of recognition, hastily retreated from the room. He held a brief conference with his parents and sister, and then returned to me. He did not keep me long in suspense, but in a few words signified to me that I was an unwelcome guest, and one with whom he could not consent to associate. He had no wish, he said, to make me responsible for crimes of which I might be innocent, or blame me for vices which might have been wrongly attributed to me, but he had too much filial and brotherly regard to allow either his parents or his sister to suffer in public estimation by giving countenance to the visits of a man who was universally disliked and shunned by those who had the best means of knowing his character.

How can I paint the conflicting passions by which I was tormented as the humiliating but just determination of Edmund Young was communicated to me. I solicited for one more interview with his sister, but it was denied me, and with a heart burning with all sorts of evil thoughts I left the mansion. I had not proceeded many yards when I encountered Stephen Gray, who was evidently making his way towards the house which I had quitted. He passed me with no other recognition than a smile of mingled triumph and disdain.

I wrote to Lilius Young on my return home, offering her my hand, and raving wildly of my own strong affection, and her falsehood. I protested my innocence of the crimes laid to my charge, and vowed that my future conduct should be all she could wish it, if she would but consent to be mine. I endeavoured to prevail on my sister to second my appeal, which, however, she mournfully but firmly refused. I broke from her furiously, and despatched my letter. I might have spared myself the trouble, for the post brought it back to me unopened. My rage was as ungovernable as it was impotent, and for some days I preserved a sullen silence, not deigning a reply to any one.

A few months elapsed, and my father died. I was now master of that estate for which I had incarnadined my soul. Many of those who had spurned and turned from me with loathing were now in my power, and bitterly would I wreak my vengeance on them. The tenants were harried beyond all parallel, and their sufferings were for a time a source of demoniacal joy to me. My mother remonstrated, and my sister wept, but all was of no avail. I run riot in wickedness—I was glutted with ill deeds—I was a mortal personification of guilt, and my bad designs had in the main been crowned with success. I was a successful villain, but was I a happy one? The

savage joy which I at times felt was more the joy of a ravenous animal than the bliss of a being sentient of right and wrong. My cup was too full, and the venom overflowed. A baleful and contagious fever laid me prostrate, and for weeks I was insensible to passing sights and sounds. When I opened my weak and miserable eyes to look around me in weary feebleness, and shrink from the blinding light that met me, what a confused mass of things and shapes swept over my memory. Demon eyes that had been peering at me day and night, fiendish screeches that had been ever yelling in my ears, devilish laughter and impish glee for ever mocking me, flames for ever burning, water for ever receding, nowhere comfort, nowhere hope, but horror, horror everywhere—I uttered a low wail of despair, and was again hot and wild with fever.—Again I awoke to sanity, but the light was too powerful for me, and my eyelids closed involuntarily. I tried to cry out for drink to appease my scorching thirst. My voice refused its office, my limbs were beyond my control, and I lay like a dead man, save that I had a helpless consciousness of painful debility. Presently I heard steps in my chamber, and people gathered about my bed, as if to ascertain whether or not I were still in existence. “Is he dead?” said one. “No, he still breathes,” said another, “death seems loath to take him. He is too evil for earth, and it would be difficult to find another world bad enough for him. The good are easily destroyed, but the wicked are too often left us. Father, mother, brother, sister, all gone to God. Satan hath not yet claimed him.” I opened my eyes once more, and the speakers started back as if from a monster, and such I now felt I was.

My mother had early fallen a victim to the disease, and my sister had watched by me daily and nightly, until she also had been summoned from the side of a murderer to dwell with kindred saints in heaven. I was alone, with no one to share the wealth which I had so foully purchased, no one to mate with even in villainy, no one to condole with me on my losses, no friend, no relative, no source of consolation; and for the first time I asked myself what was the advantage of vice over virtue.

I slowly recovered health and strength, and then resolved to bid a long farewell to the place of my birth; to seek for excitement or content in change of scene, with a faint hope that I might somewhere find a quiet retreat in which I could meditate on the past, and perhaps make atonement (if that were possible) in the future. A change, a wondrous change had come over me, and I at all events determined to look abroad and ascertain for myself what were the relative amounts of happiness and content which even in this world fall to the lot of the followers of good and evil.

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.

[To be continued.]

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY MRS. H. C. CADDICK.

Ah! happy hills! ah! pleasing shades!
And fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.”

“It went dancing along like a thing of life; as your northern rivulet is apt to do.”

It is not because the scenes of our early youth are always in themselves beautiful that we continue to think of them with delight long after we have left them, and have become acquainted, in our progress through life, with other and more enchanting displays of natural beauty; but because, by the force of associated ideas, we look

upon them as the abodes of innocence and health, and security. Amid the cares of business, or the enfeebling and evanescent pleasures of the world, the memory fondly reverts to hours of simple happiness passed in our paternal home; she loves to retrace on the tablet of the heart, the fields, and grove, and limpid streams that witnessed the joyous sports of childhood, and imagines that to be again restored to those scenes would ensure a return of the happiness once enjoyed in them. Under this delusive idea the man of business, who has been toiling in some crowded city from morn to eve to amass for himself a splendid fortune, retires at once from the pursuits he has followed for forty years, and flies, with eager haste, to the place of his birth. He climbs the hill—penetrates the most secret places of his once favourite grove—drinks at the rill at which he was accustomed, in years gone by to quench his thirst, or lave his glowing cheek—but does he find the pleasure he has so long expected? Unless he can bring back to these haunts of his youth the same unsophisticated spirit that he then had, he will rove among them joyless and forlorn; it is not that nature has changed her aspect, but that his heart is altered. And it is fit that it should be so; if men, in the pursuit of wealth or honour will barter for them, as assuredly they must, the bright unvalued joys of youth, they have no right to murmur if the exchange proves unfavourable to their happiness. It is not to be expected that they shall at the same time enjoy the flowers of Spring and the fruits of Autumn; as well might the miner, who descends into the bosom of the earth in search of gold, look amid its dark recesses for the flowers that are springing above his head. It is enough that memory retains the image of departed joys; and he is wise, who, contenting himself with her shadowy forms, does not sacrifice present realities in the vain hope of re-embodiment pleasures that are past.

And it may be, too, that memory is almost as great a deluder as hope; the one flings her light forward and shews us only the *beauty* of the prospects before us, the other casts her radiance far back on life, and gilds none but the *pleasant* spots of existence, to which she tenaciously adheres, until we earnestly wish to retrace our steps and linger on them again. Yet were it possible to do so, we should find her, like hope, a capricious guide; when we arrived at the wished for place, the enchantment would be broken; and the magician, as if yet further to mock us, would be muttering her spells, and building her baseless fabrics on another and more distant spot;—she means that we shall gaze on her pictures, but never realize them; only in semblance can she restore us to the past.

And how vividly can her pencil trace out to our mental vision, the most minute objects of the landscapes of our youthful days. Nothing is omitted in her rapid outline; nothing is left uncoloured in her finished work; she even animates her pictures—she breathes, and the trees wave in the wind—the waters flow in their track. Under such a delusion I am transported again to a valley hid among the majestic hills that form the border of Yorkshire and Westmorland; hills which lift up their lofty heads and frown upon, even while they shelter, the valleys beneath them. Bursting from their sides are innumerable rivulets, which, augmenting as they flow, sweep, like liquid silver, through a fertile and romantic country; and there are places, among these mountains, and beside those springing rivulets, still as though they had never been trodden by human foot; green, flowery, and beautiful: others that are stern and rude, with soil so cold and barren as almost to deny existence even to the hardy linchen. The traveller who has ascended Skiddaw, and gleaned from its sides rich specimens of the fossil and mineral tribes of nature; who has coasted along the shores of Windermere, and listened to the echoes of the mountains which surround it, may be excused for passing unnoticed the less famed but giant height of Ingleborough, or from roaming through the fertile valley it proudly overlooks. Yet it is situated so near the junction of the three counties of York, Westmoreland, and Lancaster, as to command, from its summit, an extended prospect into each of them; and the mind of him who visits Ingleborough may be at once elevated and saddened by the ideas presented to it in gazing on the surrounding objects. Standing on a summer's day on its bleak summit, yet scattered over with the relics of a Roman camp, the mind naturally reverts to the days when those ancient masters of the world left, at the call of ambition, the delicious fields and sunny skies of Italy, to spread the terror of their name to these *then* remote and barbarous regions. Not without pride, as an Englishman, will the stranger compare the present fallen fortunes of the once imperial

city with those, now "full blown in dignity," of his own land; not without astonishment at the wonderful powers of the mind, will he rapidly trace the progress of her improvement from that age to this. Following the same thread of thought, still comparing England as she is to Rome as she once was, it will also occur to him that the mistress of the ocean must, in her due time, yield to the irresistible causes which govern the rise and fall of empires—and that at some future, but distant period, it will probably happen, that *England* "shall sit in dust as" *Rome* "does now."

From this painful reflection how gladly will the heart expand itself in the joyous consciousness of the unchanging powers of nature, while the eye may roam with delight over the country extended beneath it, beautifully wild, and with so much art as shews off nature in her fairest proportions. Far to the west, and at the verge of the horizon, extending like a line of light, is the Irish sea, shining in the declining sun; and darkly rising, almost on its borders, is the castle of Lancaster, frowning, like some recalled spirit of the dark ages, on the frivolous erections of modern times. But the country extending to the borders of the sea is comparatively flat and uninteresting; it is the valley, between this hill and its northern neighbour, that enchains the attention and charms the heart. Not standing on the top of Ingleborough, but nearly half way down its side, there rises above the head of the wanderer a perpendicular front of rock, some forty yards in height; beneath his feet, scattered here and there on the sides of the hill, are patches of wood; lone white cottages; and one or two irregular villages, each with its little white church and "heaven-directed spire." On its summit, and for some distance downwards, the hill is barren; but near the bottom it assumes a more fertile aspect, and its enclosures denote that it is private property and repays the toil bestowed upon its culture. Meandering among these fields and the copse-wood that skirts them, one of many mountain rivulets wanders away to the valley, where from the height, it is, in appearance, lost amid trees and cottages, while, in reality, it is sometimes sauntering, sometimes rushing on to bear its tributary waters to the Lune. The valley of the Lune, which extends its cultivated length for twenty miles, is beautifully spotted with small towns, villages, and picturesque farm houses, with here and there a more stately mansion of "lord or squire;" while the living waters which every where intersect it diffuse beauty and fertility around them.

It is delightful to the lover of nature, to sit on the hill side and look down on the beauties beneath him; or to listen to such of the shepherd boys' wild stories gathered in the long winter evenings, as are connected with the scenery around. He will shew, on a barren spot of the mountain side, far above the level of any other water, a small mysterious well, and while his auditor bends to drink of its pure, cold waters, will give his version of the old legend; "that once upon a time, a certain astrologer foretold to a noble lady that her only son was born to be drowned on a particular day, which he named. Filled with dismay, and anxious to save her child by carrying him to where no water had ever flowed, the lady rose early on the fatal day, and fled with the boy towards the top of Ingleborough. She passed in safety every brook, or as they are provincially termed, every *beck* in her way and had almost reached the top, when she became so exhausted by the heat of the day and her unusual toil, that she sat down to rest. She fell asleep and dreamed that her boy was drowned—she awoke and found it true; that spring then first welled out from the earth, and its gushing waters suffocated the infant as he slept at his mother's side.

The people in mountainous districts are generally superstitious; they are surrounded by the most magnificent forms of nature, and are consequently impressed by comparison, with a sense of their own insignificance, they live more alone than the dwellers in the plain; their cottages are scattered far and wide, and in contemplation induced by this solitude the imagination wanders at will, and peoples the lone scenery around with super-human forms. Alone on the mountain height, isolated, as it were, from all mankind, the mind shrinks back on itself, and is anxious for something to which it may attach itself, something which it may depend upon. If its peculiar characteristic be piety, it will lift itself up and commune in secret with the great Author of being; if the vain imaginations of man alone still occupy it, the visionary spirits of the air, the water, and the earth—the mere creations of fancy, or the offspring of superstition, will become its companions. It will give to airy nothing "

"a local habitation and a name."

It will "body forth" the winds of heaven—"the most spiritual of all the elements."

Soft Summer Wind! thy gentle breath
Scarce stirs the trembling aspen tree,
Or from the rose tree's crimson wreath
Shakes of the dew drop's brilliancy.
Steal gently o'er the silver lake—
Its slumb'ring waves will just awake!
Then fold, within the leafy grove,
Thy sunny wings—like those of Love.

The Summer Wind! her breath is fraught
With sweetness from a thousand flowers;
Her voice is like an echo, caught
From the far ocean's wave-dashed shores.
And, wrapt in robes of light, she lies
Hushed to repose in cloudless skies.

Autumnal Wind! thy path is laid
O'er the dark clouds in yon blue Heav'n
That seek, ere winter comes, to shade
The orb for warmth and splendour giv'n.
On in thy glorious track! nor wail
That faded leaves before thee fly—
For floating clouds upon the gale
Are borne in gorgeous majesty.

Th' Autumnal Wind! her step we hear
Rustling 'mid flowrets fall'n and sear;
And her low voice, unearthly, wild,
Comes on the ear of Fancy's child
With muttered moan and dirge-like flow
That speak the spirit's restless woe.

Thou Wintry Wind! oh not alone
Dost thou pursue thy mad career;
For night and darkness are thy throne,
And round thee fly all forms of fear.
Rein! rein, thy rushing steeds—thy car
Rings like loud thunder o'er the world,
And, at thy wrathful bidding, far
Earth's mightiest monuments are hurl'd.

Infuriate giant! on his brow,
Bright as the mine's resplendent gem,
But formed of glitt'ring ice and snow,
He wears a frozen diadem;
And, bound within his frigid zone,
Nature is changed to silent stone.

Wind of the gentle West! come murm'ring on—
The flowers are waiting to expand for thee;
The icy fetters of the streams are gone,
And the young leaflets tremble on the tree.
Bear on thy wings the weary pinion'd bird,
Whose joyous notes far distant lands have heard;
And scatter o'er the earth the seed of flowers
That bud and bloom in climes more bright than ours.

The soft Spring Wind ! and hath she not a power
 On the cold sterile heart fresh seeds to fling,
 Of many a sensitive and gentle flower,
 Such as adorned it in its first gay spring ?
 No, no !—once rooted up and cast away,
 Like poisonous weeds to wither and decay,
 The transient blossoms of the heart no more
 Can breath of earthly spring to life restore.

Of the waters, particularly of the streams which originate in the hill side, the shepherds speak, like Miss Mitford, "as if they were things of life." One of the largest of them occupies, at its source, no wider a space than a peasant girl might cover with her straw hat ; but it flows on in unpretending tranquillity, until it is augmented by other springs into a tolerably wide brook. Its bed then becomes rough and stony, being scattered over with large masses of rock which the tempests of ages have in succession hurled into it from the heights above. In ordinary times the stream winds playfully round these obstacles ; but when storms have swelled it to ten times its usual size, it dashes over them with inconceivable fury, or falls, from one to the other, in long lines of silvery whiteness, which, if they are met by the wind that plays round the middle of the hill, are caught up by it and scattered far and wide, until they assume the appearance of a mist. Sometimes, in a season of drought, it can scarcely linger along its channel ; the mills in the valley, usually turned by its waters, stand still ; the cattle which have wandered to it in search of the refreshing draught it generally supplies, stand listlessly among its rocks, either idly licking them to cool their parched tongues, or lashing with their long tails the summer flies from their bodies ; and children are delighted to play in its bed, and turn up the stones and look for the speckled trout which are dying for want of their proper element. Suddenly the skies darken above Ingleborough—the lightning flashes around its top—the thunder awakes the echoes of its rocks ; the rain, descending in torrents, runs down its dry and barren sides, rushing rapidly into the bed of the stream, which, increasing as it flows, soon becomes formidable, while its turbid waters, eddying round the late uncovered rocks, dash against them every object that it is bearing down on its bosom to the valley. Such is the suddenness of its swelling, so great its temporary force, that sheep often perish in the outflowing of the waters ; sometimes there have been instances of its proving equally fatal to human beings.

It is perhaps sixty years since a catastrophe of this kind occurred in the village first visited by the waters of this stream, after it has descended to the valley. It was not then, as it is now, a dim and dirty manufacturing village, but a sunny hamlet of the olden time, whose inhabitants were few in numbers and primitive in manners. They held but little and casual intercourse with the people of the world, and, in their simplicity, looked upon cities with something like horror, as being the abodes of vice and wretchedness. Not that they were themselves free from the depravity common to all the children of Adam ; but every individual of the village circle was so intimately known to all and each of his neighbours, that his foibles and errors were so open to ridicule and censure, that he must have had "an unblushing front" indeed who could venture to live in the open and constant practice of any gross vice. They formed altogether one family, of which their pastor was the head ; and to him they looked for admonition and reproof—for help in the hour of need—and for comfort in the day of sorrow. He was, like "the village preacher" of Goldsmith,

" ————— to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

A sum, as the times then went, sufficient to keep him in respectability, just above his flock, without removing him so far out of their sphere as to destroy his sympathy for their sorrows or their wants. There are not at the present day many such villages as this was then ;

" The times are altered ; trades' unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;"

we have fostered our commercial prosperity at the expense of agriculture, and our

country has lost much of its rural beauty and innocence. Manufactures have demoralized while they have factiously enriched our population; they have given us vast buildings for industry on the banks of our once pelucid streams; and for the stillness and simplicity of village life, the ceaseless din of machinery and the peopled haunts of labour. The politician, the merchant may look with satisfaction on the alteration, but the man who is unwarping by interest, and has a heart to feel for the condition of his fellow men, and a head to consider on the end of this false prosperity will

“——— judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.”

To the man of taste—the impassioned lover of nature in her purity, the outrage offered to her quiet repose is unpardonable; it is to him little less than profane to turn the translucent mountain stream out of its proper course, for the purpose of setting in motion the machinery of man, and he is ready to weep with the Naiads over their polluted urns.

But sixty years since, before machinery was set in motion by steam, the mountain stream was free and clear enough; it dashed into the village from amid a small wood a little above the church on the hill side, and rushing rapidly past the mill, which was built at a place where the stream threw itself naturally down a miniature cascade, murmured through the middle of the village, at the lower end of which was a substantial bridge built for the secure passage of the inhabitants over the brawling and turbulent water. It was seldom, however, that those whose dwellings were a little remote from this “*brigg*,” took the trouble to walk over it; “*stepping stones*” being placed at different places in the bed of the “*beck*,” by which the communication between houses on opposite sides of the water was easily kept up. It was truly a “*babbling brook*,” and in the deep hour of night there was something mournful in its monotonous fall from the mill, and its continued dashing against the stones in its bed. Further on in its course, when it had been yet more augmented by petty tributary streams, it suddenly dashed itself headlong into a subterranean cavern of unknown depth; and, after continuing its subterraneous vagaries for upwards of a mile, just as suddenly emerged into daylight again, and pursued its way as placidly as it was before outrageous and brawling. How its spirit was tamed in the dark caverns of the earth, or wherefore the gnomes detained it so long a prisoner, mortal man can never discover; it is enough to know that whatever was precipitated with the water down into the cavern was borne by it, though shivered to pieces in the fall, through the gloomy ways it was compelled to traverse, and appeared with it again on its return to the regions of day—a sufficient proof that it was one and the same stream.

In a cottage opposite to the church, but divided from it by the water, there had resided for many years an industrious couple whose farm was their whole wealth.—They had had many children, but one after the other fell sick and died, to the inexpressible grief of their mother, who had a heart formed for the fullest enjoyment of maternal love. She was one of those kind beings who may be justly called the infant’s friend; for childhood, whether by its innocence or helplessness, always called forth the display of her otherwise retiring benevolence. Her own first-born was nurtured with surpassing tenderness; she leaned over its cradle to watch its rosy slumbers in unutterable transport; and hushing the almost audible beatings of her glad heart, she moved about the house with noiseless footsteps lest they should wake her boy. How joyously did she watch for the unclosing of his soft blue eyes that she might snatch him, ere yet he was quite awake, to her bosom. What fond dreams of bright futurity did she not indulge in—Kissing the transient tears from his face, and hushing his little sorrows as none but a mother *would*, as none but a mother *could* hush them. But sickness came; the almost transparent eye-lid of the child, beautiful as it was with the blue veins meandering across it, drooped heavily; his rosy lips became pale, and his cheek had the hue of death. Not then was he left to the care of a hireling—no, his mother’s hand smoothed his pillow, and prepared his neglected food; his mother’s voice lulled him to his short, broken, slumbers—his mother’s tears fell on his burning brow. She took no rest herself, but like the bard-king of Israel, fasted and wept, for her whole soul was wrapped up in the life of her child; as she looked upon him while he lay withering before her, like a flower nipped by untimely frosts, she could not

repress the grief that was o'erflowing at her eyes. She saw that he must die—that the irrevocable decree had gone forth, and she tried to be submissive to the stroke; but, when she remembered his endearing half-uttered words of affection—and thought of the void that there would be in her existence when he was quite gone, nature triumphed over religion. She listened in agony to his laborious breathings—she started away from his couch when she saw his face—the face she had all but worshipped—fearfully convulsed—and at length, when his dying agonies were painfully prolonged, they wrung from her an unuttered prayer that the child might die.

The birth of another boy weaned her thoughts from the one she had loved and lost; but he too died, and she mourned, with yet more bitterness, over the second bereavement. But hope, ever buoyant, again rose in her breast when she looked, for the first time, on the face of a fair girl. The love of a mother for her sons is mingled with pride; she anticipates the hour when they shall rival, and, perhaps, surpass their sire in height, and strength, and speed; when they shall become men, and go forth into the busy world, and make themselves a name. But for the daughter she entertains an unmixed tenderness;—she is drawn to her by a more close feeling of sympathy, and, by a consciousness of her own weakness and dependency on man, she is led to look anxiously forward to the future fate of her child. Every unfolding trait of gentleness in the character of her girl at once gratifies and grieves her—since it is impossible to tell whether her sensibility may not prove a bane to herself—whether the adverse circumstances of life may not turn to gall the milk of human kindness in her bosom. But this child lived not to prove either the sorrows or the pleasures of the world, dying, like its predecessors, in early infancy.

Slowly did maternal love, thus bereaved, one by one, of its treasures, admit that each affliction might be a blessing in disguise. She listened meekly to the consolations of the good pastor, and hushed her sobbings as he spoke of the crimes and the sorrows they had escaped from;—but nature will have her due, and she grieved long and bitterly after each deprivation. At length she had two sons born in a day; and though their existence was long precarious, they finally triumphed over the thousand ills of infancy, and promised fair to arrive at mature years. They were fair-haired, blue-eyed boys, seeming, from their unbroken unanimity, to have but one and the same spirit. They grew together

“Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.”

Their mild and unassuming manners endeared them to every beholder—to their parents they were a treasure richer than the wealth of Croesus. At an early age they promised, as they grew into manhood, to develop talents of no ordinary description; and in their twelfth year, their progress in all the usual branches of village learning was so advanced that their father, in the honest pride of his heart, had already determined that one of them should study divinity and the other physic. It was then, indeed, no unusual thing for the sons of such farmers as were, for their provincial phraseology, *statesmen*, or cultivators of their own land, to bring up one or more of their sons at the village schools, which had a right of sending annually a certain number of boys to the Universities. These youths, for want of patronage, seldom rose higher in the church than to be curates, though the northern counties of England, particularly Westmoreland, have sent forth men eminent alike for piety and learning. The twin brothers might, perhaps, have added to the number, but death, which spares no man, suddenly broke in upon their father's visions of felicity and future fame; the indulgent parent was found lying in one of his own fields with the spark of life utterly extinguished.

This was indeed a grief to the widow and an irreparable loss to the orphans; but the necessity which called upon their surviving parent to endeavour to supply to them the one they were deprived of, proved an antidote to her sorrow. “Sorrow,” says the great moralist, Dr. Johnson, “is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea in its passage, contributes to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by motion and exercise.” Obligated, for the sake of her children, to superintend the cultivation of their few acres, the widow had not time to sit down and weep; she had no opportunity of indulging in lamentation; and to grieve as one without hope, while her boys remained to her, she knew was both weak and wicked.

Rather more than the first year of her widowhood had expired, and it was the meridian of summer. The few domestics that she retained were employed in getting in the hay, and her twin sons had entreated permission to go up the mountain side, to look after their sheep that were feeding on the barren fields of its upper region. The indulgent mother could not refuse such a simple request, and after dinner they set out on their little expedition. The day was uncommonly fine but very sultry, and some of the older farmers had predicted a thunder storm. The swallows, they said, and other birds flew closer to the earth than usual—the cattle congregated together under the hedges, and, neglecting their pasture, betrayed considerable uneasiness; while the flowers, and even the earth herself, emitted a stronger odour than ordinary. Those, however, who never apprehend an evil, until it is close upon them, looked up to the cloudless sky and laughed the storm fore-tellers to scorn. But, in a very little time, there came a sensible gloom over the face of nature, and the sky darkened in the east, the quarter from whence the wind rose. There had been, during the day, no perceptible breeze, but now the trees were visibly agitated—their leaves shivering and turning up their pale under sides; while the dry grass in the fields and dust in the lanes were scattered and blown about in contrary directions. Still the atmosphere was hot and oppressive, and the storm clouds became darker and darker, and spread themselves all over the sky. No one could now deny that the thunder-storm was approaching, and the hay-makers returned unanimously to their respective farms, for so dense was the gloom, so appalling the solemn hush of nature as to awe the stoutest heart. At last the forked and vivid lightning flashed its blue quivering flame through the departing clouds, followed by the thunder, which, with a long, loud crash, burst over head, and then, after rolling away and returning again with many a lengthened peal, at last died away in the distance. Again the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled—and yet again—then large, heavy rain drops fell on the hot earth, and were rapidly followed by others until they descended in one overwhelming shower. The conflict of the elements was truly awful—the heavens appeared to be one sheet of flame, so vivid was the lightning, while the very earth seemed to rock as if in terror of the thunder peal. The wind, an unusual adjunct of a summer-storm, shook and bent the full foliage of the trees, till the more flexible ones swept the ground, which as the rain still fell in torrents, was deluged with water. Altogether it was one of the most terrific storms that had for many years visited the district.

And where, during its fury, did the twin brothers shelter themselves? On the hill top they would be exposed to all its violence, and even if they could reach one of the sheep-huts, erected at intervals on its side, the slight fabric would be wholly inadequate to protect them from the down-pouring rain. It was thought that, warned by the preceding gloom, they would endeavour to reach home before the first thunder-clap should burst above their heads, and several of the farm servants of the village went out to meet them in their descent. In the mean time one or two females resorted to the house of their mother, endeavouring to give confidence to her mind by their assurances that no evil would happen to her children; but, despite their comfort, she felt uneasy, and a sick fear filled her trembling heart. She went continually to the house door and looked up towards the hill side, but no part of it was visible, the clouds thickly enveloped its huge form. One hour and then another passed away—the storm had abated, the thunder dying gradually away, and the wind and the rain ceasing together; but the children did not return. The men who had been in search of them came back without them, supposing that they had reached home by some other path, and expressed so much surprise that they were still absent as to raise the fears of their mother to the highest pitch. They departed a second time, and in greater numbers to look for the fugitives; and separating into small parties as they ascended the mountain, left no place, within a reasonable extent unexplored. They searched every sheep-hut and little cavern, and enquired at every cottage, but all in vain, they could hear no tidings of, find no clue to the fate of the brothers. At last it occurred to one of the party, that they might have been overpowered and carried away by the very sudden outflowing of the stream, and they agreed to descend, guided by its course to the village. After following, for some time, its uncertain wanderings without any success, they reached the upper end of the village, where the stream somewhat abated its violence, and wound round the wall of the church-yard. On that side of the water the bank of the stream was a considerable height, shelving over at the top,

and being planted with large old trees, that threw half their shadow over the stream and half over the resting places of the dead beneath. Here, close under the bank, in a hollow worn by the water in a rock, the farmers observed something like the objects of their search, and, in a few minutes, the ill-fated brothers were drawn from the water, closely locked in each other's arms, and yet retaining the flexibility and the hues of life. All means were immediately tried to restore them to animation, but in vain—the spark of life was extinct for ever.

But who shall describe the feelings of the mother after the failure of every remedy so anxiously but vainly resorted to? It could not be that *her* boys—her young, her beautiful, her healthy and happy children—who had so lately clung to her neck with affectionate earnestness: whose warm breath she yet felt upon her cheek—whose glad voices yet rung in her ear—whose buoyant footsteps she had so lately watched—could they be *dead*? It was not in a widowed mother's heart to admit so fearful a truth and retain any other feeling; and therefore, from that hour, every hope, every recollection, every thought—all things were as nothing to her; she wept for her children and would not be comforted.

There are many kinds of solitude which press heavily upon the heart; the gloom of a prison; of a sick room, when distant from all those who care for us, and whose kindness would change the melancholy aspect of the scene; of a home from which those we love have departed for a time; but to all these Hope may be a welcome visitant. There may be freedom, and health, and restored friends in the gift of futurity; but to be alone in a house whose cherished inhabitants are gone to the tomb—*this—this is solitude*. The suppressed bustle of the attendants at the funeral is all hushed—the guests have departed—and they, in whose honour the mournful rites were celebrated, where are they? It is in vain that reason whispers to the sad survivor, “why shrinkest thou at the tempest that raves round their narrow bed?” it is long, very long, ere the memory can dwell upon those we have lost without associating with their image a sense of human feelings—of wants—and sufferings; and we shrink instinctively at the idea of their lone repose in the cemetery, as though the dead could awake to the horrors of such a bed. And, under the influence of this feeling, long and often did that lone widow quake in the stillness of night, when she thought of her children; the low murmuring of that stream which had been so fatal to them ever sounded in her ears; and, for the short remainder of her melancholy life, she presented to the pitying beholders a heart moving picture of desolation. She has long lain in the grave of her husband and her children, and the grass has grown above them so luxuriantly as almost to cover the inscription which simply relates their fate; while the stream, which at once overwhelmed and ruined so many hopes, still flows on in the bright sunshine as though such things had never been.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE RENFREWSHIRE MAGAZINE.—We have before us the first six numbers of this periodical, and have been much gratified by their perusal. We always hail with pleasure any well-directed attempt to widen the sources of intellect, and the more especially do we greet such undertakings as the one now under notice. Our desire is that each locality should be represented by its own periodical, as we know of no other means so effectual of giving a true knowledge of the physical and intellectual characteristics of a country. If every county in the United Kingdom possessed a similar organ to the Renfrewshire Magazine, we should have an interesting and complete history of men and manners as they now exist. We should also find as the natural result of the progress of provincial literature, that knowledge and refinement would make a corresponding advance, and that their influence would pervade the moral and social relations of society. It unfortunately happens that praiseworthy efforts like the present are too frequently attended by pecuniary losses, though we sincerely trust that the work before us may have a better fate. The articles are varied in character, and written in a good style and a right spirit. Instruction and amusement are judiciously blended, and the manner in which the work is got up is exceedingly creditable. We purpose giving a sample of its contents in our next number.

A TRADITION OF THE PEAK.

BY W. ROWLINSON.

About fifty years ago the roads through the High Peak of Derbyshire were in a very different state to what they now are. The one leading from Chapel-en-le-Frith to Castleton, ascended an exceedingly steep hill, called *The Paisley's*. For the distance of three miles, there was not one habitation, nor even a shelter to shield the traveller from the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.' The inhabitants in that part of the country are warm-hearted, hospitable, and honest; but at that time rumours were afloat, that the neighbourhood was infested with a desperate gang of robbers. Many strange noises had been heard, and that man who dared to venture up the *Paisley's*, after sunset, must have possessed a stout heart.

The year had far advanced, and some business of a peculiar nature demanding my attention at Manchester, I started from Castleton at day-break, accompanied by some miners, who were going to the grove. The only road at that time lay up the *Windgates*, better known by the name of the *Winells*; and as we proceeded, the topic of our conversation was the nature of the depredations that had been recently committed, and conjectures who the marauders could be. When we had gained the middle of the hill, our attention was arrested by a low, yet shrill whistle, which was immediately answered from another quarter, and we observed a man steal behind a crag, to screen himself from our observation. We conceived this to be a singular proceeding, and, after a few moments consultation, agreed to ascertain who he was. For this purpose we proceeded towards the spot where we had observed him hide himself; and at this moment a shrill whistle, that reverberated from the rocks on each side, was blown from the place where we had heard the first from. We ascended the hill, and having reached the spot where we expected to have found the man who answered the first signal, were surprised that he was not there. There did not appear any fissure in the crag, nor any passage by which he might have escaped, but that we saw him there, was certain. After having marked the precise spot where we had seen him, we descended, and pursued our journey, not a little amazed at the scene we had just witnessed.

At that time there was no mode of conveyance to Manchester, each person being either compelled to walk or take a horse; and having finished my business, which I did in a few hours, I set out on my return home. The day was getting pretty far advanced; and by the time that I reached Chapel-en-le-Frith, the sun had set, and the stars were beginning to gem the heavens. Having walked this distance without much refreshment, and feeling fatigued, I called at a public-house. The fire blazed cheerfully; and on one side of the hearth sat 'mine host,' and on the other a packman, as he was then called, or itinerant vender of wares, of various descriptions. The conversation ran upon the robberies that had been committed, and I related the whole transaction I had witnessed in the morning. The pedler ascertaining from my conversation that I was going to Castleton, proposed to accompany me, although he had previously determined to take his lodging with 'mine host' for the night. This proposition I gladly accepted; but having occasion to see a friend, who resided but a few doors distant, I left him, saying, I would return shortly. I remained in conversation with my friend a short time, and he pressed me very earnestly to stop with him for the night, alleging as a cause, that he had, on the preceding night dreamed that I was murdered. I however left him, and having proceeded to the public-house, was informed by the landlord that a person had come in, stating that he had met me at the bottom of the town, going towards Castleton; and that in consequence, the pedler had started after me. I immediately proceeded forward, thinking I might overtake him.

As I walked on at a brisk pace, the idea of the scene I had witnessed in the morning haunted my imagination; and although armed with a stout stick, I felt convinced I could be no match against such a gang as was said to infest the neighbourhood. As I proceeded, my fears increased, and suddenly I heard the same shrill whistle I had heard in the morning, a short distance before me. Another whistle answered the signal, and this was immediately succeeded by one of the most piercing

and heart-rending shrieks I had ever heard. The sound thrilled through my soul; and I stood petrified, speechless, and immovable. I listened attentively, and I heard the sound of many voices; and then one loud, long, and horrifying cry, like that of a man in the last agonies of despair and death. I listened again, scarcely daring to breathe, and I heard a confused and almost inaudible whisper, that floated upon the air. I then imagined I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and I bounded off back with lightning speed; and having reached the town, I alarmed the inhabitants, related what I had heard, and conjured them to accompany me in a body, which, after much reluctance, and some time being lost in making preparations, they did. I pointed out the spot where I had first heard the sounds, and when we proceeded about two hundred yards further, we saw in the clear moonlight the blood streaming upon the ground. There was not a vestige of any thing remaining, except the blood, and a quantity of hair that had been rubbed off against a stone.

This circumstance created a great sensation at the time, and measures were taken to apprehend the murderers, and to discover the body. The existence of a gang of villains in the neighbourhood, could not now be doubted; especially after the scene I had witnessed in the Winnets, and the subsequent transaction, in which I must inevitably have participated, but for the interposition of divine providence. All the known caverns in the vicinity were searched, night watches were set, and every effort was made to discover the hiding-place of the murderers. Many conjectures were started respecting the man who had been seen in the Winnets; the place where he had been seen was searched, and at length a small aperture was discovered, which had been hidden by a stone, having the appearance of being part of the crag. Here was a discovery that might lead to the haunts of the robbers, but no one could be found possessing sufficient hardihood to enter the fissure. A gun was discharged down it, and the sound seemed to proceed to a great distance.

About a quarter of a mile from this spot is a frightful fissure, seemingly formed by some terrible convulsion of nature. It was near the mouth of this place I was searching, having wandered away from my companions. I was armed with a pistol and bludgeon. Suddenly I saw a man emerge from this cavern, and steal cautiously among the heather. I approached him, and was within a few paces of him, when he discharged a pistol at me, and ran. I fired in return, shouted with all my might, and pursued him; but as if winged with lightning speed he outsped me, and after a weary and fruitless run for two miles, I gave up the chase. The cavern was afterwards explored, but nothing was discovered, except traces that it had been made into a place of concealment.

From that hour to the present day the packman has never been seen or heard of; and it is to be regretted that his inhuman murderers were never discovered, though the hand of divine vengeance doubtless obtained a just retribution.

Some years ago, when the new road was being cut between Chapel-en-le-Frith and Castleton, a skeleton was discovered, buried about two feet beneath the surface of the earth, and distant about half a mile from the place where the murder was perpetrated. This circumstance recalled to my mind the whole affair; but as it was impossible to identify the body, nothing but a skeleton remaining, the bones were interred in the church-yard of Castleton.

THE LAST FOND LOOK.

Yet just once more
 I fain would scan, dear vale, thy beauties o'er;
 I fain these fond admiring eyes would cast
 O'er childhood's home and scenes! 'twill be my last
 Fond gaze—for ere the shades of eve come on
 And hide from view those flowers—I shall be gone.
 I feel life's ebbing sands are nearly run,
 For me no more will rise yon morning sun,

And when the warbling songster's tune their lay
 In yonder shady bowers the live long day,
 And when the forest-bee at rosy morn
 Shall wind with ceaseless hum its tiny horn,
 And when the sigh of trees, the flow of rills,
 With sweetest music this green valley fills,
 Or when the jocund shouts of cheerful mirth
 Shall echo to the laughing sky from earth,
 This heart unconscious of that joy will be,
 Sepulchred 'neath yon church-yard alder tree.
 The balmy breeze may run her fingers through
 Each holly bush or wild fantastic bough,
 'Till each breathes harmony—the flowers there
 With richest fragrance may perfume the air;
 The early lark, wing'd for the orient skies,
 Her matin-song may warble as she flies;
 The nightingale in yonder distant grove,
 At eventide may sing her song of love;
 The butterfly may wanton in its play,
 And bask and flutter in the sun's bright ray;
 Bright Sol may tip with gold those verdant hills,
 And Cynthia silver o'er those murmuring rills;
 Her beams may dance upon the rippling brook,
 Yet I on these dear scenes no more may look.

Adieu, blest scenes, to me for ever dear,
 For ye fond memory sheds her warmest tear,
 For ye again the silver wires among
 My hand I throw, to weave my parting song.
 Adieu ye crystal rills, ye rippling streams,
 That blest with music sweet my childhood's dreams;
 Ye free-wing'd zephyrs fresh and cool that blow,
 That erst did fan my warm and youthful brow.
 Adieu, ye floral meads, and verdant woods,
 Ye mountain torrents, and ye vernal floods,
 Ye purple peaks, deep dells, and sylvan bowers,
 Where I ere-while have spent my happiest hours.
 Adieu, ye friends of youth, ye faithful few,
 In love unchanging and in friendship true,
 Whose eyes would ever lighten when I came,
 For ever midst life's changes still the same,
 Who ever more would consolation pour
 Into my aching breast—and in the hour,
 The darkest hour of chill adversity
 Would ever breath the kindest sympathy.
 Farewell, dear friends—a few more tears to shed,
 And I shall mingle with the silent dead,
 But though the ties be broke that bound us here,
 We yet, blest thought! may meet in yon bright sphere.

JOSEPH ROBERTSHAW.

Peel House Lodge, Suddenden.

AN ADVENTURE.

HAMLET.—Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
 BRABANTIO.—This Accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already.

SHAKESPEARE.

I AM naturally inclined to superstition; in fact, I believe there does not exist at this present day a man, who places more unbounded confidence in the dregs of a tea cup, the mewing of a cat, the braying of a donkey, &c. &c., all which are now (oh! tempora, oh! mores!) fallen into comparative disrepute.

With what avidity have I often seized upon a cinder, which has bounded from the fire, and regardless of the latent heat, anxiously examined the object of my curiosity, doubtful whether it was a "coffin" or a "purse," which had been cast, as it were, designedly, before me. In the days of my childhood, how often have I neglected the more tedious studies of "Delectus," and the "Exempla Minora," to "devour," (as Lord Byron used to express himself with regard to Walter Scott's novels) the soul harrowing wonders of The Seven Champions of Christendom, Jack the Giant Killer, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, all of which "I most potently believed" at that time, and which I still look upon with an eye of admiration and respect.

So much for my character, which must be thoroughly understood, before the following wonderful Adventure can meet with the full share of credence which it certainly deserves.

Some months since, I had heard that a friend of mine, one whose disposition in every respect resembled my own, was suddenly seized with so severe an attack of the gout as to endanger his life; and this illness increasing he had desired me to pay him a farewell visit. This circumstance did not surprise me so much as you might be led to suppose; for I remember that both my wife and myself had not only seen a huge winding sheet on one of my best mould candles, but I had also dreamt for three successive nights that Elkanah Megrim, my worthy friend, had made his appearance at our garden gate, mounted on his black mare Bess, and wearing the identical drab beaver, which he was accustomed to boast had seen seven and twenty winters.

This was very extraordinary, very extraordinary indeed, and we could not for our lives discover the meaning of so remarkable an occurrence; but my wife happening at this crisis to recollect that old Bess had departed this life some years ago, and that the old drab chapeau had fallen a prey to a band of mischievous men, who in some of their predatory excursions had mistaken it for a Cheshire cheese, we at length came to this agreement, viz. that some serious accident would shortly befall poor Elkanah Megrim. And the event proved that our conjectures were too well founded, for the very next morning, whilst I was complaining to my wife of the shooting of my corns, and predicting the sure approach of rain, who should come up the lane, leading directly to the house, but John Dobson, Elkanah's man of all work, with the intelligence which I have above mentioned. I could not refuse my poor friend's request, though the day was very gloomy, and the rain, agreeably to my prediction, now began to descend in torrents. So wrapping myself up in my great coat, and covering my nether man with a pair of very thick inexpressibles, I bade adieu to my good woman, enjoining her at the same time, to inform me of every remarkable occurrence which might take place during my absence.

But I had more perils to encounter than had been "dreamt of in my philosophy;" my horse stumbled, (an evil omen) when I had not proceeded twenty yards from my own habitation; and I had already discovered that my stout upper Benjamin could not entirely defend me from the pitiless shower; besides, what was far worse than all, I had to pass over a large, suspicious-looking common, which had been the scene of many robberies and even murders. It was very natural, therefore, that I wished myself safely landed at my journey's end; especially, as the day was drawing near to a close, and I had now reached the cheerless waste which I mentioned. But judge what were my feelings when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind me, and beheld by the uncertain light, which was gradually diminishing a mounted cavalier, approaching me at a rapid pace. My first impulse was to prepare for instant battle, for I certainly imagined that this personage was no other than one of the depredators.

whose handy-works were the terror of the country, for upwards of twenty miles round.

But alas ! I soon perceived that I was no match for the highwayman, for on his nearer approach he appeared to be an extremely thick-set, square-shouldered, and no doubt desperate little fellow. He drew up his horse when he passed me, and awaited in silence my arrival. Very strange ! thought I to myself, for I was too prudent to let him know what was passing in my mind.

As we rode on together without exchanging a single word, for I was still rather dubious, and had not quite mastered my fears, I had leisure to survey the person of my mysterious companion ; and I shall endeavour as minutely as possible to give an exact portrait of him.

He was a man whose age perhaps did not exceed forty ; at least, as far as I could judge ; and what he wanted in longitude, he amply supplied by his extraordinary latitude ; this remark may be applied to the whole of his person ; his arms, his legs, his feet, his hands, his face, were all marvellously short and thick ; and buried as it were in a remarkably rubicund visage, rolled two little twinkling orbs, which incessantly shot around suspicious glances on every object. His nose too seemed to be formed according to the same model as the rest of his person ; but so " fiery red " was that useful organ, that I solemnly declare it shed a soft lustre over all his countenance, by which I am of opinion that I was enabled to study all his features so narrowly.

But it was not merely his nose that rivetted my attention, but a certain air of mystery, which hung over him, and deterred me from breaking the ice with any of the usual remarks on the weather, &c., though I am universally acknowledged to be a very pleasant, communicative old gentleman. Once indeed I ventured to enquire how far the heath extended, but my red-faced friend did not condescend to return an answer to my impertinent question. There sat the little fat man on his sleek Bucephalus ; not a single limb, not a single muscle appearing to move ; every thing about him perfectly at rest, except his eyes, which, as I said before, were in continual agitation. I now began, as may be readily supposed, to grow heartily tired of my fellow-traveller, and clapping spurs to my horse, attempted to free myself from his society ; but to no purpose, he was soon at my side, his eyes appearing now to twinkle with ten-fold velocity. I reined in my steed ; he did the same, I stopped for a short time ; so did he. " Bless me ! " I mentally exclaimed, " what an adventure ! Should this be the spirit of one of those travellers, who were lately murdered on this very common ! " Many circumstances conspired to confirm this new idea : I could ascribe to this alone his unbroken silence, his mysterious air, his twinkling eyes, and above all his effulgent nose.

We had almost crossed the heath ; the clouds were dispersed, and the moon was rising in tranquil majesty, when happening to cast my eyes upwards, I beheld to my great horror and astonishment that she was not as usual of a pale yellow colour, but of a bright Waterloo blue ; I turned to my companion, his face no longer retained its " fiery red," but was now " deeply, darkly, beautifully blue ; " his nose too had lost its glowing fire, and burnt as blue as a Roman candle, or piece of sulphur.

I viewed these phenomena in a paroxysm of terror, which was by no means diminished, when the little fat man, approaching so near me that the heat of his nose positively scorched my cheek, asked me with a strong Irish accent to take dinner with him. I stammered out an apology, for I did not relish the thoughts of sharing a ghost's dinner, for such I now considered my new acquaintance to be. My refusal seemed greatly to irritate my inviter—" You shall take dinner with me," he exclaimed, whilst his eyes grew gradually larger and larger, and the rays of his nose glanced over my face like a flash of lightning. The dictatorial tone in which he spoke did not a little displease me, and I answered rather sullenly that I was obliged to visit a dying friend. " Arrah ! by the Powers," cried my antagonist, " but if you won't come to dinner I'll be after pulling your nose." " The devil you will," retorted I, " we'll see whose nose can best bear pulling." No sooner said than done, he charged against me with a vigour that upset myself and my Rozinante, and then proceeded to put his threat into execution. The struggle was long and fierce ; he seized my nasal protuberant, I returned the compliment, in spite of the sparks of fire which flashed from the offended member. Victory was for a long time doubtful : when I suddenly

received a blow from behind, which laid me prostrate on the ground, and I — awoke, and found myself, not on Higgleby Common, but seated comfortably in my own parlour, my wife standing over me, prepared to repeat her flagellation, and our old Irish housekeeper, on her knees before me, endeavouring to extricate her olfactory organ from my determined grasp, roaring out most lustily at the same time, "Dinner's on the table, Sir, let go my nose."

THE MEMORY OF BURNS,

BY WILLIAM HEATON.

(From an unpublished volume of poems, entitled the "*Flowers of Calder Dale*.")

HELP, help my muse, ye sacred bards,
 Oft as the flow'ry spring returns,
 To lisp the name my soul regards,
 The bonnie name of Robert Burns.
 Oft do I think on lovely Doon,
 And wish a moment I was there,
 Where Scotia's poet left so soon
 The banks where flowers grow fresh and fair.

The warbling songsters warble still,
 The green leaves quiver in the wind,
 And still runs forth the murmuring rill,
 But Burns has left them all behind ;
 Yes, Death hath snatch'd him from the storm,
 And laid his body in the clay—
 Perhaps his Highland Mary's form
 Hath beckon'd him from earth away.

Muse Scotia's sons, and o'er him mourn,
 As oft ye walk by bonnie Doon ;
 And oft, as summer's sweets return,
 Or brightly shines the rising moon,
 Oh ! think upon your gifted bard,
 And let your eyes from tears refrain ;
 Guard well, his sacred relics guard—
 You'll never see his like again.

Suddenden, near Halifax.

ENGLAND; OR, COUNTRY THOUGHTS.

" Home, home, can I forget thee,
 Dear, dear, dearly lov'd home ;
 No ! no ! still I regret thee,
 Far, far, tho' I may roam.
 Home, home, there would I be,
 Dear, dear, art thou to me."

THE first time I heard the above verse, it was sung by a company of school-children, who were on their way home after attending the school during the day. My nward prayer was "May ye always thus love your home."

The English people are said to be descended from a migratory race, truly they at

present, shew their descent. Day, by day, week by week, year by year, we read and hear accounts of many of our country people leaving their native shores.

Some leave England for the sake of trading with a foreign people for goods we have not in this country, and selling what goods they know are required by the people they visit.

Some leave England for the purpose of planting amongst the heathen and savage, "The tree of knowledge"—of teaching them the arts of civilized life, and giving them a knowledge of that Great Being, who not only makes those arts—but also places within our reach the means of working those arts.

Some leave England for the purpose of defending her, and keeping from our shores that scourge and hindrance to learning's advancement—war.

Some leave England for the purpose of finding a happier life, and a life of more freedom.

Lastly, we have those who leave England to look at and admire foreign manners and customs—and compare the scenery of their native country with that amongst which they may be travelling!

And perhaps I thought within myself—perhaps some of these children may be amongst those enumerated above—perhaps they may forget their home—and leave her.

Mr. John Bull has been, and is, rather famous for the desire of getting money. Money, money, money—money morning noon and night is his cry; and well he earns it too! no time is valued, no pains are thought of when money is the object: for the purpose of getting money he will traverse sea and land!—the widest sea has never yet opposed his persevering progress—the longest desert has never caused him to shrink from his object; he has lived amongst unknown people—he has sailed to countries before unknown, and all for money! Trade with John Bull forms a part of his existence!

And would I condemn him for this trait of character?—Never. I would be the last to offer the slightest hindrance to his progress!—Why? Because wherever he travels—whatever seas he may cross, or countries he may visit—with him goes—freedom!

Should he visit countries to us unknown before—he certainly, if he can, trades with the natives, but at the same time, he strives to improve their condition! and on his return, engages his fellow countrymen to instruct and enlighten the ignorance he may have left.

Again, I would not hinder England's progress to wealth, because it is her wealth that gives her peace at home—it is her wealth that enables her to encourage the arts and sciences! What is it that enables every large town to have its houses for the poor. Its Infirmary?—Its Dispensaries?—Wealth! What is it encourages the building of our Lyceums, Mechanics' Institutions, and other places of popular instruction?—Wealth. For by wealth we are enabled to bring to our aid knowledge—and knowledge teaches us our wants.

Look again at our many periodicals and newspapers, and these are caused by the increase of wealth amongst all grades of the people of England.

By wealth too, we are enabled to send out the second class of people who leave England—and they are those who go forth to spread the knowledge possessed by us.

And here again I say—long may men be found ready and willing to meet all the difficulties which oppose those who go to instruct the heathen and the savage.

War can by no sensible man be called a desirable thing to have at our own firesides. The terrors we read of as happening amongst the people of other countries, are sufficient to deter us from wishing this devastating scourge to come into our own country. May England ever be *free*, at least from this—may "hearts never be found wanting" ready to shed their blood in defence of their country and countrymen.

That travelling, for the purpose of visiting and observing the manners of the people of other countries, is necessary I admit. For many prejudices are then destroyed, which neither became us as men or reasonable beings. Mixing with and communing with foreigners is a means of causing a kinder feeling amongst them towards ourselves—and also of causing us not to look so much upon foreigners as people who did not know their right hand from their left.

We seldom love those we have neither seen nor heard of ! Nay, we cannot even feel a friendship for them, much more love them, without we have in some measure, intercourse with them. Let us ever then encourage this feeling amongst ourselves ; if we do, it will work such an effect upon our mind and therefore upon our actions—as to have with those who have been our enemies—nothing but words and actions of friendship, truth, and love.

Personally I would wish to visit foreign countries for the purpose of observing the ways and manners of the people dwelling in them ; but not to dwell there, not to stay there in preference to our own country.

Other countries may be grand—sublime—and striking—but the scenery of England is touching ! Whilst the foreign scenery fills us with awe and dread—that of our own country brings with it peaceful, quiet, and holy thoughts to our minds.

We have not the bold, and rugged mountain of inaccessible height capped with never-ending snow ! We have not the valleys of constant spring in which grows the vine and other pleasing shrubs ! Yet we have swelling hills and spacious plains, scattered over the country from one shore to another ; and speckled with cattle and sheep ! We have the large towns in which work the artizan and tradesman : we have the beautiful meadows and wheat fields, where plies the peaceful and industrious husbandman ! And all plying with the same ennobling feeling ; all being suffered to work at what he pleases, or to go where he pleases—in fact, freedom puts her stamp upon England's sons—and this feeling dwells in the hearts of all our people.

My thoughts were here put a stop to by the children suddenly singing another of their songs which I thought the most pleasing melody I ever heard, being taken from Beethoven, and the words are certainly suitable to plant in England's children feelings of love for their country. Their master had by this time joined them, and from him I gained a copy of the verses, the last of which I have put down.

But the place where this was sung ! On a hill-side, a gentleman's seat on the right hand, shewing its grey tower just above the grove of oaks ; just below were some sheep feeding, and the tinkling of their bells was no bad accompaniment to the children. In the vale is a mere, as it is called, being a large sheet of water, and around which stands a large wood, which gave back the song by echo. And from where the children stood is seen a variety of hill and dale, not only pleasing but affecting to an Englishman ; and most heartily did I try to join with them in their singing—

“ Oh dear is our own England,
Her head is bright with bays ;
Her heart flows forth in mercies,
A thousand, thousand ways.
A song then for Old England,
Her hills and valleys green ;
A song for England's daughter,
Our Lady and our Queen.”

C.

SONG OF A MOUNTAINEER.

Away ye gay and shady bowers,
Ye bright and sunny vales !
Where perfume springs from fragrant flowers,
And sweetly scents the gales.
Give me the hills, the towering hills,
Where tempests loudly roar ;
For I'm a child of the mountains wild,
And my home is on the moor.

I love to climb the craggy steep
When thunders shake the air,
When dreary glens, and caverns deep,
Are lit by the lightning's glare ;

I love to view the torrents blue,
 As they lash the shaking shore ;
 For I'm a child of the mountains wild,
 And my home is on the moor.

I hear no voice but the voice of God,
 As it thunders in the storm ;
 I dread no power but his mighty rod,
 When it mars the mountain's form ;
 Oft do I sleep on the storm-rock'd steep,
 While the clouds are rushing o'er ;
 For I'm a child of the mountains wild,
 And my home is on the moor.

B. BRIERLEY.

Hollinwood.

NATURE AND MUSIC.

HARMONY is scattered over the whole plan of nature, and is also its greatest wonder and ornament. And in music harmony is the brightest and sweetest production the musician can bring forth.

I consider the natural world to be an organ ! The earth—trees—and plants—I should take as the *case*—the birds and animals as the pipes of the instrument. And a beautiful organ it makes ; one which every body may enjoy, one which every body can feel.

This natural organ never tires its listeners, because it is capable of every variety and modulation of sound ; and the outside covering of this organ is so arranged that it offers no hindrance, but rather assists the due conveyance of sound ; by the *appearance* of the case we are prepared to hear the appropriate sounds—and the harmony of the case with the sound fills us with rapture.

In the spring time of the year—when the trees once more bud forth their leaves—when the fields begin again to be clothed with their delightful verdure—when the sweet primrose and cowslip begin to scatter their fragrance over the country, and the thorn to give its bloom—then with its joyful and happy note comes the cuckoo ; and the lark with its merry notes fills the air.

In summer when the leaves are thickest—the farmer mows his meadow—and all things approach their greatest growth. Then are hatched and fledged the whole company of the warblers of the grove ; and they cheer the live-long day with their *complicated* and various tunes. The lark—the thrush and the black-bird all join in the merry chorus. The rooks, too, with their cawing, are like the unmeaning stops of an organ, when *separately* heard are worse than useless—yet in the *whole* help to make up the compliment of sounds.

The pretty little wren does its best, and may be compared to softer stops, which are not capable of producing much extent of sound—yet possess a power of the ear and heart, which we feel but cannot explain.

Then comes autumn the dying part of the year, when nearly all but the thrush have left us ; when the farmer with pride gets in his golden harvest, and all nature for the year is enjoying its maturity. The thrush still sings, and has for his companions the robin and *corn* drake, as we call it.

Last of all comes cold, stern winter—with its clothing of frost and snow !—Yet here the robin is with us still—all nature seems to be dead, but this poor little house bird. To me he is always a welcome visitor, and his few chirpings sound to me as the reed stops of an organ. Light they may be—still they have a pleasing and a pleasant sound.

But have I not produced sufficient evidence to show, as I said at the commencement of this article, that all nature is but an organ !

I love to wander forth, far from the noise and bustle of large towns ; amongst the green fields and woods of the country. There is something so pleasing—something

so soothing—and something so musical to my ear, that I stand as it were entranced sometimes, whilst listening to my natural organ.

The echoes of the birds' voices—the variety of those voices make to an unaccustomed ear, but a discordant, an unarranged whistling—but to one living regularly in the country and accustomed to its life—this natural music is far preferable to the finest concerts of human invention. The last are but the efforts of skill and application—but that of the feathered songsters is natural—produced without study or exertion.

Yet if we took one bird of each species and confined them in a room of large size—and planted around them the prettiest artificial bowers; we should not have such pleasure in hearing their music, as we have whilst they are *free* and amongst their own woods and fields.

Man cannot be so cheerful in a state of slavery as he is in freedom! Nor can birds. If we wish to enjoy their music, we must hear it whilst they are *free*—we must hear it in their own glens—we must be in the open air—free to go wherever they choose—and we must be amongst them.

If we are thus at freedom, our songsters should be the same—if we love natural order—if we study *her* arrangements—we shall acknowledge that harmony crowns her, and that her *voice* is but as the beautiful sounds of hundreds of melodies.

C.

LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS;

OR,

REMINISCENCES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A PEDESTRIAN.

THE following sketch had connection with a short pedestrian tour immediately after the coronation of our beloved Queen, and is intended to shew the folly of judging by external appearances. Without further prelude, I will enter into the particulars. I, like many others, attracted by the glowing descriptions of the various journals, relating to the anticipated splendours of the coronation of our youthful monarch, and seized with an unconquerable desire to mingle in the busy throng, which made London the centre of attraction, left a comfortable home in the ancient Borough of Lancaster, having received from an affectionate mother a liberal supply of an article without which London, the noisy, gay, and amusement presenting London, is as dull and spiritless as a country village in the depth of winter. I started forward, in company with good health, youth, and high spirits, in the pleasant month of May, thus allowing myself ample time to visit anything attractive or remarkable which a long ramble might present to my notice. After a serpentine journey of about a fortnight I reached the modern Babylon, and was fully occupied until the eventful period by Museums, Galleries, Theatres, Concerts, Gardens, Boat Excursions, &c., which while they made time fly swiftly and pleasantly, likewise affected a very considerable reduction in my supply of the circulating medium, and vividly brought to my mind the idea that a system of strict domestic economy would be necessary, in order to make the remainder last me during the journey which I had planned out, and which extended through Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Monmouth, Worcester, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham and Lincoln. At length the coronation arrived, and a youthful and half-parentless female was crowned Queen of a mighty nation, amidst the shouts of the multitude, and the reverberation of the numerous pieces of artillery. But as it is not of the coronation I would speak, I will leave London, and take the reader with me to see the grand review of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, and from thence to Chatham, Maidstone, Canterbury, and Dover—at which latter place, the occurrence which is the subject of the present sketch occurred. I have mentioned that the state of my exchequer was not in a flourishing condition, and being obliged to “cut my coat according to my cloth,” on reaching the cliff-shaded town of Dover, I cast round my eyes to discover some neat but homely looking hostelry where I

might obtain refreshment and a bed without launching into unnecessary expenses.—Short was my search, for on the right hand side, I espied a respectable quiet-looking inn, which apparently presented all that I could wish for; and within two minutes from the discovery I was seated in a clean room, discussing the merits of a crust of bread and cheese, and moistening my throat with a glass of "cold without." A pipe followed, and in agreeable conversation with other occupants of the room, the evening wore imperceptibly away, and about ten o'clock having, according to my invariable custom, paid all expenses, including bed, I expressed my desire to be ushered to my dormitory, which the landlord himself civilly acceded to, by immediately lighting a candle, and requesting me to follow him. Of course I did so, and we ascended the stairs. Before going further, it may be necessary to inform the reader that previous to retiring for the night, I had heard suppressed sounds of mirth and revelry, as though proceeding from a distance, or from a room closely and snugly shut; however, I had not taken notice of it, and now followed the landlord up the stairs, the sounds of laugh and song gradually gaining force, until he opened a tightly closed door, when the whole varied and grotesque picture was exhibited, and the mysterious sounds fully accounted for. The room into which I was ushered was long, and contained several beds, occupied by all sexes, sorts and sizes, the greater majority of whom, however, had not retired for the night, but were regaling themselves with every variety of liquid, the beds serving for seats, and rough tables being placed near them, on which were pots, glasses, tobacco pipes, remnants of victuals, and the necessary appurtenances of their low orgies. Astounded at such an unexpected scene, I stood for some seconds irresolute whether to retreat or remain, but at length enquired of my conductor whether that was the room of which I was destined to enjoy a thirty-second part; he politely informed me it was not, and we passed down the centre, receiving the coarse jokes of tinkers, gipsies, match sellers, itinerant paper merchants, and every other variety of wandering vagabond, of whom this house appeared to be the general rendezvous, and presently reached a door at the further end, which opened into a room containing three beds, one of which (or rather a portion of one) was destined for me. Determined to see the joke out, I bid the landlord good night, and taking the candle proceeded to survey the occupants of the other *snowy* resting places. The first was vacant, but the second exhibited the interesting frontispieces of two dark-looking individuals of either sex, apparently by the articles lying near, juvenile windmill manufacturers, who disturbed by the glare of the farthing dip on their optics, civilly enquired with a friendly oath, what I wanted. I merely answered, that I wished to share the honour of their company for the night, intending to occupy the tempting pallet in the other corner, which, however, on minute inspection, did not come up to my ideas of an agreeable resting-place. Nevertheless, wishing to see who might be my companion, I threw myself on the wretched apology for a bed, and having put out the light, lay for about half-an-hour, listening to the harmonious strains which proceeded from the adjoining room, and which the ill-fitting door allowed me distinctly to hear. At length the door again opened, and two individuals, itinerant cheap knowledge disseminators, entered the room, evidently under the influence of strong potations, and having disrobed, without the assistance of either looking glasses or attendants, were soon snugly ensconced in the other bed, the gentleman, upon some trifling dispute, having gallantly and unceremoniously consigned the different portions of his companion's body to the mansion of an old gentleman, and then having fallen asleep, commenced a most agreeable nasal concert with the windmill manufacturer, which added to the varied sounds in the "long room," made a most incongruous melody. Being now quite satisfied, and not wishing to remain until my bedfellow arrived, I rose up, and entering the principal room, amused myself an hour with witnessing the careless, jovial, and spendthrift characters with which the apartment was studded. Near one bed was a match seller, his partner and four juveniles, who appeared to have had good success in the timber retail speculation, for the eyes and tongues of the whole party gave plain indications that they kept not the tee-total pledge. The father was a jolly fellow, about 35, with strong natural parts, and a vivid perception of the ridiculous, and his imitations of other characters in the room, were certainly clever; the woman was dirty, with the countenance of habitual drunkenness, yet there was a certain indescribable something in her manner that spoke of better days and more congenial scenes; the children were worthy of such parents, shrewd, careless, and

drunken, and from the father I learnt that the earnings of the family had been during the previous day 11s. 4d. Yet instead of laying by for sickness or bad luck were they spending it all, calculating on the next days' gains for the new necessities of life. While conversing with this family party, my attention was attracted by a noise at the lower end of the room, and I soon found that two men had quarreled over their cups, and had determined to enjoy a pugilistic contest ere retiring for the night. The tables were accordingly removed, and surrounded by the half drunken throng, at it they went, falling heavily against the bedsteads, which lined each side. After a most brutal display one of them "gave in," overcome by the combined effects of blows and drink, and the victor received the congratulations of the honourable fraternity. Being now pretty well disgusted with the scenes of brutal degradation I had witnessed in that den, I took my leave, and having found a respectable house open, I retired to rest, and dreamed of the wild orgies in that low receptacle. Having in the morning mentioned my overnight adventure to the landlord of the "Flying Horse," he informed me that the house I had selected for quietness and economy, was the most blackguard receptacle in the city of Dover, and that the scenes which had so surprised me were nightly enacted above stairs, while the lower rooms presented the clean appearance of a third or even second rate inn. He likewise added, that the money made by the landlord was almost incalculable, his guests being generally "hard drinkers," and as no credit was given, his profits exceeded those of any three houses of a similar size. It was calculated that the long room produced fifteen shillings nightly, exclusive of meat and drink, and as there was no fear of the occupants decamping with the furniture, no espionage was kept on their actions, and thus the song succeeded the fight, and the fight the song, until either the last copper was gone, or the lost wretches were reduced to complete imbecility by their lip-destroying pleasures. And thus ended my first and last visit to the cadger's crib, only surpassed by the Padding Cans of London, where the wretched are lodged for twopence per night, and huddled together indiscriminately, according as they arrive, without reference to either sex or age. What romances of real life might be drawn from some of the characters who frequent those dens; amongst them may be perceived men who started in life with bright hopes, but who have blasted all by some besotting sin, and gradually sinking step by step, lose all respect either for themselves or others, and herd "hail-fellow-well-met" with the vilest of the vile, either ending their mortal career in a ditch, or for some breach of the law banished for life from their native country.

F. W. B.

Temple of Friendship Lodge, Cardiff.

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL SOIREE IN AID OF THE GENERAL RELIEF FUND
OF THE

LOYAL SHAKSPEARE LODGE, OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, M.U.

March 1st, 1847.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

AGAIN, kind friends, we ask for aid from you,
Not as a boon, but as a tribute due
From those who wish their fellow-men to bleas,
And yield relief to sorrow and distress.
We ask your aid to take the sting from care,
And comfort those who struggle with despair;
On you we call to cheer the poor man's room,
And light with hope his night of weary gloom;
On you we call to give relief to those
Who grapple with the worst of human foes,
Gaunt Poverty, lean Want, and pale Distress,
Those fiends that haunt the homes of wretchedness.

We call on you to help your suffering kind,
 To aid your helpless brethren, and to bind
 Those who are leagued with you in that strong chain
 Which makes the scoffs of envious men as vain
 As if they strove to check the rushing breeze,
 Or still the heaving of the billowy seas.
 Your generous acts shall soon be spread afar,
 And to each brother be as some kind star
 That guides the wanderer o'er the stormy main,
 And points the path to friends and joy again ;
 And when prosperity shall flush the cheek,
 Each heart in words of thankfulness will speak.

The greatest boon which God on man bestows
 Is power to heal his fellow-creatures' woes ;
 The truest joy that mortals taste of here
 Is when they dry the mourner's falling tear :
 For this Odd Fellowship was first design'd—
 That man might be in brotherhood entwined,
 To ransom human kind from sorrow's thrall,
 And speak the words of promise unto all ;
 For this were cast aside all jarring creeds,
 And favour sought for not by words but deeds ;
 For this the barriers of class and space
 Were rent asunder, and whate'er his race,
 A brother's hand return'd a brother's clasp,
 And friendly fervour mingled with the grasp.
 Like the wing'd seeds the breezes spread around,
 In distant lands a home the Order found ;
 Its name was borne upon the North's cool gales,
 Its praise was murmur'd in the Southern vales,
 In Eastern homes its powers benign were blest,
 Proudly it grew and flourish'd in the West,
 And here to-night our course we still pursue,
 Cheer'd in our onward path by smiles from you.
 Not for ourselves your patronage we seek,
 For stricken men we to your hearts would speak,
 And it is written in the Holy Word
 That he who helps the poor lends to the Lord :
 Such debt is yours, and ours the pleasing task
 To say from you we had but aid to ask,
 And it was granted. This to you will bring
 One honied thought that will not bear a sting.

On with your revels then—let joy impart
 Its buoyant feelings to each generous heart.
 Your cause is hallow'd, and that pleasure blest
 Which springs from wish to cherish the distress'd.
 To-morrow's sun shall brightly shine on all
 Who mingle now in this glad festival ;
 No clouds of sad regret shall shadow those
 Who meet to chase their fellow-creature's woes.
 Let music's strains proceed, join ye the dance,
 Let beauty's eyes and beauty's smiles entrance,
 Let every hand and every heart combine
 To urge the progress of your aim divine,
 'Till want, and woe, and pain, and grief, and thrall,
 Are chased for ever from the homes of all,
 And each shall learn to bear, to aid, forgive,
 And peace and joy with all mankind shall live !

THE ODD FELLOW.

NEAR a small village, in the South of England, may still be seen a neat cottage, the residence of one Mary Markland. Its peculiar situation often caused an enquiry as to its tenant, and as often gave rise to a relation of the following anecdote.

Mary Markland is the widow of one John Markland, an honest, hard-working individual, who was daily to be seen plodding the road to Guilford and back accompanied, by his hard-worn old horse and snugly covered cart, for John was alike postman and carrier for both gentle and simple in the neighbourhood where he resided, and was much respected by those who knew him. No doubt John contrived to gain a comfortable livelihood, for no sooner were his cart wheels heard trundling near his cot, than he was surrounded by his smiling family; the cart was unloaded, the horse bedded, John refreshed; and with his children he was soon employed in a plot of ground that surrounded his once happy home, thus forming for himself what may be truly called an earthly paradise.

"I will remember," said an old man, who was kind enough to tell me this tale, "It was in the month of June, when the bells were ringing out the joyful news that our soldiers had been victorious at Waterloo, when banners were floating from many windows, and one in particular from the house where John usually stopped. A lodge was held there, and the silk was emblazoned with arms then little known, for Odd Fellows were looked upon by many as a body disgraceful beyond conception, but John was not a man of such weak intellect, for although some time was spent in fruitless persuasion, he at last agreed to become a brother. He was proposed, initiated, and had paid several visits to the lodge, without even mentioning the circumstance to his dear Mary, but the tongue of scandal was busy, and John was not spared for the dreadful tidings which reached his cot. It was said that he had joined a body of men whose sole intentions were to deprive their families of domestic comforts, and who would finally draw him into some fearful snare. In vain John strove to assure his wife to the contrary; her tears flowed in abundance, but a faithful promise was made that if he would put her in possession of the secret all should be forgiven and forgotten. "I will," he replied, "it is that I will continue to love you and my dear children, to act with honesty to all mankind, and finally to maintain the honour of my sovereign." Mary looked doubtful, but her tears were dried, and all outward appearances of grief were banished. Slander, however, had taken too firm a hold; she was easily persuaded to the contrary by her busy neighbours, and with pain she saw her husband's best friends desert him, for many like herself supposed him enlinked with some odd set, whose misdeeds must some day come to light. "Do not mind them, Mary," said he, "for every neighbour I have lost I have found a brother. I will not deserve their reproaches, they shall see no change in me, but for the better. Month after month rolled on; John persevered and still was happy, but his crime was so loudly talked of that the rector, whose residence was nigh, deemed it prudent to lecture him on the subject. Still was John immovable until the scandal became threadbare, and John was once more looked upon by his neighbours—but poor fellow he did not long enjoy their smiles, for sickness overtook him, and for months he was struggling apparently on the brink of the grave. A dread of some infectious malady kept many from visiting him, others stayed away through their former prejudice, and when poor John breathed in the arms of some Brother Odd Fellow his last earthly sigh, his end scarcely caused a sigh in the village, save from his bereaved wife and children. His enemies saw not the pleasure which beamed in his sparkling eye when life was ebbing fast, when assured that his Widow and Orphans should be cherished by his Brothers. "Their welfare shall be our care," said one, as the tears stole down John's faded cheeks. He heard their promise, and with a smile expired. The news soon spread, but how John would be buried few could tell, or how his family had been supported was but known to some; so loud, however, had been the talk of John's supposed poverty, that the day following his demise, the rector visited the cot to contribute his share towards their relief. Having been absent for some months, he heard little of John, until told on the eve of his arrival that a grave was ordered for him; having known John for many years, he learned with sorrow his supposed poverty, and hastened with relief. He looked with no small degree of

surprise on the many comforts the cottage possessed. The children he expected to find naked and distressed, were in want of nothing but their indulgent father. Poverty had been banished by the blessings of Odd Fellowship. "See," cried Mary as she wiped away her tears, and displayed a number of glittering coins, these and more than these have they given me; my John, our children, and myself have been fed by their bounty. I have three sons your reverence," said she, "I will teach them to bless the name of Odd Fellows, and when of age to join their ranks, and be as firm and true as their poor father has been. The good pastor learned with pain how the poor fellow had been persecuted. "There is my purse," said he, "in addition to what you already have; it will help you to gain an honest livelihood." He hurried from the widow's thanks, and in tears left the cottage. If then he was surprised at John's family comforts, how much more so was he when he beheld the stately group who ushered him to his mother clay. John's former enemies looked on with surprise and admiration, and many were abashed, when on the following Sunday, the rector gave for his text—

"Let Brotherly love continue."

He exhorted all of them to join like John in the bonds of unity and peace. "Learn as he did to love your neighbours," said he, "assist the afflicted and distressed, strictly adhering to friendship, love, and truth; banish all idle superstition, and let your motives be just. I fear not then but we shall all meet in another and a better world."

So powerful an effect had this appeal on the numerous congregation, that many immediately joined the Order, and at present there are few districts can outvie the one alluded to for Odd Fellowship.

P. S. MITCHELL.

West Derby District.

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

BY GEORGE HURST.

When in sorrow and toil for many a year,
I have traversed far lands or the wilderness drear,
The thoughts of returning the prospects would cheer
And my spirits sustained under trials severe;
But now I've return'd and a stranger appear,
And in no friendly smile a welcome I see;
The scenes once familiar seem desert and sere—
The land of my fathers is no land for me!

Still the church on the hill remains as it stood,
The abbey old walls have no further decayed,
The same oaks still flourish that grew by the wood,
And the woodman's low cot is seen through the glade;
These well have resisted the finger of time,
But my early companions scarce seem to be
The same that I left them in youth's early prime—
The land of my fathers is no land for me!

Some that I knew e'er I crossed the wide ocean,
Beneath the cold turf in the churchyard are laid;
I walk by their graves, and think with emotion,
What havoc appalling by death has been made:
And those that remain seem wrinkled with care,
Even those that used to be foremost in glee,
I find none my joys or my sorrows to share—
The land of my fathers is no land for me!

UNFORGOTTEN THINGS.

BY R. SHELDON CHADWICK.

(Author of "*Pleasures of Poetry, and other Poems.*")

IN memory's depths, and unforget,
 There oftentimes will lie
 Some sad, some silent, secret spot,
 O'er which we love to sigh;
 And thought sometimes will sweep athwart
 The brain on noiseless wings,
 And from the well of memory start
 Those unforgotten things.
 The school in which we learned to spell
 A mother's lovely name,
 The field-paths which we loved so well,
 The friends unknown to fame—
 These from the vista of the past
 Recording memory wrings,
 And shrines while human life shall last,
 Those unforgotten things.
 The promised vow, which hearts have made
 When circumstance denied,
 The love we plighted to the maid,
 Who strove her own to hide—
 These, these sometimes are *soon* forgot,
 When cold misfortune stings,
 But ah! there lives the secret spot
 Of unforgotten things.
 Some fragile flower will hang upon
 Its parent's stronger stem;
 A little while, that flower is gone,
 Like many another gem.
 Time rolls away—'tis then forgot,
 'Till some emotion brings
 Thoughts from that hidden memoried spot
 Of unforgotten things.
 Sometimes we gaze on lovely forms,
 To which our own would kneel,
 But hope to gain is wreck'd in storms
 The sea of life must feel;
 Times walks the spheres of endless day,
 But from the heart there springs
 A thought, a sigh, a flash, a ray,
 Of unforgotten things.
 Lives there a heart so callous, cold,
 Beneath Heaven's boundless skies,
 That feels like blunted darts, these old
 And venerable joys
 So reft of every sweet appeal,
 That from the bosom springs,
 As not in after years to feel,
 Those unforgotten things!
 I do remember passing through
 A grave-yard long ago;
 I do remember loving too
 The form laid down below,
 And oftentimes the tear will start,
 When silent memory brings
 Those parting sobs, writ on my heart
 As unforgotten things.

THE UNLUCKY MAN.

BY GEORGE HURST.

CHAPTER I.

"Better to be born lucky than rich," is a well known adage, and the truth of which being seldom questioned, is probably on account of its venerable antiquity. Yet, like many old sayings, however it may sound like the result of profound wisdom, on examination it will be found to possess very little meaning, as being "born rich" is unquestionably the luckiest incident that can occur to infantine humanity. We may frequently hear people descant upon what they conceive to be the advantages of beginning the world with nothing, and a man making his way simply by his own exertions. Some will even go so far as to assert, the possession of property being a barrier to advancement. Even the late Lord Eldon, sensible and experienced as he was, fell into this common error. Once being consulted by a young man, a ward in Chancery, and very wealthy, as to adopting some profession, and particularly with reference to the Bar, his lordship said; "I am aware sir, that you have talent, and every qualification that might ensure your success as an advocate, but there is one obstacle, the existence of which induces me to advise, that you should forego all idea of that pursuit. You have wealth sir, and I never knew a man who began with an ample fortune, that could give the requisite attention to so laborious an occupation."

The sapients, who talk in this manner, can generally support their opinions, by plenty of examples of persons beginning with nothing, and becoming rich and powerful, and on the contrary, of wealthy people losing or squandering their entire possessions, and being reduced to beggary. It is very true, an abundance of such instances may be found, but the man that from nothing acquires riches, would he not do the same thing sooner, or to a greater extent, from a different beginning; besides avoiding in his progress many privations, and circumstances of difficulty? As for the man who loses, or squanders his wealth, is he the likely person, commencing with nothing, ever by his own exertions, or ingenuity, to acquire a single shilling? People endowed by nature with an average understanding, who once possess considerable wealth, do not frequently become very much reduced, as in this age of civilization, in rubbing through the world, men's wits become so sharpened, if the material be at all susceptible of polish, that not knowing how to take care of one's money, is a direct proof of a deficient capacity. The poor that become rich are so few in number, compared with the multitudes that never improve their condition, that these examples only shew the difficulty of emerging from a state of poverty. Money will beget money, but how the self-enriched man obtained his first thousand pounds, is at all times a question of difficult solution. In physics we can easily conceive how immense quantities may conglomerate round a nucleus, but the puzzling thing to discover is, where the nucleus came from in the first instance. The man who commences with wealth, among others, has the advantage of following the course of life, most congenial with his own inclinations; and in the pursuit of happiness, the great desideratum of human exertions, this is no trifling consideration.

To illustrate the opinions I have here expressed, I shall narrate some of the incidents of the life of my esteemed friend, Mr. David Dunn Brown, a man estimable, confiding, and benevolent, but one who in his passage through life, could scarcely be considered as owing any thing to mere luck, or even to any skilful management of his own; but was sustained solely, by the single fortunate incident, of being the heritor of parents in somewhat affluent circumstances. He is one of those men of whom we may predicate, that with all his excellent qualities, had he been born a pauper, he would never have emerged from that station, but would have doubtlessly spent the greater portion of his time within the precincts of a workhouse. His father was placed in comfortable circumstances, not by his own assiduity, for he used to boast, that being blessed by providence with a robust constitution, it had never been debilitated, by either mental or bodily exertion. He owed every thing he possessed to his progenitors, and to a fortunate marriage with the daughter of a distinguished tradesman in the city of London, who had realized considerable property, by cleansing *the vertical tubes of houses* from the deposite of *carbonic fumigation*. Many years did this amiable pair pass together

experiencing all the ecstatic enjoyments, incidental to sympathetic, and congenial temperaments, resulting from a similarity of descent. Mr. Brown sprang from a race celebrated in the same famous city; *qui vicos urbis purgare soliti sunt*. Where there's muck, there's money, so says the proverb, and so it was proved by the Browns who turned their dust and mud to very good account. Annually, the nuptials of the worthy couple were blessed with a lovely pledge of their mutual affection; but until the birth of David, not one survived beyond the first month of its mortal existence, although he was not born, until after his parents had been married nineteen years. When the nurse brought the joyful intelligence of the little stranger's welcome arrival, Brown remarked reflectingly, "Well, this makes a score. What a blessed lot there would have been, if they had all been alive. The Browns at the same time, would have increased, and diminished. The family succession would have been secure, but who under such circumstances, could have secured a due succession of quartern loaves."

For "people about to marry" what food for contemplation!—Nineteen little Browns all swept away in rotation by the inexorable hand of death. A birth and a funeral annually.—Perhaps, as Mrs Brown was regularly informed by the parson, and several other old ladies, they could not go better than while they were yet unstained by sin, and unscathed by sorrow. Brown always consoled himself with the reflection, that his loss was their gain, besides not being irreparable.

The cause of these lovely buds being so prematurely withered, was according to the doctor's speculation that the carbonic acid of the progenitor's occupation, had veneficiously tainted the maternal conformation. An only child is at best but a lonely being;—he has no brother in whom to repose the secret yearnings of his heart,—or to encourage him in his views of profit, pleasure, or ambition;—no sister with the sweet gentle smile of affection to sustain him in his afflictions;—but as every evil has its accompanying consolation, he has no one to share in the parental accumulations, or the bequests of friends. In the death of all his little brothers and sisters, Master David sustained a severe deprivation, with regard to the sympathies, sentiments, and affections; but for this he was compensated, by being the sole inheritor of the rich products of the soot, mud, and dust of his forefathers.

David Dunn Brown was born on the last Friday, in the last month, of the last year, of the last century. All of which has a very ominous, and lingering appearance, boding nothing but what is slow, unlucky, and behind hand. As for Friday, we know that it is the most sinister of all the days in the week, and as the song says,—“You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday.”—Then how in the name of wonder, can any person expect to be lucky, who has been injudicious enough on that day to come into this cloudy, vapouring, and tumultuous world?—However, born he was at this unfortunate time, and there was no helping it, and as might have been expected, it was not long before he encountered his first mischance. In three hours after he had seen the light, (or if he had been of the canine genus we should have said, in eight days and twenty one hours before his retina had been pictured over with the blessed reflections of the solar splendor,) by the carelessness of his nurse, or from a numbness—occasioned by obesity, he slipped from her arms, and fell with his lovely nose upon an iron fender. This accident had nearly wiped out for ever, that useful and ornamental appendage; sad were the parents hearts at this misfortune, not only on account of the darling's sufferings, but they dreaded lest it should make an unfavourable impression towards the little dear, in the mind of their valued friend Mr. David Dunn, who was very intimate with the family, a distant relation, and an old bachelor, and who had frequently hinted that he only wished for a scion of the family of Brown to survive, that on his death-bed he might have some one to whom he could bequeath his blessing and his possessions. As soon as Mr Dunn had heard of the happy event, he hastened to congratulate the parents and he set their minds at rest, by observing as it lay asleep, covered up, face and all in the cradle, that it was the most lovely child he had ever seen, and in which the beauty of its mamma would be transmitted, with something of the manly bearing of Brown himself. During the first few days of baby's existence, it received the admiring praises of numerous persons, who called to offer their congratulations upon the happy occasion and to quiz their domestic arrangements. It was singular that although every one praised, not one really noticed the child, which was proved from none of them observing the dreadful havoc sustained by the nasal portion of his countenance. A purblind old lady was very extravagant in her praises of the bellows, which she mistook for the

infant, and declared it to be the very "pictur" of its papa. Well, the child being born, it was necessary it should have a name; of course this important point could not be decided without a consultation with Mr Dunn. Had he not a right to determine upon the name of his adopted heir? The parents were too happy at their friend's suggestion, that the prenomens should be David Dunn, and that he himself consented to undertake the important and solemn duties of sponsor. The christening was treated as no ordinary festive occasion. The enjoyment was continued until a very late hour; and Mr Dunn was so elated, that on his return home, he actually sang and shouted the whole of the way, and smashed the windows of several cottages in his progress. Mr. Brown before retiring to rest, seemed exceedingly grave and reflective, so much so that in essaying to walk, he deviated considerably from the right line; formed various curves, and zigzags, upset a table, and three chairs, and struck his head violently against the wall. On the servants observing the deep abstraction of his mind, they conducted him upstairs, and carefully put him to bed. When he laid his head upon the pillow, he muttered something about being "done Brown;" whether this reflection referred to his present state, or was cogitative of the prospects and name of his heir, has never been explained.

Mrs. Brown lay beside her husband, and soon sunk into a profound and peaceful slumber, having calmed her spirits with that heavenly nectar, vouchsafed to sustain the pilgrim through this rugged and tearful valley, *Tinct. Opii*.

Mr. Brown and his lady, like all other married people, occasionally had their family jangles although on the whole a pair so well assorted. Yet there was in one or two points a dissimilarity of habits, which sometimes occasioned some of those interesting differences, which contribute an additional zest to the sweets of matrimony, by giving an opportunity for the raptures of reconciliation. Were it not for these jars and discords being incidentally thrown in, connubial bliss would be a concatenation of such sweet harmonies, as to become insufferably cloying.

Mr. Brown was a patriot in the justest sense of the word, not the mere declaimer about his country's good. He was not the man to imagine evils, and create dissatisfaction and distrust among people, who would otherwise be contented and happy. No! he was the man to place his shoulder to the wheel, and serve his country by deeds, not by professions. — "What," he would say, "is a country without a revenue? How is that revenue to be ensured? doubtlessly by giving encouragement to the consumption of those articles, which afford the heaviest amount of duty." Gin and tobacco were the commodities which, as a lover of his country, he seemed to think of the highest importance, and his conduct shewed the steadiness of his principles, for his constant use of those articles proved plainly his conviction, that if the nation could be preserved from impending ruin, it could only be through the medium of gin and tobacco. Now ladies can seldom fully comprehend the great questions of political philosophy, — not from any deficiency in intellectual aptitude, for when by chance they have devoted themselves to such studies their views have always been remarkable for clearness and profundity, but it is, that their attention is generally directed to objects of more immediate utility. And Mrs. Brown could not be brought to understand the high motives that actuated her husband, for she considered that however his method of improving the revenue of the country might accord with political, it was a sad infraction of domestic economy; and she would pour forth a torrent of eloquence against the filthy smokers, and guzzlers, that in point of energy and effect, would far eclipse the highest efforts of your professed orators. Mrs. Brown abhorred the alcoholized compounds, usually designated spirituous liquors; but she had her own peculiar prescription, for soothing her nervous system, and sustaining herself under the various trials, vexations, and difficulties of domestic management. It consisted in *Sal volatile, quant. suf.* taken whenever she felt a sinking; and in *Tinct. Opii. about alternis horis*. For this narcotic however, she frequently substituted its more concentrated form Morphia. She also had a predilection for snuff; she said it was the only luxury in which she indulged, and she thought considering her exertions, and the fortune she brought, it was a very moderate enjoyment.

It happened on one of those days, so important in domestic arrangement, devoted to washing, Mr. Brown was imprudent enough to venture into the laundry, and whether it was owing to the gin and water, or otherwise, he was still further so imprudent, as to pinch the elbow of a very pretty dark-eyed girl, one of the servants. This was noticed by Mrs. Brown herself, from whose eyes the lightning faintly gleaming, and the cloud upon her fair broad forehead gathering, announced the approaching hurricane.

Yet the storm burst not forth at once; but her deportment displayed a kind of troubled calmness, which like the deep stillness that precedes the first burst of the volcanic eruption, is felt to be awfully oppressive. She walked, or rather marched from the laundry. Poor Brown followed.—He must have been indeed a bold rebel, had he been otherwise. His gait, looks, and manner were painfully deprecating. They went into the parlour, the door was closed.—This was all perfectly correct, and the lady merited the highest praise for removing beyond the reach of inquisitive ears, ere she delivered the conjugal admonition; but she was very blameable, for keeping about her domicile a being so "beautiful and fresh," and likely to lead so frail a creature as a husband from his propriety. Although it must be admitted that ugliness never did exist, in either maid, wife, or widow, yet all prudent married ladies, from the queen downwards, ought to select for the domestic situations, females approaching somewhat to plainness. A lady newly married, with the blush of virginity scarcely effaced from her countenance, may be excused from a feeling of confidence in her own charms, to surround herself with beauties carrying dusters, and frying pans, but an experienced person who had given birth to her twentieth infant, certainly ought to have understood the susceptibility of the masculine character too well to have committed such an act of imprudence. Oh! Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown, you ought to have known better.

The lady commenced with such due severity, that poor Brown trembled violently. Her discourse produced the same effect as the generality of judicial addresses, of which it was a type. It terrified, but produced neither edification nor amendment. "So sir," said she, "things have come I think to a very pretty pass, that you must have the assurance to get pulling the girls about before my face. You, that have been the father of twenty darling children, very nice lights you're setting. I have known of your disgraceful goings on for a long while.—Very little's the love you've shewn me; which is quite enough to prove what a wretch you've been. But I little expected to find that you were carrying on your pranks in your own house, actually under my own nose, with your own servants; and to take up with such a low, dirty, brazen, trolloping creature,—ugh!" It is very odd how opinions will vary; every body else, considered the girl to be for her station, remarkably genteel,—and the neatest, modestest little person in the neighbourhood.

Brown uttered not a word in defence, and the lady continued, "I'll soon put a stop to your frolics, as soon as ever the wash is well got up.—Not a blessed day longer shall that baggage stay on these premises I can tell you. A pretty thing indeed, to get mauling your own servants about, and then there's your nice drunken companion, that dreary Dunn, with his long, stupid tales about himself." Just at this moment a servant announced Mr. Dunn, who immediately entered the room. Here was shewn in a striking manner the wonderful tact of Mrs. Brown. Clearing up her countenance, and assuming a good humoured smile, was but the work of an instant. It was true her face remained somewhat flushed, but that gave rather an additional effect to the blandness of its expression. "Ah", said Mr. Dunn "there you are, happy and affectionate as two turtle doves. With such an example before us, it makes one think, that it is a solemn duty for every person to get married."

"Yes!" observed Mrs. Brown, "We certainly are very, very happy."—At this Brown uttered a faint, yet audible groan, but he was instantly quieted by a glance from his affectionate partner, who continued, "My dear Mr. Dunn, you cannot imagine how delighted we are to see you, for you are the very last person we were speaking about—Singular is it not?—And so you have had a jaunt of pleasure for a month, why your adventures will afford us a fund of amusement for days. Now you are here I think I can just suit you with a bit of luncheon.—A grilled leg of chicken, and a glass of my six years old green gooseberry wine, which some of the best judges have mistaken for real champagne." Mrs. Brown rang the bell for the purpose of summoning a servant to receive the necessary orders, when Mr. Dunn taking her hand, said, "I have seen your happiness with Mr. Brown, but he is the luckiest fellow alive, as we must no more expect to find two Mrs. Browns in the world, than two emperors of China, or two moons, or two suns, or two of any thing that stands alone in its glory. Knowing you make me know also, that happiness does not stand singly.—The truly happy are always in couples—how can it be otherwise? for we must have sympathies, we must have communion, and I, after living so long in single absurdity, am determined to atone for the past, by doing so no longer."

At hearing this Brown looked rather blank, and felt puzzled as to what the old

booby would think of next. A cloud passed for the moment over the lady's countenance as she reflected upon the baby's prospects, and she replied, "My dear Mr. Dunn, this is a very serious matter. — Although Brown and I have always lived so very happily: although since the blessed day of our wedding a cross or unkind word has never passed between us;" at this Brown groaned again, and his amiable partner gave him so determined a verjuice glance, that he felt, as though the whole contents of the vinegar cruet had been poured down his throat, and the lady resumed, "You must not think ours by any means a common case. Ours is as you may say, an exception to the general rule; for its really horrid how most married people live together. I could tell such things *about people that we all very well know*, that would quite astonish you. "My dear Mrs. Brown," said Dunn "you quite distress me,—I fear I have been very imprudent."

Mrs. Brown replied. "There can't be any great imprudence at present, for I never heard of your paying any particular attentions to any body, so if there be any body at all, that has attracted your notice, it must be I imagine quite a new attachment, and I should advise you before you go too far, to study the temper and disposition of the person, and if you discover any thing at all doubtful, you can easily, as Brown would express it, "back out."

"But," said Dunn, in a solemn manner. "It's gone too far, I'm everlastingly fixed."

"What then you are really married already?" "I am," exclaimed Dunn, sighing deeply.

A servant who had answered Mrs. Brown's summons, immediately after the bell had been rung, stood unobserved waiting for orders, and hearing the whole of this interesting conversation, every word of which she carefully fixed in her memory, for the edification of the kitchen, now thought fit to make a noise with the door, as if she had just entered. This attracted the attention of her mistress, who looking at Mr. Dunn, thought to herself,—"not a drop of my green gooseberry shall you taste;" so she told the servant to leave the room, as nothing was wanted. Brown, who had some suspicions, that his friend was hoaxing them, said "Well you have kept the affair close enough, old fellow, may I enquire the name of the fair lady?"

Mr. Dunn replied, "I don't know that I need be ashamed of her name, having placed her in the same position in life as myself. You remember Betsey?"

"Nonsense! why that's the girl you turned away about a month since. You have not allowed her to pigeon you in that manner?"

"You may call it what you please, but I've married her. The other servants were always making complaints to induce me to discharge her, which to oblige them I did, and I have now brought her home in a capacity to discharge them." Having said this Mr. Dunn chuckled, as if he thought he had done a very shrewd thing. "Stupid old blockhead, you have made a precious noodle of yourself," was the reflection of Brown.

Baby has not a chance now of a sixpence from him, thought Mrs. Brown, so drawing herself up, she said,—"I trust sir, we have always treated you in a kind and friendly manner, but you must not feel astonished, when I tell you that after lowering yourself in the way you have done, you must not expect any acquaintanceship with our family can continue, particularly, as it would be impossible for me to associate with the person with whom you have thought proper to unite yourself, of course your acquaintances will be selected from among that station to which you have descended. Sir, I wish you a very good morning."

Mrs. Brown's manner while making these remarks was chillingly dignified, but as a singular coincidence, just as she had finished, a sooty face passing the window cried out at the utmost pitch of his voice, "Sweep! Sweep!"

Mr. Dunn left immediately, felt very angry, put himself in various fighting attitudes as he walked towards the gate, and meeting his man with three parts of a huge wedding cake, intended as a present for Mrs. Brown and the baby, it is scarcely necessary to say, that he ordered it to be sent back to his own house.

From this time for several days Mrs. Brown continued in a state of fearful excitation: she scolded and took snuff incessantly. The maids occupied her attention during the day, but in the night season poor Brown had to sustain the entire brunt of her anger. The tenacity of her recollection was astounding. She recounted most minutely every incident of his life from her first knowing him, in which his conduct had not been

quite correct, and moreover detailed many choice anecdotes of his youthful days, — events that occurred long before he had the felicity of knowing the lovely being by whom he was reproved in kindness. Her mission upon earth had now become obvious, she appeared certainly not as his guardian, but as his recording angel, keeping faithful account of the various wrongs he had perpetrated, — “nothing extenuating.” It happened that the friends of his youth had furnished her with a perfect record of all his early delinquencies. In this how frequently is the value of friendship displayed, in preserving freshly the recollection of events, that we in our modesty would fain have forgotten. Luckily for Brown, in her anxious attention to the past, she seemed to overlook his more recent offence, and the maid was allowed to retain her situation, even after the washing had been got up thoroughly. There was also an occasional relief to the poor man, in a digression from the regular chain of her discourse to pour forth the vials of her wrath upon “that low bred, stupid wretch Dunn, and his vulgar trull.” Brown said “what he had to endure was dreadful.” To have every little matter dragged up, and magnified into crimes of deepest atrocity was annoying beyond endurance. The baby itself did not quite escape, for having given utterance to that sound, which by a kind provision of nature infants are enabled to convey information of their corporeal necessities, just at the moment when a coal had bounced from the fire and had burned a hole in Mrs. Brown’s best habit shirt, the tender mother could no longer restrain her anger, but caught up the child, gave it a genuine nursery maid shake, and a slap; she then threw it down again into the cradle, and rushed out of the room.

Time, snuff and morphia, at length reduced Mrs. Brown to her usual temperature, which was about two or three degrees below fever heat, and she attended as usual to baby and the domestic affairs.

The child grew rapidly as most children do. They rise in quick succession from babyhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, so that however fondly you may cherish your early follies, fancying that you still retain your youthful appearance, feeling, and energy, the sad truth is brought vividly before you; on seeing a generation of young men and women that you have nursed in their infancy. He became a sturdy boy, he enjoyed from his birth excellent health, and nothing seemed to hurt or trouble him, unless his share of pudding chanced to be curtailed in its dimensions; in that case he would pour forth his soul in sad complainings. He was doated upon by his Mamma with an exceeding fondness, but being a woman of strong mind, and fixed principles, she never allowed her affections to oversway her reason; taking care by due severity to train up the child in the way he should go, and she might be said to lop off all excrescences from his moral being, by never allowing even his slightest offences to pass unpunished. Her system of correction *a priori* was by slapping his face, a method, with which she had become familiarized by practising upon her husband, and *a posteriori* she employed a rod made from two thirds of a birch besom. This plan she had been taught in her own childhood, and remembered well its beneficial effects. As soon as little master David had attained his seventh year, his mother sent him to school at the establishment of the celebrated and philosophical Dr. Dundered. This was very judicious, for certainly the worthy doctor understood the subject of education better than any of his contemporaries, or even of his successors up to the present period. This is no mere assertion, as his great work will testify. A work in which education is fully treated, amplified, expounded, and excruciated, in all its various bearings, tendencies, moralities, and effects. This work remains in manuscript, in the hands of his executors, and requires only the spark, match, or lucifer of publication to be applied, that the tenebriose shades that overhang this subject, may be dispelled, and replaced by philosophical light and splendour.

The executors allege, as a reason for not printing this intellectual treasure, the improbability of the sale realizing an amount proportional to the expense of publication; and yet it might be contained in as few as sixteen octavo volumes. This is an age of civilization! These are the comprehensive views of men, living in the nineteenth century! and thus it is that the posthumous reputation of an illustrious man is sacrificed, and the world deprived of an inestimable mental legacy by sordid mammonial considerations. If the great founder of the Utilitarian Philosophy could have been influenced by such motives, that magnificent system which is now exercising so great an influence upon the spirit of the age would have been utterly unknown. His works as they were ushered into the world, were purchased in volumes only by the persons who were anxious to possess extensive erudition, that is to say, on the shelves of their libraries, and a few

copies were sent into Germany to assist in working out the profound, unreadable, unintelligible, and therefore unanswerable philosophy of that country. The remainder of the various impressions were spread among the public upon the Homœopathic principle from various trading establishments, and were sent forth to all classes in small doses of separate leaves, enveloping commodities of daily utility, and the masses having distributed among them minute portions of this profound wisdom, the public as a whole are possessed of the entire treasure, which like the gentle shower diffused over an extensive space, may be said to fertilize the minds of multitudes.

As Master David had passed his early infancy in the usual manner of crying and eating alternately, and annoying the nursery maid by his eternal humidity, so his boyhood presented but little extraordinary. He was rather unlucky in every thing he attempted, was continually cheated of his marbles, and got considerably above the usual quantity of birchings, not that he was more mischievous than any other boys, but as the faults of others were continually attributed to him, he had the punishment whoever might commit the offence. Custom reconciles us to all things, and at last he looked forward to an infliction from the cane or birch, as a necessary kind of excitement. His mind displayed no symptoms of precocity, but when employed about any thing, his thoughts never wandered from that one object. Thinking could scarcely be said to be his forte, but his strict attention to whatever he was engaged about was exhibited in a striking manner at meal times, when he might be seen eating, with an earnestness that shewed his whole attention to be absorbed by that one act, so vitally important; and when he had crammed his stomach to its utmost stretch, he delighted to sit and quietly indulge in the delightful sensation of satisfied nature, without the intrusion of a single thought or reflection to interfere with the digestive process. His disposition was peaceable, which frequently enabled boys of very inferior prowess to tyrannize over him; but when once roused to action, he was impelled by the *vis inertia* of his nature to continue fighting until forcibly separated, or his antagonist had received a drubbing sufficiently exemplary to keep him for the future upon his good behaviour.

He remained at school until the age of sixteen years. He had made but slight progress in his studies, but as his father was not remarkable for mental attainments, the worthy doctor considered himself justified, by way of shewing the superiority of the system of education, and how well the money for his instruction had been earned, in stating that he considered it would be very odd, with the knowledge Master Brown had acquired, if he did not become a very shining character.

Shortly after Master David had left school Mrs. Brown took her final dose of Morphia, leaving as was duly announced, her disconsolate husband to bewail the loss of the most devoted and tender of wives, and her son the best and most affectionate of parents. Poor Brown was really broken spirited at the loss he had sustained. He sighed, smoked, and drank gin and water incessantly. The more he sighed, the more he smoked, and as a natural consequence the more he drank. When people wished to comfort him he would exclaim—"She's gone, poor soul, I am bereaved, and my house is left desolate." The tears would then roll down his cheeks in such rapid succession, that you would imagine that his gin and water became regularly distilled through the lachrymal glands.

When he took his son from school, Mr. Brown intended to have placed him out to learn some business or profession; but could never determine what line would best accord with his talents and inclinations. The young gentleman shewed no particular preference for any occupation, but seemed to think that leading a quiet, gentlemanly sort of life at home was quite sufficiently to his taste to render any change unnecessary. As nothing was decided upon, he remained for the next five years under the parental roof, amusing himself with bird nesting, shooting, and riding out upon his father's bay gelding. This was a beautiful, quiet animal, that had enjoyed a sinecure in the family for some years, until Master Brown's return. Shortly after he had attained his twenty-first year, he was unfortunately deprived of his remaining parent. The gin and water having completed its work, poor old Brown was gathered to his fathers, and Mr. David Dunn Brown was left—

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

Bedford, December 28th, 1846.

[To be continued.]

“MY UNCLE TUM.”

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of the “*Village Muse.*”)

And is old Double Dead?

SHAKESPEARE.

AND hath he finish'd life's brief sum?
And is he dead? poor “UNCLE TUM.”

A little, social man was he,
Remember'd in my infancy;
And often came to see my mother,
And soon I learn'd he was her brother:
How glad was I to see him come,
And always welcome, “UNCLE TUM.”

And when the silk-loom wanted *gaiting*,*
Oh! then, my anxious mother waiting,
And watching through the window-pane,
To see him coming down the lane,
The while I stood upon a chair,
Regardless of the want and care,
From empty loom and hanging thrum—†
O then, I call'd for “UNCLE TUM.”

Many a smiling spring pass'd by;
Many a summer's laughing eye;
Many an autumn's golden corn
Was by the reapers' sickles shorn;
Many a winter's snow and frost
Over the Yorkshire moorlands cross'd;
Many a bitter, biting blast
By our snug cottage rudely pass'd;
Intervening times beside,
Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide,
Came as they might, whate'er might come,
O ever welcome “UNCLE TUM.”

In gardening delight he took,
And read and studied many a book:
Arithmetic could understand,
And wrote a good old-fashion'd hand;
Oft would discourse of Mother Nature,
And praise her beauty, form, and feature;
And when the festive board was crown'd,
And village ale went briskly round,
Loud would he talk of stoic Cato,
And of the transcendental Plato;
Of other names of modern times,
Unsuited to my simple rhymes:

* *Gaiting*.—A term among weavers: i. e. fitting-up a loom ready for the weaver.

† *Thrum*.—The end of the last warp, and which is retained for the purpose of being-twisted to the next.

Of battles lost, and battles won,
 By Ney, Soult, and Napoleon;
 And of the "glorious Waterloo,"
 He'd say, what many count as true,
 That Grouchy purposely kept back,
 And until Blücher join'd th' attack,
 Our greatest Captain cried, *Alack!*
 But, if you said, the Duke had won it,
 He'd swear that British gold had done it.
 And who, in all the circle present,
 More kindly, cheerful, witty, pleasant,
 Laughing, joking, jesting, gibing,
 And the home-brew'd ale imbibing,
 And, yet, at none would bite his thumb; *
 The Muse re-echoes "UNCLE TUM."

And of *free trade* he'd say, "Egad!
 "They must be either drunk or mad,
 "Or stricken with *teetotal* blindness,
 "Or destitute of human kindness;
 "The proudest lords of highest station,
 "Starving every one i' th' nation,
 "Plunging the country into want,
 "Producing nought but dearth and scant,
 "Nor caring who was growing thinner,
 "Provided they had got their dinner;"
 Then, every one within the room,
 "Cried "*Well done, well done, UNCLE TUM.*"

At learned botanic club, or meeting,
 The humble sons of science greeting
 Each one the other, in that spirit,
 Which truest wisdom doth inherit;
 Kind, frank, familiar, open, plain,
 And never pompous, never vain;
 From daily labour stealing hours,
 Studying nature's varied powers;—
 At this great picture language faileth,
 And some carping critic railleth;—
 Mark when a native plant was found,
 Ne'er seen before on English ground,
 Note the pure joy, the wond'rous pleasure †
 As if each one had found a treasure;
 Though some, perchance, might him surpass,
 Describing *genus, species, class*;
 But, the last to go, and first to come,
 Was true and constant "UNCLE TUM."

* *Bite his thumb*—An old mode of provoking a quarrel. *Vide*—the opening scene in Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

† The subject of the poem, was my uncle Thomas Collinson, of Failsworth, near Manchester, described in the "Village Festival," which appeared in a former number of this Magazine, as the Garland-maker. He discovered the indigenous plant, *Aurantiacum*, or great orange hawkweed, (a native of the Scottish woodlands,) and brought it to the Botanical Meetings, held in various towns and villages in Lancashire, about the beginning of the century. *Vide*, Galpin's "Synoptical Compendium of British Botany." As a true, and characteristic sketch of "an amiable and happy old man," as Hazlitt said of Isaac Walton, it is thought that this poem will not be unacceptable to the reader.

When, mid this life's surrounding shade,
 The fondest hopes were doom'd to fade;
 When, once, twice, thrice affliction came
 And chill'd to clay a living frame;
 When, mother's, brother's, sister's breath
 Exhal'd in all absorbing death;—
 They who had been the village pride,
 In death's cold arms lay side by side;
 Of three so well-belov'd bereav'd,
 E'en Hope's delightful smile deceiv'd;
 Our hearth became a scene of gloom,
 The dreary darkness of the tomb;—
 He was the counsellor and friend
 Of each, unto the final end;
 He was the comforter, who smil'd
 In love, on each surviving child;
 And rous'd each drooping heart at last,
 To bear resignedly the past,
 In decent cheerfulness and hope,
 Unlike despairing misanthrope,
 Who would let Hope all dormant lie
 In heathenish obscurity;
 And truth reject, condemn, repel
 Unto the old, unfathom'd well;
 For, still this world, with all its gloom,
 Had Heaven's own light for "UNCLE TUM."

And when, in many after years,
 With some of smiles, but more of tears;
 When this great, goodly frame the Earth,
 With all its scenes of woe and mirth,
 With all its pomp and vanity,
 And all its sheer inanity,
 To me were known; and the remote
 And silent ages 'gan to float
 Down the eternal stream of mind,
 In epic, lyric page refin'd;
 Old Shakspeare, multiform and vast,
 And destin'd through all time to last;
 Of boundless depth, and many-sided,
 By none but senseless fools derided;—
 When I would vainly sigh for fame,
 And struggle for a deathless name;
 Betimes my board with plenty crown'd,
 Betimes a scant meal only found;
 Who would to me more kindly come,
 Than thou, beloved "UNCLE TUM?"

Alas! tis finish'd: life's brief dreams
 Are over; and to me beseems
 More welcome than the first that pass'd,
 The last brief struggle of the last:
 'Tis finish'd now: and of life's sum
 Thou know'st the total "UNCLE TUM."

MY SECOND BEAR HUNT.

BY JAMES PENNOCK.

Away! away! the covey's fled the cover:
 Put forth the dogs, and let the falcon fly,
 I'll spend some leisure in the keen pursuit,
 Nor longer waste the hours in sluggish quiet.

ANON.

The winter of 1820 set in with more than the ordinary severity. Beginning towards the close of September, it continued without intermission till the month of May was far advanced. Keen biting winds, and severe frosts, alternated with driving sleet, and heavy continuous falls of snow, and prolonged the season of discomfort far into the following year. May, which is, in other countries, the budding of the year, when the beautiful pale green leaves first begin to burst into light and life, is here, oftentimes, the most dreary and comfortless month of the twelve. Cold, wet, slushy mud, the debris of the winter, composed of partially decayed vegetable matter accumulated under the drifted snow and dirty half dissolved ice, fills the streets and penetrates through every article of dress. It is in this offensive mixture, that the first causes of those agues and fevers, which act as an exterminating scourge, can be traced. It is this which gluts the fiend death with victims, and hurries tens of thousands to an early grave. The sun too, breaks forth and shines with envious brilliancy upon the motley face of the country, and, as it absorbs, or dries up, the putrescent mass, fills the air with an impure miasma, in the highest degree destructive to the delicate functions of the animal life. In the depth of winter, though the sun's effulgent rays communicate no warmth, they gild the broad expanse of heavenly white with silvery brightness, and spangle the congealed surface of the snow with glittering gems, that shine, in the open glare of day, with a brilliancy, a thousand diamonds of the purest water could not equal. These long winters of seven months endurance, how monotonous they become! Perpetual snow; continual frost; occasional sunshine. Business languidly awaiting the tardy approach of the spring. Two portions out of three of the live long day left, unoccupied, on your hands, to fill up as you best may. The clear crackling frost tempts you to take a brisk walk round the environs of the town; or to indulge in a drive in your sleigh, enveloped in bear skins, beaver skins, or the skins of any other furry animal your taste or means may incline to. How blithely your little enduring Canadian horse trots away before you, jingling at every step two or three score of musical bells, which fill your ears with noise, and impart a cheering sense of activity and motion to your mind. This, by a slight stretch of imagination, appears to communicate a small iota of warmth to the body; though, by the by, these same bells came into fashion for another, and a better purpose. They originated with the idea of giving timely notice of the presence of passing carriages or sleighs to the muffled drivers; otherwise, accidents would frequently occur, from the noiseless progress of each vehicle upon the deep sound-deadening snow-path. Other means are eagerly tried to chase away the ennui inseparable from a lengthened continuance in an unvaried state of existence. Balls, parties, rackets, cards, dice, drinking. But all are of no avail to kill the monster conjured up by the listlessness of life. The old familiar faces become too familiar by the frequency of appearance. Visages elongate and appear care worn, that have no other cause for trouble than the want of occupation for the mind: and an almost imperceptible change from goodfellowship to peevishness and fretfulness takes place, day by day, until a distraction is eagerly longed and sought for, as a positive blessing. What remains?—There has not been a fire during the past month. No carousing party returning home by moonlight across the broad frozen river, have thought proper to miss their path, and disappear in a hole in the ice, caused by a warm spring oozing to the surface. In utter despair at the inanity of our position, it was suggested to make up a large party, and go on a sporting expedition, a score, or more of miles in the interior of the forest, which extended its wide dimensions to within four miles of our residence. The proposal was

no sooner broached than it was eagerly acceded to. Volunteers quickly poured in, and a goodly muster engaged to join the excursion, wondering, only how it happened, that the trip had not been thought of before. The rendezvous was soon appointed. Each was to make his own arrangements to arrive at that point, when all were to be guided by the advice of an old hand or two, who agreed to accompany the party in the capacity of generalisimos with unlimited powers as to mulets and fines. Hurry skurry became the order of the day. Such furbishing up of rusty rifles, and muskets, that had lain by, forgotten and unheeded, since the termination of hostilities. Some of them must have seen hard service in their former owners' hands, judging from their battered and war-worn appearance. Rifle pieces, whose fame far exceeded that of the old pocket-piece at Dover Castle, once more came forth to light, and gave occasion to vaunt boasts of power and accuracy of aim in days of "lang syne." Ennui! where art thou? The echoes may well answer back; where art thou? For long before the church bells had told the hour of midnight, occupation had dispelled the dark and lowering shades of sluggish inactivity, which distempered each mind. The enchantment of hope was cast upon each individual, while the bright anticipations of the morrow dispelled the clouds which overshadowed the mental horizon. It was arranged to meet at a farm house close to the intended scene of our sport. The morn was ushered in with a bright clear frost. The wind held steadily in the N. N. E., while the snow was in most places three feet deep, and the ice on the rivers nearly as much. If the early bird deserves the worm, it is clear, we were entitled to it on that occasion. We were astir by the earliest dawn, seeking to ensure ourselves a happy day by the perfectness of our appointments. First despatching a hearty breakfast, improved by the twang of a bottle of excellent Jamaica, we stepped into our respective carriages, and gave the word, away! It was truly exhilarating to be whirled away at a smart trot, through the bright bracing atmosphere, and feel the blood bounding through your veins, at a pace, accelerated by the keenness or high rarefaction of the air. Every stride of the active little cob gave us health and positive enjoyment, voiding every particle of concealed bile from its inmost receptacles. The sky wore that tinted blue appearance it assumes, when the air is surcharged with snow, which the dryness of the upper currents of air hold in suspension, underneath the great vault of heaven. As we advanced further into the country, the scenery assumed a rougher, and bolder character. An inexperienced eye could not have detected much difference; but those, accustomed to the appearance of a new country, can detect numerous minute signs, which enable them to judge of their approach to, or departure from, the congregated, and almost as a necessary consequence, more civilized haunts of their fellow man. 'Tis true, we were not leaving fields so well cultivated as those of Kent; nor homesteads so trim and neat as those of Northamptonshire; but, we were leaving tracts of land behind us, which had responded to the husbandman's spade during half a century, and were entering a space where of late stood the huge stems of the pine and beech, spreading their branches in security, but now lay in mournful abjectness on the earth, chipped, by the squatter's untiring axe, scorched and blackened by the relentless fire from heaven. No detracting glimpses of square hedge rows and well kept fields arose, to cloud our happiness; we were entering the unsophisticated domains of nature, and saw her in all her native loveliness. Here, a bold bluff rose tipped with the glittering snows that had just fallen. There, the forest threw its deep shadows along the hill side, up which we must pass, to arrive at the appointed place of meeting. Farm houses, built of the unhewn logs became more scarce, and more rude and primitive in their appearance. The settler's hut or shanty, peeped from between extensive clumps of huge trees, and formed a point of termination, for the long zigzag lines of rough paling, which ran round a cleared spot in front of each. The white smoke curling up amid the branches, gave a pleasant intimation of our native land, where villages peep out at every turn of the road. A yoke of stout framed, yet lean oxen, grazed about, seeking a scant subsistence on the lower branches of the trees, or scratched away the snow at their feet, to arrive at the long wiry grass below.

"Hark! Tom Leyland's bugle. By jove! they are just ahead of us."

How delightful the sound comes jerking along over the hills. The echoes ring through the woods, again and again, in consequence of the great clearness of the atmosphere. Now, Yankee Doodle—now, Rule Britannia—now, Rory O'More—

greeted our ear! sometimes swelling into an exciting breadth of tone, anon, dying faintly away in mellowness, rendered doubly mellow by the distance. A few minutes brought us into sight of the musician, then preparing to dismount from his sleigh. A few more, and we trotted merrily up beside the open door, at which stood an unwonted number of vehicles, but just arrived. We found our party all assembled, and deeply engaged, discussing sundry savoury looking joints of meat, and substantial pies, which overspread the board. The grateful smell of whiskey punch cast its fragrance round the room, and excited a longing, our long ride had done much to originate. No "total abstainers" were they, but men of good thew and sinew, prepared to relish the bounteous creations of the earth, and enjoy themselves to the fullest extent in their power.

"Well mon, an' so you've jist dropped in to take a wee drap of the crather. Eh?—I' faith, ye had like to ha' bip left behind sure enoo'. Deil o' one o' us thought o' ye. An' if I may mak bold to say 't, Deil one o' us cared whether ye cam or no. But noo, that ye have come, wee'll aye do the thing ceevil to ye, and gie ye a glass o' whiskey, to cheer ye oo'p, this cauld morning. Here laddie, rin and bring that broon bottle wi ye, an' tot him out a rimmer fu' to the brink. Quick noo, mon, for we maun away. If we bide ony langer we shall see nae sport the day."

"Aye, Alex, it is well for you to say haste, who have got your luncheon safely stowed away. For my part, I shall try a taste of this pie. It looks tempting, and smells well. Meantime, you can shoulder your gun, and try your hand at hunting, I shall soon follow you."

Alex, as we familiarly termed him, was a canny Scot, and weel to do in the world; yet, he enjoyed an occasional pleasure trip, and, at such times, was gayest of the gay, ready to give or take a joke with any one. Being possessed of a considerable share of mother wit, he was prompt at a pun or repartee, and became in consequence, the soul of the party. Each saint, in the calendar, had his representative in our assembly. Emigrant Frenchmen and Germans; bold sons of Erin, and the sister Isles of Britain and Scotland, stood side by side, with the Canadian and Yankee. Yet, as each had been well shaken up in the tempest of life, they well knew how to bear with each others' weak points, and avoid topics of conversation, or offensive allusions, calculated to give umbrage, and destroy the harmony of sentiment existing. No country on earth can boast of the power to destroy the narrow minded prejudices, in comparison with America. We stand aghast, at first, at the awful invasion of, what we have been accustomed to consider, sacred conventional usages, but, quickly find it is worse than useless to combat the hydra headed host, for the sanctity of our old world notions: so in a trice, succumb to the new influences, and learn to laugh, aye, and heartily, at the individual who succeeds to our noviciate. Casting off our weightier encumbrances of clothing, and leaving our sleighs in the vicinity of the farm house, we started, in a body, in the direction of the forest, somewhat less than a mile distant. Our exhilaration of mind soon found vent in boisterous peals of laughter, which broke the stillness of the forest shades. As we went on, floundering about the deep snow, we were fain to assume a more sober and becoming manner, in order to preserve our breath and stamina for future exertions. We advanced in single file, leaving a long spiral trail behind us, to mark our track. It is customary to travel in this manner through the snow, that those who walk last, may find the path beaten down, and more easy to follow. To equalize the labour unavoidably thrown upon him who walks first, they change places every half-mile or so, otherwise, it would scarcely be possible, to maintain the excessive fatigue, encountered in walking through deep snow. Elated in mind, vigorous in person, we quickly entered the skirts of the forest, and divided into two parties, each diverging a little to the right, or left, to prevent interference with one another's operations. As each party numbered seven or eight, a considerable space of ground was covered, and the game we sought, more generally disturbed, than it would have been, had we went forward in a cluster. One of each party pretended to an intimate acquaintance with this portion of the forest, and, as we were aware, that they had visited it during the past summer, we trusted ourselves implicitly to their directions, without a thought of the possibility of their confidence in their own knowledge, being misplaced. A large sheet of water existed in the very bosom of the forest, and, this was the goal we promised ourselves to arrive at, ere we should dream of returning. This, also, was the place we chose for the gathering, in the event of

being dispersed in the ardour of pursuit after the furry tribe, who here swarmed in great numbers. The presence of a spring of water, the source of a river, or a miniature lake, many of which lie embedded in the heart of these primeval forests, is almost a certain indication of the abundance of game. The deep solitude of these positions, seldom trodden except by a hardy hunter, or roaming Indian, is favourable to the increase of animal life. Thousands, of many varieties, roam unmolested and free as air, except, in so far, as their own habits induce the chances of war. Many of these are, no doubt, regarded as too insignificant for notice, by the professional sportsman or the hunter, whose calling finds him bread, but, to the occasional gunner, they prove an inexhaustible fund of sport. The Frenchman will roam all day in search of sport, and believe himself rewarded and abundantly gratified, if he returns at night, with a handful of miserable larks. But then, he found excitement, occupation, and exercise; and though no Tiger's head, or colossal Elephant's trunk graced his return, he felt the invigorating glow of health in his veins, and the calm consciousness that he could stand comparison with his compeers—if his exploits were humble, so also were theirs. Much in the same spirit, we, who were comparative tyros with the rifle, came forth to deal slaughter around. Seeking only a modicum of pleasurable excitement, and freedom from every day cares, a shot, to us, was a shot; and, if successful, a proportionate subject for exultation, even though the animal was so small, that the powder and lead expended on its destruction, was treble its intrinsic value. No high aspirations towards fleeting visions of Deer, Bison, or other large animal crossed our minds' eye, and created a longing to see our return honoured with one or the other, as a trophy of our prowess. So little, indeed, did our thoughts run that way, that if any one had told us we should be likely to encounter a Bear, or even a less formidable animal, it is highly probable, that the majority would have suddenly found an urgent necessity for their presence at home, or in some other direction, safe from the Bison's deadly thrust, or Bruin's appalling embrace. Little recking that we were doomed to have our mettle tried, and our courage put to the test so soon, we pushed on through the thick underwood, cheered by the lively yelp of the dogs. In a short time, solitary reports from the rifle reverberated in the distance, and shook the frosted snow from the branches over head, as thick, as if we had been in the midst of a snow storm. The branches, drooping with the accumulated weight of many snowy days, bore a pleasing and attractive appearance when viewed from a distance, but a most unpleasant effect, when every footpath produced a miniature snow storm, of a few minutes' duration. In these transatlantic forests the underwood often springs with such a luxuriant growth, as to convey the idea of a double forest; one towering to a great height above the other. The majority of the trees grow very high, reaching to an altitude of sixty feet or more, while only at the top, near the crown of the tree, are there any branches, to break the symmetry of the stem. Thus, there is no obstruction to the clear and rapid growth of the brushwood: shade, shelter, and moisture, being ensured by the larger trees. In the variable climate of Great Britain, the oak and the chesnut throw out stout lateral branches, within a few feet of the ground; and effectually check the shrubby genus, from aspiring to any great height. Crack. Crack. Hurrah! there goes one. Crack, once more; and a couple of pretty marked animals, roused from their lair by our approach, and palpably astonished at the intrusion, lie extended on the ground, dyeing the clear snow with their blood. What a splendid fur! one soft and thick! Now doomed, to be torn from its proper owner, to grace, possibly, the neck or arm of some fair belle. Again. This time, a flying squirrel, an animal purely indigenous to the country, has been hit, while preparing to take one of those surprising leaps from a lofty bough, which first procured it its name. He has not been killed, but is so stunned by his unexpected fall, that escape is out of the question. What a delicate piece of mechanism is that expansive web he carries under each arm and leg. How much it facilitates his really wonderful power of leaping, is shown by a comparison with the striped squirrel, which possesses no such appanage. By springing from the most elevated position, and extending all fours to their fullest extent, the air rushes into the membranous cavity under each, and buoys him up, while he crosses to trees thirty and forty feet distant. They have become comparatively scarce of late years, from being of more timid habits than their species in general, and seeking more secluded localities for their favourite haunts.

We found an abundance of small game, including Martens, Porcupines, and

Hares; besides some varieties of birds, whose plumage having changed considerably, from the usual effects of cold, were not thought worthy of carriage. Our game bags began to assume a tolerably bulky appearance, and to feel intolerably weighty, to shoulders, unused to the weight of the gun alone; but when to this was added, the produce of our sport, and the fatigue of walking all day in the yielding snow, it will not be surprising, if our faces were somewhat flushed, and our bodies bedewed with perspiration. However, our unusual exertions, with the clearness or rarefaction of the atmosphere, began to tell upon us, and cause a little sluggishness, with a disposition to loiter in the rear; while certain cravings about the region of the stomach sufficiently reminded us, that we had been absent from home several hours, without any refreshment. Our party had early parted company with our fellow sportsmen, yet, we fancied we could detect, at intervals, the crack of their guns sounding faintly in the distance. This was principally surmised, for the sounds were so exceedingly indistinct, that we could place no reliance upon them, to guide us in our course.

Those who have rambled carelessly and unthinkingly through a large wood; previously unknown, will know something of our sensations, when we began to cast up our reckonings, and enquire as to our exact whereabouts.

Our most experienced hands proved but blind guides, and confessed themselves at fault, being totally unable to form a correct opinion of our position. The sun, to which they had confidently trusted for information, was sunk below the tops of the trees, so that their boasted ability proved to be without foundation. Nor, were they acute enough to detect, by the appearance of the bark of the trees, which side was the North, or the South, the East, or the West; for the snow seemed encrusted equally, all round the trunk; leaving to our unpracticed eyes, no trace or distinction to give us the least insight into the matter. The heavens too, presented an uniform appearance: no light scud floated over our anxious vision, to afford a guess on the subject: the same pale blue back ground covered the great vault of heaven, as in the first of the morning. Such, as were professedly ignorant in such matters, remained perfectly passive, during the scrutiny that took place, conscious that any interference, by half angry gibes or foolish suggestions, would but embarrass those, on whom the comforts of the coming night and day must wholly depend; for on their judgment we must rely, even, should it lead us further astray. It was, of course, possible to return by the track we first followed, but this, while it would entail a considerable increase on the distance, as being circuitous, would almost mislead our absent friends; who, when they found we did not keep our appointment at the appointed rendezvous, would naturally suppose we had lost our way, and, would in all probability, occupy the day and night in searching for us. This was to be avoided, if possible.

"'Tis no use. I must give it up for a bad job. I cannot make it out for the life of me. I have no more conception where we are, than if we were on the top of the Alleghany mountains. I am quite perplexed; for all the usual means of judging are quite out of sight just now."

"O, bad luck to id, let us gist go strait on forenent us, and we shall find our way out in time. An' if the worst comes to the worst, we must only go back again; shure, hav'nt we proventher here, will keep us 'till to-morrow at laste."

"Aye mon, ye jist speak sensible like, noo. We maun tak it quietly. Where's the use of fashing oorsel's aboot the matter. Let us sit doon here, and wat our whistles wi' a drap o' whisky, and tak a grip o' the provisions, for I'm sare famish'd. Come, nane o' yer objections. Fall to't. Wha kens, but we may hear the soond o' their guns in a wee, or we may catch a blink o' something to gie us a inkling o' our road. Hoot mon, what are ye blathering at, canna ye do as yer bid, and ma'be yer thoughts will be a' the clearer after this sup o' the creather. Ye maun jist think yer sel in Kilkenny or Kildare."

O, Bathershin, much yez knows of Kilkenny or Kildare aither, ye boothoon. Howsiver, I'm yer way of thinking. So here's for a taste of the materials." We all agreed that this was the most sensible proceeding, in our present fatigued state of mind and body; and suiting our actions to our words, quickly seated ourselves in a circle, round the stump of a fallen tree; at the same time, diving to the bottom of our haversacks and bags, for sundry remnants of our morning luncheon. The contents being fairly brought to light, we commenced our attack like men who had fasted for a fortnight: indeed, the keenness of the air aided considerably our natural capabilities

in that respect. Our solitary jar of genuine usquebaugh was duly tapped, and run the gauntlet of the party in double quick time; while its generous contents communicated such a glow to our hearts, and so far renovated our flagging stamina, that we evinced a disposition to linger over the enjoyment. Our late fears gradually became weakened, in proportion as they fell; so, our hopes and expectations rose. The strength we imbibed with each sip; the genial glow it sent thrilling through our frames, rendered us insensible to the extreme cold of the season, as well as to the awkwardness of our situation. We were thus disposed around, in that state of dreamy reluctant existence men feel after a hard day's work; followed by a good dinner, discussing the best method for ascertaining the direction of the wood, that gently drove the light fleecy clouds beneath the high vault of heaven; when we became conscious of a heavy tread on the earth, and a rustling of the branches of the neighbouring brushwood. Each one started up immediately, and smiled knowingly at his neighbour; for each supposed the noise to proceed from an advanced scout of the missing party, who was dropping on us unawares. Already a flush of pleasure began to mantle on the cheek, when our friend, the Patlander, broke out into an exclamation;—

“It's a Bear, by the powers.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst us, it could not have caused us greater consternation. A spectator viewing our proceedings from a place of security, would at once have rated us as an arrant set of cowards, fit only to hunt sparrows, or such small fry. Without waiting for any further intimation of the fact, we scrambled on our legs, and scampered away, tumbling over each other, pell mell, in our eager endeavours to escape the rough hug of our shaggy and unexpected guest. We did not stop to observe the effect our equally unexpected presence must have produced upon him; but thinking only of our personal safety, if, indeed, we thought at all on the impulse of the moment, left him sole master of the field, to regale himself, if so inclined, on the diminished fragments of the repast, or a whiff of the inverted jar. Unarmed as we were, for in our haste we thought not of arms, his presence was rather a ticklish affair. Our rifles were standing against the tree which formed the back ground of our dining party, within a couple of feet of the animal. Fortunately we diverged in different directions; some scampering to the right; others, to the left; thus effectually distracting his attention from any particular individual; otherwise the result might speedily have assumed a highly serious character. It appeared from his hesitating movements that the surprise was mutual: his amazement held him in check until we found shelter at a short distance, and were emboldened to cry a halt, and bethink us of our folly in leaving our guns so far behind. We determined to make a short detour in pairs, and outflank him; by which means we could easily get in his rear, and assume the offensive. Our plan succeeded to admiration; our numbers deterred him from making an attack on any of the party, and by dint of hallooing loudly, and assuming a courage I am confident few felt, he started off into a heavy trot, casting angry vengeful glances over his shoulder as he rapidly retreated. As usual “he who turns to flee is lost.” So long as he maintained a bold front, our motions were likely to be anything but injurious to him; but, as soon as he turned his back and began an ignominious flight, our pluck rose a hundred per cent, and we dashed after him gallantly; cheering each other by loud shouts and the force of example. We had hastily loaded our pieces, substituting small bullets for the slugs we had been using in the former part of the day, and now pressed hotly on his track, anxious for another rencontre, when we should stand on more equal terms. Helter skelter, over stamp and stone; across bog and swamp; floundering through deep drifts of snow, our unwieldy friend led us, at a pace we were little prepared for, judging from his bulky size and clumsy appearance. To bag him, as Colonel Napier would say, was an exploit that would confer eclat and consequence on us for the remainder of our days, and it was too pleasing a prospect, to be able to lord it over our less fortunate neighbours, to be resigned without an earnest struggle for the tempting prize. We had gone, sometimes running, dodging among the trees; sometimes falling headlong over a covered stump, two or three miles, in warm pursuit, when we came upon a considerable number of foot prints branching off in all directions. It was plain three or four of the tribe had met here in the solitude of the forest, undisturbed in their haunt, for several weeks; leaving it only, possibly, to gratify the dictates of hunger. We were here, in a decided fix. To lose the fruits of all our arduous toil and exertions

was an abomination in our eyes, while we were exposed to the most tantalizing uncertainty in the selection of the track, as they all bore evidence of recent traffic.—How mortifying was the possibility of failure. A brief council of war was held to deliberate on the emergency of the occasion, but, though all agreed not to resign the chance without first making another effort, all were confused by the number of foot prints. Come what would, we had already risked something on the venture, and were determined to prosecute the search to the utmost, so as to leave no chance untried of possessing a trophy, so much to be coveted by incipient sportsmen, as the skin, head, or claw of a veritable bear, killed, bona-fide, by our own hands. Hope told a flattering tale, and led us along one of the deepest, and apparently, most frequented snow tracks. We started off again in full cry, and were getting pretty confident of our correctness, when one of the party came upon the fresh trail of a moccassined foot preceding us in the direction we were following. We judged its owner was but a short distance in advance, from the manner the surface of the snow was disturbed, lying lightly over. We were, however, too intently occupied in our endeavours to overtake Sir Bruin to pay more than a passing attention to the circumstance, but in a short time were gratified with a glimpse of the individual himself. A momentary glance at his outward appearance and gait, was sufficient to inform us of his character and profession. He wore the ordinary dress of a backwoodsman, accustomed to pass the greater portion of his days exposed to the wear and tear and vicissitudes of forest life. Made more with a view to service, than to attract the eye of an onlooker, it was well calculated to withstand the severities of the climate. His tall powerful frame, full of muscular development, and the easy elasticity of his step, as he strode before us, bespoke one fully inured to the fatigues and hardships of a hunter's life; as well as one who had the power to help himself, in those frequent contests with the denizens of the forest, where might alone constituted the right. There is no doubt, he had espied us, and fully appreciated our pretensions to the character of sportsmen, long before we caught sight of him; for he scarcely turned his head, when we came up with him, but maintained the same lengthy reaching strides we had noticed at first; replying to our hurried questions by a nod, or brief monosyllable. We ascertained afterwards, that he had a very narrow escape, from a dangerous surprise by the exasperated animal in front, and in the short encounter which ensued, would have been worsted, but that the intimate knowledge of his craft he possessed, here stood him in good stead, and enabled him to oppose cunning successfully to brute force. A few seconds ended the fray, and he was now in full tramp after his antagonist, anxious to settle scores with him, before the closing shades of twilight rendered the attack precarious. He naturally took the lead in the chase, from his greater experience and his hasty strides, which kept us, less accustomed to the exertion, at a smart shuffling trot. We had by this time, followed the trail a distance of not less than five miles, entailing such arduous exertions, that we could not have believed ourselves capable of, under any circumstances, yet the excitement of the occasion lent us more than ordinary strength and determination. Our leader proved invaluable to us as the chase approached a termination. Judging from signs, apparent only to an experienced eye, that the bear was at no great distance ahead, he called one of our number to accompany him as he bore a little away out of the direct line, hoping to outstrip the quarry, and intercept his further flight. One of the foremost immediately joined him, and they started off at an accelerated speed, leaving the body of the party to follow the easy trail. We have heard, that raw troops, let them behave ever so bravely in the fight, always feel a slight tremor of the heart, when first brought in the face of a hostile army, in battle array. With a trepidation somewhat resembling this feeling, we felt the period was arrived, that was to test our skill and courage, and confirm our nerve and tact, or stamp us for ever as bunglers and poltroons; fair game for the light infantry of wit to shoot their sarcastic shots at, or the more successful, to treat with affected pity and condolence. No man will voluntarily acknowledge himself a coward; far from it: but few have unnecessarily encountered danger and peril, without harbouring one thought of distrust at their folly in venturing life and limb for the gratification merely of an idle, useless ambition. Presently, a loud report rang echoing through the forest, shaking the light snow about us in a thick shower, while an angry growl caught our ears, evidently uttered but a few paces in front. The first shot broke the spell of prudential considerations, emulation rose

in our minds who should be first to encounter the rough brute, and, who should have the honor of giving him the coup-de-grace. A few seconds brought us within sight of the animal standing at bay, foaming at the mouth, and steaming from every pore of his body, like a heated cauldron of water. About fifty paces from him stood our two friends, taking deliberate aim at his head, and waiting for a slight inclination of his body that way, to give the contents of their pieces. We did not allow ourselves time to take an accurate aim at any part of his carcase, but poured in a hasty and irregular fire, that did immense execution among the surrounding trees, but to our shame be it said, scarcely grazed the surly animal before us. We had like to have paid dear for our precipitancy. Some one or two of the balls happening to inflict a flesh wound, and produce a momentary pang, roused him to considerable fury. Venting a deep growl, not unlike the faint rumbling of an earthquake, he dashed straight in our midst. Horrified at this sudden and most unexpected onset, we were compelled, per force, to seek safety in a rapid, unhesitating flight; dodging among the trees with the agility of urchins at their schoolboy sports. We knew that one touch of his heavy paw would leave us senseless on the ground, if not a mangled corpse. Our poor companion Alex nearly fell a sacrifice to his attack, having run unconsciously against the butt of a large tree. He fell down like a slaughtered ox, while the blood gushed out from his ears and nostrils, as if an artery had been burst in his body. He remained perfectly insensible and deathlike, without a spasm or quiver of the nervous, for a long time; so long, in fact, that we all feared life was extinct, and began to rue the melancholy catastrophe. Before, however, the bear had time to reach him, a shot from the hunter had taken effect on his fore leg, which snapped immediately above the knee joint. It was truly piteous to observe the stare, of mingled pain and astonishment, with which he gazed on his dangling limb, now, of no further use to him.— That shot proved fatal, for while it arrested his progress, it gave time to reload, and plant another ball in a more vital place. A general discharge completed the business so far, that it enabled the hunter to go in with his bared knife, and finish the contest, by a nervous and well directed thrust about the region of the heart. The immense strength and power of the animal was manifested even in his last struggles. No sooner had the knife entered his flesh, than he drew himself up on his hind quarters, and sprang forward, gnashing his teeth with great rage, in a vain attempt to clasp his antagonist in his terrific embrace. He fell heavily forward, on his side, uttering husky growls, and deep groans, till the last convulsive throes of death silenced him for ever. The carcase was that of a full grown male, of whitish grey colour, not inaptly compared to snow, a little discoloured. Under the able directions of the stranger, we quickly separated the skin from the body, the former of which fell, as a matter of right, into his hands, as having given the death wound. The remainder of the party claimed a trophy; one his head, another a claw, while a third, shouldered a large ham, which he destined to grace his chimney corner, till time should have somewhat softened its flavour. A young bear ham is very good eating, though rather coarse in taste, yet, if properly cooked, and served up with appropriate fixings, it is not to be despised, but is considered really relishing. Our attention was taken up with our unfortunate friend, whose concussion was likely to prove a hindrance to our return, as he was too weak to start at present. A small quantity of rum from the hunter's flask, infused fresh vigour into his frame, and he determined to go with us, if possible, without further delay. The shadows of the tree tops began to tint the surface of the snow with a deeper hue, warning us of the advanced state of the day. We did not fear the approach of darkness, for with the bright moon, shedding its bright beams upon the enameled ground below, and the great radiation of light from that cause, it would be nearly as light as at noonday. But another subject occupied our minds, and this a subject of no little importance, the remnants of our provision and our bags of small game were all left behind in the ardour of the chase. No one cared to make himself the pack horse of the party, to toil along laden with such matter, and hear only the distant sound of the sylvan warfare. We had wandered a long way into the interior of the forest, in a great measure unknown to us, and felt a few misgivings about the period of our arrival at home. In this dilemma, we naturally turned our eyes upon the hunter, who having spent much of his time in the neighbourhood, was best able to give us advice and assistance. On inquiry it proved, that we had chased Bruin in a semicircle, and were now about eighteen miles from our residence. In our

course, we had described an arc round the town, so that we found ourselves on the opposite side from where we started. A large river ran by us, at the distance of a mile, or thereabouts, by following whose sinuous course, we might arrive safely at home in time. It was determined to abandon all our little affairs to their fate and walk home; and this the more readily, as our new friend agreed to accompany us, at least half the distance, to a bend in the river, where his own log shanty was situated. He had chosen this central spot for its contiguity to the river, which gave ready access to the towns built on its banks, as well as furnished him with an agreeable addition to his simple fare, in an abundance of mullet, bass, shad, and numerous other varieties of the finny tribe. He was as familiar with every nook and cranny of the stream, as if he had passed his whole life, some five and forty years, in its precincts. No occurrence of any note had taken place within that date, but found a chronicle in his brain. Here was the spot he killed his first bear. There he had seen two men sink under the ice to rise no more. On that bank, a smart skirmish between two parties of English and Yankees took place. The small mound by the side covered the dead of both nations, who, in the quiet of the grave, forgot their antipathies and differences of opinion. He himself had been out on the British side, towards the close of the war, and bore marks of the accuracy of the colonial rifle. "They were," he said, "born devils for fighting, and never seemed to have had enough of it." He had seen, and experienced some of the rougher scenes of intestinal war, and in one small affair, at least, was likely to pay dear for his allegiance to the crown. A supply of ammunition was being carried from the stores to a post on the American frontier, some little distance apart from the scene of active warfare. This, coming to the ears of the captain of his company of volunteers, already chafing under his isolated and inactive position, while hundreds such as him were almost daily engaged with the enemy, it was decided to surprise the escort on their route, and destroy the ammunition, or remove it within the British lines, if practicable. "We," said he, "were all anxious for a brush with the Yankee boys; the reports of the numerous skirmishes, in which our friends and neighbour's bore a conspicuous share, filled our minds with envy, and we felt, as if we were not deemed worthy of a place in the exciting struggle going on; though, in fact, the position we held was one of much importance to the plans of the general, then commanding. Burgoyne, who had acquired the name of an able general in the fields of Portugal, was completely at fault in this country, a sort of infatuation attended all his plans and disturbed his councils, fault after fault was committed until the royal cause was irretrievably ruined, and thousands of gallant lives, millions of hard wrung money lost in the fruitless contest. Of course, we played but a very subordinate part in the whole operations, but we had chosen our side, and were determined to stand by it to the last. Had the great men of the king's army understood the tactics suited to the country, as well as the poorer men were disposed to carry them out, I guess, we should have a different sort of going on in the states, than so much bounce and palaver, about institutions and presidents, and so forth; only fit to draw men away from their work, to spout nonsense to one another.— However, as I was saying, we started away as soon as it was dusk, to place an ambuscade in a line of road they must travel, to get to the palisaded fort. We muffled our arms, so as to ensure the greatest possible quiet and secrecy, to give the enemy the slightest intimation of our purpose, we were well aware, would bring a more numerous party about our ears. Our arms were in tip top condition, and our hearts as light as a feather, with the prospect of dropping a few of the Yankees; and, the prize we should make, if we succeeded in our enterprise. We each knew the ground, as well as I know the home I was reared in, and took our post behind a steep ridge skirting the road. Behind us, at a distance of not more than fifty yards, the forest extended a thick cover, which we intended to seek and defend, by a running fire, should we be likely to be overmatched. This, we were assured, was not likely to be the case, as we knew the number of the escort to a man. Perfectly secure from all observation, or interruption from the road, we calmly awaited the approach of the wagon, each man's finger on the trigger, and his ear all alive to the faintest indication of a sound likely to announce their approach, and usher in the period of action. So great was the stillness of the party, as this drew near, that we could hear the deep pulsations of the heart in our neighbour's breast, as we knelt, or rather cowered, side by side. Anon, we could hear the loud tones of the drivers, and the loud crack of their whips,

urging the oxen forward. The clank of fire arms also greeted our anxious senses, and nerved us for the coming contest. "Hush, Steady men; one moment," whispered the captain in his most subdued tones, "and they are ours." The word, "fire," was already framed on his tongue, ready for utterance, when a volley from the rear, knocked down several of our men; those, that were not hit, were literally knocked down with surprise. So perfectly were we taken aback, that, for a few seconds, we could do nothing but stare at one another in bewilderment, heedless of the words of our commander, to face about. His words "Give them British lead. Show them British pluck," recalled us to our senses, and our duty. The sight of the escort, clambering up the embankment in front, was sufficient to show that we were between two fires, and had need of all our nerve and pluck, to extricate ourselves from the strait we had fallen into. Selecting each his man, now so close, that the muzzles of our guns almost touched our opponents' bodies, we fired, and did immense execution among their number. This done, we fell flat on our faces to reload. To this fortunate manœuvre, many of us owed the preservation of our lives. No sooner had we prostrated our bodies on the earth, than another volley rang out, and a score of bullets buried themselves in the bank just above our heads. Two thirds of our company must have been exterminated at once, but for this lucky chance. With the speed of lightning we sprang upon our feet, and faced about, to encounter our unknown, and as yet unseen antagonists. A moment's pause, a glance as for life and death, pointed out their numbers and position. As they emerged from the wood, in full confidence of anticipated success, we could see, that their strength was double that of ours. Our brave captain, cool in his demeanour as if he was safe in a bomb proof, scanned their movements with an eagle eye, and examined the relative chances of the fray, while we poured in another volley. The result was, a conviction of the inutility of maintaining our ground, opposed to such superior numbers, while it was highly probable, that the noise of the firing would bring another party upon us from the fort, no great distance off. The captain's resolution was correct in the main, though his fear of other troops was groundless, as we afterwards learned. They returned our volley with spirit, but I suppose, as we fired first, the smoke disturbed their aim, for not more than two of our party fell from the discharge.

"Steady men, another volley altogether, and they will respect us too much to wish to come to close quarters. Then, right about, and run for your lives. Load as you run." We did as desired, and, running under cover of the smoke, scoured away across a plain, in the direction of the British Frontier. Half a mile further onwards was a partially cleared wood, which once gained, would afford us a vantage ground; on which, the potency of the Colonists' numbers would be diminished, and the contest rendered more equal, at least, for a time. As soon as our flight was perceived, the whole party were after us in hot pursuit, sending straggling shots after us, too hastily directed, however, to do us much harm. We stopped and checked them with another discharge, but paid dearly for our temerity, leaving many of our men on the plain, disabled from their wounds. It was clear, that we stood no chance, so long as we kept the open ground, while the loss of each man brought the survivors nearer to destruction. Seeing this, we all turned, and ran a race for life; such a race, as I never ran before, nor since. An irregular discharge quickened our steps to the shelter of the wood. I received a slight wound in my thigh, and the captain had his wrist broken by a bullet, but he took no notice of it at the time, further than to twist his handkerchief tightly around it to check the excessive bleeding, and continued to animate us, both by his voice and example. As soon as we obtained the cover of the wood we again faced the foe, and peppered them so unmercifully as they advanced towards us, that they hesitated, once or twice, before they would enter, and contest its possession, muzzle to muzzle. We did not intend to retain its possession, longer than was necessary, for twenty of our number, were already killed, or severely wounded; while, scarcely one of us, but had a flesh wound or two about his body. We kept up a skirmishing fight, firing, and retiring, until our near approach to our own block house, warned our opponents to beat a retreat, unless they were content to expose their men; fatigued and worn with the skirmish, to a second encounter with British troops, fresh for the field. Most of us spent the remainder of that year, in recovering from our wounds, of which, as ample share fell to our lot. It remained a mystery for a long time how we came to be so miserably handled from the rear, when we believed all was secure, and ourselves

the only parties in possession. We fell into a pit of our own digging, and paid a severe forfeit for our imprudence, or our darings. We ascertained afterwards, from a prisoner, who was one of the attacking party, that our motions had been observed by a man belonging to the fort, who was ranging through the forest, early in the morning, in search of amusement. He hastened back, and communicated the intelligence to the Lieutenant in command, who determined to entrap us, in the meshes of our own net. He drew off his whole force in our rear, and instructed them to advance, with the utmost precaution, within gun shot of our party. This the forest in our rear enabled them to do with perfect impunity, and, as they came on, in single file, we had no possibility of detecting their approach by any noise. In the meantime, one of the men was sent forward to acquaint the escort with the arrangement, and give them instructions, how to act. Of these last few remained to boast of the exploit, our first fire was so close and certain, that nearly the whole were killed, or grievously wounded."

This was one only of the hairbreadth escapes he narrated, while we were plodding our way onward together; and when we arrived at his little shanty, and received directions for our rout, we really regretted that it was necessary for us to part; so much do new friendships, formed under such singular circumstances, attach themselves round the heart, often to last, as long as life itself shall last. Our path lay directly in the course of the river; by following its various turnings, we added an extra mile or two to the distance, but made certain of not losing our way again, and this was an object not to be despised, considering the number of hours we had been on foot during the day. The ice on its surface, was thick and rough, and afforded a good foothold, with less fatigue than accompanies a journey in the snow along the shore. We reached home in the morning, long before the Town was astir, and gladly sought the renovating aid of the couch, to recruit our exhausted stamina. We never after regained the first fruits of our days sport, they were abandoned to the mercy of the chance finder, who might happen to tread in our footsteps; we consoled ourselves with the retrospect of our process, in capturing the nobler animal of chase. Our friends, who had separated from us in the earlier part of the day, roamed about, until they had come to the appointed rendezvous, and seeing no traces of our appearance, returned to the farm house, where they staid until thoroughly tired of waiting, when they returned home, leaving part of the conveyances for our use, should we arrive during the night. The morning, however, set at rest their conjectures respecting our absence, about which some of them were rather uneasy; and we passed many a happy evening together afterwards, never forgetting to toast the Bear Hunters.

Our acquaintance, so unexpectedly formed with the Hunter, did not terminate for years, and then only, when we left the country. Under his experienced guidance, both flasks of power and cogniac too, have been drained, while roaming the forests, in search of game, or skimming across the open rivers and lakes after wild fowl. Many a moon-light night have we sat in a little dug-out, or canoe, filling our baskets with delicious fish, enough to gratify our utmost desires; and often, at such times, have I heard tales of the most thrilling interest, from his lips; told with all that bonhomie and truthfulness, which gives point to the most simple adventure, but entrances the hearer, in a tale of enterprise and daring.

Earl of Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

THE EFFECT OF DARKNESS.—Dr. Moore, the eloquent and amiable author of *The use of the Body in Relation to the Mind*, says:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant, being deprived of heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beauteous and reasonable being.—Hence, in the deep dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss vales, where the direct sunshine scarcely reaches, the hideous prevalence of criticism startles the traveller. It is a strange melancholy idiocy. Many critins are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labour under all these privations, and all are mishapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and that those are decidedly the healthiest, *ceteris paribus*, in which all

rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is a well-known fact epidemics attack the inhabitants of a shady side of a street, and totally exempt those of the other side; and even in endemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its action. Sunshine is also essential to the perfection of vegetation, and the water that lies in darkness is hard, and comparatively unfit for drink; while the stream that bares its bosom to the day deposits its mineral ingredients, and becomes the most suitable solvent of our food."

THE PEERAGE.—Assumed Names.—The Duke of Wellington is not a Wellesley; his real name is Colley. His grandfather, Richard Colley, assumed the name of Wesley (now modified into Wellesley) without having a particle of the blood of that family in him, but merely because he succeeded to the Wesley estates, under the will of a distant relative. The Earl of Clarendon is not a Hyde; his only connection with that noble family resides in the fact that his grandmother was the granddaughter of Henry Hyde, last Earl of Clarendon of that line. Paternally the noble Lord is Villiers. The Duke of Northumberland is not a Percy; his real name was Smithson, and his ancestor paternally was Sir Hugh Smithson, who took the name of Percy, and received the honours of that famous house, under a new creation, solely because his wife's grandmother was a Percy. The Marquis of Normanby exhibits a still wider excursion in search of a title which seems ancient, but is not really so; his Lordship has not a particle of the Mulgrave or Normanby blood in him. His great grandmother when she married Mr. William Phipps, was the widow of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was also Marquis of Normanby and Baron Mulgrave: thus Constantine Phipps, her son, contrived to get a re-creation of a title belonging to his mother's first husband, whom he had never seen, and whose descendant he was not. Lord Stafford is not a Wentworth. Lord Wilton is not an Egerton, although he has assumed that name. Lord de Tabley is not a Warren, which designation he now assumes, nor is he a Leicester, which name he bore a few years ago. He is, in truth, the descendant paternally of a certain Gregory Byrne, of the Queen's County, in Ireland, whose successors having married two or three Cheshire heiresses, seized upon the name of those ancient houses. The Duke of Marlborough is not a Churchill; his real name is Spencer, and he is only connected with the great military commander by the fact that his ancestor married the celebrated Duke's daughter. Earl Nelson is paternally a Bolton; his father was Thomas Bolton, and his grandmother was the immortal Nelson's sister. The Marquis of Anglesey is not a Paget; his father's name was Bayley. The surname now used by Earl de Grey is the same as his title; a few years ago he called himself Weddell, but his real name is Robinson.—*The Topic.*

SIRNAME differed originally from **SURNAME**. *Mac-Allen, Fitz-Harding, Ap Tudor*, and *Stephenson*, are properly Sir, or Sire-names, and are equivalent to the son of Allen, of Harding, of Tudor, of Stephen. Of our Sur-names, Du Cange says, they were at first written "*not* in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it, *between* the lines; and hence they are called in Latin *Supranomina*, in Italian *Supranome*, and in French *Sur-noms*, from which the English term is derived. A Surname is, therefore, a name superadded to the first or Christian name, to indicate the family to which the individual bearing it belongs, as Edmund *Spenser*, John *Milton*, Alexander *Pope*. Hence it is evident that although every sirname is a surname, every surname is not sirname; a distinction which is now scarcely recognised, and the two words are used indiscriminately by our best writers.

APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS.—Tea and Yarmouth bloaters, chops and stout, Welsh rabbits and whiskey—such is a day.—How beautiful is Nature. From the sun in his noon-tide glory, to the humble glimmer of the glow-worm. What painter could faithfully depict the rainbow colouring of a convalescent black eye. As comfort to the afflicted spirit, so is the hat-brush to the ruffled gossamer. Perseverance and industry will ultimately obtain life's leg of mutton, be the pole on which it is elevated never so greasy; and the carefully soaped tail of the pig of prosperity seldom eludes the grasp of well directed assiduity. Seldom do we meet with a more striking instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties than when we see a blind man industriously endeavouring to decipher in the dark the unintelligible hieroglyphics of bygone ages.—*Punch.*

FORGIVENESS.—The favourite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor dervise who had requested alms. The insulted dervise dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner

or later, to throw it in his turn at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told the favourite was discharged, and, by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. 'I now perceive,' said he, 'that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel.'

DELIRIUM TREMENS.—After some hours of almost fatal stupor, he wakes up with a fever, burning hands, dull eyes, sallow cheeks, parched lips, and tongue, confused mind, trembling limbs, aching loins, and tormenting heartburn that nothing will relieve. But the most overpowering of his sensations is a crushing weight of pain on his brain, with an indescribable sense of dizziness, as if about to fall from a vast height. The headache is so intense that light is intolerable, and every sound hateful. His temper becomes so irritable that his wife, who fondly watches him with the hope that he who once loved her will yet come to himself, and repent his unmanliness towards her, dare not remain near him any longer, for the sight of her now maddens him. Thus he passes his day of horrors, to which a night of terrible restlessness succeeds. Towards the next morning he begins to rave in perfect delirium. Every muscle of his frame shakes violently; his mind is in mad confusion, yet he cunningly attempts to destroy his own life, and when baffled in his rage against himself, he turns it upon those who would hinder him, and the strait-waiscoat alone prevents his committing murder. With careful medical management he recovers, but only for a short time, since some evil power holds possession of him, and compels him to return to the same condition on the first opportunity.—*Dr. Moore.*

A MONEY-DIGGER.—An inquisitive Yankee, seeing a labourer digging on a retired spot, inquired what he was digging for. "Money," was the reply. The fact was of course duly heralded to the curious in such matters, and the money-digger was visited by three or four credulous fellows, when the following dialogue ensued:—Visitors: "We are told you are digging for money." Labourer: "Well I aint digging for anything else, and if you're wise you had better take hold also."—Visitors: "Have you any luck." Labourer: "First-rate luck. It pay's well." No sooner said than done; the four fellows, thanking the generous delver for giving them an invitation to share in the golden harvest, off coats and went to work in good earnest, throwing out many loads of earth, till at length getting very tired, this colloquy took place:—Visitors: "When did you get any money last?" Labourer: "Saturday night."—Visitors: "How much?" Labourer: "Four dollars and-a-half."—Visitors: "That's rather small business." Labourer: "It's pretty well; 6s. a day is the regular price for digging cellars all over the town." The visiting loafers dropped spades and vanished, quite put out with the man who dug money at the rate of 6s. a day.

A WORD FOR WIVES.—But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardour of her enthusiasm subsides; if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn; if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder; what an outcry is there! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, and all its own warmth and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has received and unreasonably exacts. But let it also be remembered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper: the little pervivacity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—This incubus upon the industry of the whole country amounts to the prodigious sum of 840 millions of money. The interest paid annually amounts to 29 millions of pounds: the management is entrusted to the Bank of

England, for which £130,000 is paid. It would take the immense amount of 7,000 tons of sovereigns to liquidate this monster debt. These would take one person forty-three years in counting, supposing he worked ten hours each day. They would make a footpath of gold one yard wide from London to Manchester. Dating from the time of Adam till now it amounts to 5s. a minute. It would take two-and-a-half times the whole of the refined gold in the world to wash out this national stain. Nearly half of this mass of corruption was incurred from 1793 to 1830. Fifty years ago, the interest of the debt was nine millions, twenty less than at present. This debt at present is five times as large as the debts combined of Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Wirtemburgh, Saxony, and Hanover. It is four times as large as that of France, and seven times as large as that of Holland. If all the people in the known world were to pay one penny annually, it would require sixty years to clear it. There are 284,000 proprietors of this Herculean monster, called fundholders. What a blooming picture for contemplation.

Presentations.

March 2nd, 1847, a Silver Snuff Box, value Six Guineas, to P. G. Robert Wright, of the Victoria Lodge, by a few friends, for his unremitting exertions for a series of six years, in behalf of the Widow and Orphans' Fund of the Wigan District.—March 3rd, by the Officers and Brothers of the Newport District, a valuable Gold Lever Watch and appendages, to Pr. C. S. Benjamin Baker.—March 1st, the Officers and Brothers of the city of Canterbury Lodge, presented to P. G. John William Thomas, a splendid Silver Watch, in testimony of their esteem for his valuable services as their permanent secretary.—To P. G. William Maudsley, of the Well Wisher Lodge, Blackburn District, a couple of Emblems, viz.: 1 Widow and Orphans', and 1 of the Order, value £2 1s. 6d. They were presented to him on the 14th December, 1846, for his past services and meritorious conduct while as an Officer, and they were likewise given voluntarily out of the Members' pockets of the above Lodge.—February 27th, 1847, a Gold Watch Guard, to Prov. G. M. William Sellers, by the Members of the Prince Edward Lodge, Manchester District.—A splendid and valuable Patent Lever Silver Watch, to P. F. G. M. and C. S. David Latimer, by the Officers and Brethren of the Loyal Brompton Lodge, No. 1633, Brompton District on the 1st of January, 1847.

Marriages.

December 10th, at St. Paul's Church Warrington, P. G. James Houghton, junr. Haven of Rest Lodge, to Ellen eldest daughter of Host Thomas Walmaley, Golden Ball. December 31st, at the Parish Church of Lymm, Cheshire, P. G. John Ashton, of the Trafford Lodge, Warrington District, to Miss Arding, only daughter of John Arding, Esq., Lymm. P. G. Charles Hughes, of the Victory Lodge, Godalming, to Miss Mary Ann Dallen, of Denmark Hill, London, at St. Paul's Church, Camberwell. On the 28th of September, 1846, at Salem Chapel, Bradford, Thomas Barker Goodchild, Painter, Kildwick, to Ann the second daughter of P. Prov., G. M. Richard Wilkinson Cowman, of the Travellers' Friend Lodge, Skipton. On Sunday, January 17th, 1847, at the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, Hunslet, by the Rev. J. Poxon, P. G., Sheard, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, to Miss Sarah Haist.—Also, at the same time and place, Brother Squire Tursliff Moorhouse, of the above Lodge, to Miss Esther Haist, all of Hunslet. These being the first Marriages in the above place of worship, the Minister presented to both couples beautiful Bibles with suitable inscriptions. November 24th, 1846, Brother Richard Harris Parker, Butcher, of the Man of Ross Lodge, Ross, Gloucester District, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. William Bailey, Saddler, and Corn Factor, of Newent.—On Monday, February 2nd, at the Independent Chapel, Selby, by the Rev. David Senior, Jacob Dicksons, Cabinet Maker, and Secretary to the Loyal Wallace Lodge, to Ann second daughter of Mr. Martin Wade, both of Selby.—August 26th, 1846, P. G. Joseph Smith, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, to Sarah the daughter of Mr. Sidney Adcock.—December 6th, 1846, Brother Joseph Pass, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, after being a widower 6 months, to Martha Briggs.—Brother Robinson Parker, to Miss Agnes Fade.—Brother Simon Spineley, to Mary, the sister of Past Prov. G. M. John Armstrong, and niece of Prov. G. M. David Armstrong.—Brother Thomas Furness, to Miss Ann Thompson.—Brother David Patrickson, to Miss Mary Robinson, of the Cross Keys, Penrith.

Deaths.

Brother Henry Harding, of the Victory Lodge, 3759, Godalming, who departed this life, February 2nd, 1847, aged 26 years, leaving a widow and one child to deplore their loss of him.—July 19th, 1846, Elizabeth, the wife of William Smith, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge.—October 19th, 1846, Margaret, the wife of P. G. Thomas Morris, of the British Queen Lodge.—November 15th, 1846, Brother Isaac Starbuck, of the Earl Grey Lodge.—January 17th, 1847, Ann, the wife of Brother Robert Whitaker, of the Pilgrim's Rest Lodge, all in the Ilkeston District.

MARK WARDLE, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

THE

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

JULY.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1847.

WHAT IS THE MANCHESTER UNITY?

IT MAY appear to many that, after the lapse of between thirty and forty years, during which the Manchester Unity has been in existence, the question at the head of this article can be satisfactorily answered by the most casual reader, but this we have occasion to know from experience is very far from being the case. The public generally are aware of the fact that the Manchester Unity exists as a benefit society, but they are not in possession of sufficient information to enable them to distinguish it from the mass of inefficient societies that delude the unwary by promises, which the slightest consideration would shew could not by possibility be realised. They know nothing of the machinery by which it is worked—of the systematic adaptation of its various parts one to another—of the mode of its government—of the way in which its lodges are conducted—its districts regulated; and how members, lodges, and districts are acted upon and controlled by the representatives of the general body, who assemble annually to legislate for all.

The main object of the society, as laid down in its first law, is to render assistance to every brother who may apply through sickness, distress, or otherwise, if he be well attached to the Queen and government, and faithful to the Order. This was the foundation on which the Order was erected, and it has been proved to be amply sufficient for the formation of a philanthropic community so vast and extensive that the annals of history afford no parallel to it. We have no wish to make invidious comparisons, or to depreciate the value and importance of other societies. It must be admitted that a number of such are in existence whose objects are similar to those of the Unity, and whose efforts are praiseworthy and effective. Some of these, however, are too exclusive in their character, and too costly for the means of the working-man, whilst the advantages which they hold out are not so thoroughly adapted to the wants of the many. Others are of a more popular nature, but either

VOL. 9—No. 7—X.

too little care has been bestowed upon the formation of their laws, or their mode of being carried into operation is not so complete as that which regulates the Manchester Unity.

On the 1st of January, 1847, the Unity extended over 393 districts, it had 3860 lodges, and its members amounted to 257,905. Its lodges are established in South Australia, Canada, North America, New Brunswick, New Zealand, the West Indies, and Spain. The common benefit society can only administer to the wants of such members as reside in its own immediate locality, but a brother of the Manchester Unity may traverse thousands of miles, and at the end of his journey he is enabled to obtain similar benefits to those which he would have received from the lodge of which he was originally a member. He finds that, like the iron roads of commerce, Oddfellowship intersects the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, and he also finds that it has taken root and flourished abundantly far over the wide waste of waters. The *secrets* of the Unity (with respect to which so much has been said by those unacquainted with their nature and objects) enable him to communicate freely with his brethren, and ensure him that aid and kindness which he might otherwise have vainly sought in a strange land.

When we reflect upon the numbers of which the Unity is composed, and on the vast space over which its operations extend, we are naturally led to ask by what means such a society has been got together. The great aim of the members of the Order is to do good to each other, and to improve the character of the human race, by inculcating the doctrine of self-reliance. The Unity gives birth to that feeling of independence which makes man not only happier and better, but gives him new vigour to pursue the path which he has marked out for himself, or into which he may be forced by circumstances. He is taught to economise his means, and he labours with the more energy because he has taken steps to secure himself and his family from the degradation of subsisting upon the pauper's allowance. The man who in the days of health and prosperity provides a fund which may be made available in sickness, distress, or death, cannot be called an improvident member of society, and qualifies himself to be looked upon with trust and confidence. The moral character becomes improved, and to this the records of crime bear ample testimony by shewing how few offenders against the laws of their country are furnished by the Manchester Unity in comparison with those who belong to the uninitiated. The Unity has a claim upon the countenance and support of the wealthy and higher classes which they have by slow degrees begun to perceive and acknowledge, though not to the extent which the merits of the case deserve. Were it not for the existence of such a body, how much greater would be the distress of the country at large, and how much heavier would be the demands upon the more prosperous portion of the public. The parochial rates are, by means of Oddfellowship, lessened to no inconsiderable extent, and it behoves all who have influence, even were it only for their own pecuniary interest, to encourage the growth and spread of the Order in their different localities. There is, however, a higher aim—that of making working-men depend upon themselves—that of convincing them they possess resources of their own sufficient to protect them in their emergencies, without calling in the aid of other classes. Oddfellowship does not rely upon sympathy—it is not at the mercy of caprice, nor the uncertainty of generous im-

pulses. What its members have to receive they can ask for as a right, and no sense of disgrace or obligation attaches to the recipients. They apply to a common fund, contributed for avowed purposes, and they receive what they are entitled to with the same independence as the man who goes to withdraw a portion of the sum which he has deposited in the Bank of Savings. And yet, though Oddfellowship is formed upon the principles of mutual assurance and support, it has the effect of creating a good understanding and a sympathetic tie amongst such of the brethren as associate together, or come into casual connection with each other.

The Manchester Unity exercises an influence over the minds of its members which is peculiar to itself. It creates new ideas in those who join its ranks, by exhibiting to them a vast society based upon purely philanthropic grounds, and carried on by men who are mainly of the industrious classes. It shows how perseverance in a good cause has been enabled to overcome all obstacles, and eventually attain for the Order that fixed and eminent position which the original projectors possibly never dreamt of in the moments of their highest ambition.

The Unity is neither religious nor political in its character, though there is nothing which it inculcates that might not be uttered by the most rigid professors of christianity. The divine maxim that we should love one another is expressly enjoined, and therefore it is that the exciting topics of politics and religion are strictly excluded from the precincts of a lodge. Outside his lodge each brother is a free agent, and whatever nation or doctrine may be his, it affects not his admission into the ranks of Oddfellowship. The Order is one which is intended to benefit man in his worldly affairs, and, therefore, does not interfere with any conscientious scruples which he may entertain in regard to any particular religious belief. If the candidate for admission had to submit to a religious or political test, the Unity could not be so universal in its character; it could not fulfil the mission which it professes to spread abroad. Though some may foolishly censure the Unity for not being identified with any particular belief or sect, we think that those who have carefully read its laws will not fail to perceive that they comprise the very essence of all true religion, and, if strictly adhered to, cannot but do good to man both in a worldly and a still higher point of view. Those who look back upon the past, and read the history of the bitter feuds and fierce onslaughts which have sprung from religious differences—of the lives which have been sacrificed at the stake and by the sword—cannot but admit that the founders of the Unity acted wisely in excluding such a fertile subject of controversy from their institution. We recollect a clergyman of the church of England, observing, that as pastor of a parish in which a lodge was established, he looked with great care, jealousy, and prejudice into the rules and regulations of the Order. He went through the rules page by page, made enquiries as to the conduct of members, and thought he saw at every page a something depending upon christian principles. At every page he found his fears and prejudices (for he *was* prejudiced) giving way one by one. He found the members whom he consulted ready to answer any enquiry he put to them most forcibly and openly. It was his object then to discover whether he could not give them his support, not as a member but as their minister. He was completely persuaded that the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was the off-

spring and parent of that true charity which is the very bond and peace of all virtues. Such must in all instances be the case when those who examine the principles and laws of the Unity bring with them a reasoning and rightly constituted mind, which cannot allow itself to be closed against a conviction founded upon correct precepts illustrated by sound and unexceptionable examples.

That man is preeminently a social being is a truism so universally admitted that it would be superfluous to dilate upon it. By association the progression of the species is promoted and ensured, and it is only by the communication of intellect with intellect that the march of mind can be maintained. The order may rank with many societies bearing high-sounding titles in regard to the share which it has borne in advancing mankind in the scale of rationality and sound knowledge. Numerous lodges and districts have their libraries, their literary institutions, and their discussion societies, and the members eagerly avail themselves of all the resources placed within their power.

The question "What is the Manchester Unity?" is one which cannot be fully answered in the limits which we have prescribed for ourselves in this article. The nature of the Unity and the number of excellent attributes connected with it have formed the themes of speakers and writers innumerable, and though it is almost impossible to take fresh views on the subject, or treat it in a style of novelty, it may yet be dwelt upon with pleasure, and discoursed of with advantage. On other occasions we shall endeavour to exhibit more fully its claims upon public attention. For the present we must conclude by claiming for it a wider field of operation and a more perfect system of government than any which belong to other provident societies. It has been productive of great social good, and has contributed largely to lessen the amount of wretchedness and crime. It has fostered a spirit of independence in the working-man, and taught him sound lessons of prudence and economy. It has established a chain of communication which already encircles a great portion of the civilized globe, and bids fair to spread far more widely. It has cheered the sick, and comforted the dying—it has helped the widow, and protected the orphan. It has striven to uproot the seeds of discord and hate, and substitute for them universal peace and love. Such then is a brief sketch of the Manchester Unity, and imperfect though it be, we believe it is sufficient to prove that the Unity is entitled to the unqualified support of the thinking and the unprejudiced.

(The subject will be resumed in our next.)

THE OXFORD A. M. C.

THE G. M. and Board of Directors have published a full account of the late proceedings at Oxford, which will be issued with the Reports, at the same time as the present Number of the Magazine. We, therefore, abstain from making any remarks upon the subject, but refer the members of the Order to the published documents, which will be found well worthy an attentive perusal.

EDGAR VERNEY:

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

CHAPTER VII.

Disguise it as you will, *all sin is misery*. There is sorrow in every cup that vice presents to her votaries. She may mingle it as she will, to make it sweet to the taste; death and misery are there, and when drank, it will be wormwood, *gall* and *bitterness* in the system. God has bound sin and misery together by a tie that no man can put asunder, and he that practises the one must feel the other.

WILLIAMSON.

I DISMISSED from my service the steward whom I had selected as a fit agent to carry out my wicked measures, and in his stead appointed an old inhabitant of the village who was universally beloved for his mild and benevolent disposition. To him I entrusted the task of making reparation to such of my tenants as had suffered by my previous tyranny, and in fact gave him absolute power to exercise his discretion in the future management of my estate. This was a blessed relief to my tenantry, and ere I left my home I had the satisfaction of knowing that in many a heart happiness and hope had succeeded to misery and despair. Oh, how sweet and soothing came over my spirit the reflection on this the first really good act of my life. It was a new existence. It was as if body and soul had emerged from a burning and racking fever to revel in the delight of a calm and blissful convalescence. I shuddered to think upon the past—it lay behind me like a hideous and yawning gulf peopled with monstrous and demoniacal shapes, that stretched out their horrid and claw-like arms to claim me once again. For the first time in my life I knelt down to pray, and earnestly and tearfully did I ask of God to aid and guide onwards in the paths of love and righteousness.

I made my way to the metropolis, and was soon lost to all who knew me—I was alone in that vast solitude of humanity. I had with me that universal passport "money," and found no difficulty in getting admittance to all sorts of society. I formed acquaintanceship with successful villainy in the haunts of wealth and fashion, in lighted halls, splendid hotels, and brilliant gaming-houses. I made myself familiar with vice as it existed in the lowest and most noxious dens of infamy. I found opportunities of seeing men in public and private, masked and unmasked, and in every instance did I see that guilt and happiness were twain. I spoke with ruined gamblers and convicted felons, with men who had participated in all sorts of crime. I questioned them as to their feelings in their hours of triumph, and invariably found that remorse and agony had been the attendant fiends that tracked their destiny. I sought out the homes of the good, those who struggled with sickness, poverty, and all other evils which can by possibility afflict our mortal nature. When the first burst of affliction had passed over, I ever witnessed them finding "in some part of their souls a drop of comfort." My wealth became a source of pure gratification, and many blessed the charitable hand which ministered to their wants, though they knew not the donor.

I left the busy haunts of men, and fixed myself in a quiet and thinly-populated village. A small cottage situated in the deep recesses of embowering trees was to be disposed of, and I became the purchaser. An old housekeeper and a male servant were my only domestics, and to them I was known by a fictitious name. The villagers were kind and simple-hearted people, and the village to them was the world. Generations after generations had been born and died without ever going more than a few miles from the place of their nativity. They had heard of murder and other great crimes, but they were themselves unacquainted with deeds of dark enormity, and the small vices of existence made up the sum of their wickedness. There was a gothic church over-grown with ivy, and a grave-yard luxuriant with grass interspersed with flowers. The grave-stones stood on end, and many of them were crumbling with age. I loved to linger in the old church-yard, and "chew the cud of sweet and bitter

fancies " The dark shadows of my past life would throw their gloom over me, and rest with a heavy and oppressive weight upon my soul; and at times I became overwhelmed with the bitterness of miserable despair, like a condemned wretch immured in a stony dungeon, with only light sufficient to show that the cold and massive walls afford no hope of escape or outlet, except to death. I became a frequenter of the church, and listened attentively to the discourse of the meek and silvery-haired preacher. His words fell upon my mind like manna on the barren wilderness, as he expatiated on the virtues of christianity, and the benefits attendant on a true repentance. He had no faith in a repentance which left a man as bad as it found him, or which affected him only on the sabbath or in the church. If a man had been unjust, and had learned to hate injustice, and turned from its practice to follow justice, in his intercourse with his fellow-men; that man had repented, To repent was to turn from vice, and continue the practice of righteousness. It was to "break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by turning to the Lord." I listened like a criminal anxious to catch the slightest words of hope falling from the lips of his judge, and yet I could not, dared not hope that so black a sinner as myself should escape the punishment of the damned. I felt that it would almost be impious to wish it. Even in this world guilt does indeed carry with it its own punishment, and places in the hand of the crime-stained wretch a scourge for his own laceration. Never shall I forget the following portion of the pastor's discourse:—

"Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner." If you examine, your own individual experience you will find it recorded there, in language too plain to be misunderstood, that the nearer you have come in your feelings and practice to the great law of love, the greater have been your enjoyments on the one hand; and on the other, you have suffered for each and every departure from that law. I ask you, when were you the happiest? And I answer for you; it was when you felt most of the spirit of love to God and man, and when your powers were employed in acts of kindness to your fellow-creatures. These are the green spots upon the desert of life, around which fond memory lingers with delight, and calls forth the wish that all else was like this. I ask again, when were you most miserable? And again I answer for you, it was when consuming fires of hatred, revenge, or cruelty, were waked up in your bosom, and your hands were employed in injuring your brethren. When you were angry you were miserable even in childhood, but when you felt the warm spirit of love for parents or brethren, or companions, at work in your heart, then you were happy. This was not the effect of a revelation of God's law, but it was the effect of the original law itself stamped upon the nature of the soul, by the forming hand of the Creator. But the law does not end here. The positive enjoyment or suffering which we experience, at the time we harbour love or hate, is not all that should be taken into account. Conscience erects in the mind of those to whom the law is revealed, her tribunal, and memory opens fountains of joy, or brings up visions of grief from the oblivion of the past. I ask, which of you has ever loved a brother or done him a kindness, the recollection of which does not to this moment cause sensations of the purest joy steal over the soul? Not one. Who among you can say, that he has ever hated a brother or done him an injury, the remembrance of which does not give him a pang of regret? You may carry this principle back to the earliest dawn of your existence, and till you come where the oblivious tide of utter forgetfulness conceals every trace of the past, you will find no exceptions. I know not indeed how others may feel, but "as face answereth to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man," and judging from my own experience and the operations of my own mind, I conclude that it is even so with you all. I look back to the days of my early childhood and youth, I remember how I was angry with a brother, or sought revenge of my companions, and, God forgive me, I wish it were otherwise. These are the only clouds that obscure the brightness of my youthful morning, and I would to heaven that they were moved away. In like manner, I remember my affection and love for my brethren and companions, and the little offices of kindness I have done them; the recollection is a cordial to my spirits, and most devoutly do I wish, that this heart had never harboured an angry feeling; or these hands had never performed an evil act. These are developments of the laws of man's moral nature, obedience to which is joy, and every infraction of which is sure to meet with a just recompense of reward. They are as clearly manifested as any laws of our physical

constitution, and their operations as sure and certain. I might take a much wider field of observation, and should arrive at the same conclusion at last. If you were to search for a happy man, where would you go? Would you go to the haunts of vice, and select among its votaries the man in whose bosom the fires of hatred, and wrath, and revenge, and cruelty, are wasting and consuming? Nay; for in him you would expect to find a man emphatically poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked. But go to the good man, whose heart is warm with the pure spirit of benevolence and love, and whose hands are engaged in works of kindness; and there you will find happiness in its greatest earthly perfection. Do you wish for proof of this. Go then and examine the ways of the transgressor, and if you do not find the clearest evidence that his is indeed a "hard way," then must you be blind to every appearance of evil, and insensible to the absence of all good. Take the liar, who in the spirit of hatred or revenge, uttered his malicious forgeries to blast the reputation of a fellow. Mark him when retired from the world, and its noise and bustle; he sits down in the moments of cool contemplation, and reflects upon himself and his ways. Busy memory is at work, and he feels the gnawings of the restless worm. He feels how vile he is, and the pains of hell get hold upon him. Take the thief, who has laid his hands unlawfully upon his neighbour's goods. Behold him arraigned at the bar of justice, and led to prison, and you can here see that the way of the transgressor is hard. Or if he escape the retribution of the laws of his country, he cannot escape the consuming fires that his crime has kindled in his own bosom. He starts at the rustling leaf, and fears that the officer of justice is upon him. The remembrance of his crime keeps him in perpetual alarm. Take the murderer whose ruthless hands have been imbrued in the blood of a brother. In ordinary cases he is detected and suffers the penalty of the laws of his country. This, however, he sometimes may escape. But there is a faithful monitor within, whose vigilance he cannot elude, and a tribunal there, before which he must stand and hear his condemnation. He may lock his crime in the deep recesses of his own soul where the eye of man cannot penetrate; he may flee from the sword of human justice; but he must carry along with him the damning consciousness of his own guilt. Go where he will, cruel memory will haunt him with the image of his murdered brother, and the voice of blood-crying from the ground for vengeance, will sound in his ears, the requiem of departed joy. He may fly to the ends of the earth; that voice will still pursue him. He may dig to its very centre and bury his crime there, but conscience will sound the trump of its resurrection, and from the silence and darkness of the grave it will come up, in its freshness, to disturb his midnight—to scare him with dreams and terrify him through visions.*

The preacher was here startled by a deep and heavy groan, and I fell senseless on the floor of the church. When I awoke to consciousness I found that I had been conveyed to the clergyman's house, where every attention had been paid to me. The benevolent old man spoke to me kindly and soothingly on my recovery, but I fancied there was a constraint in his manners, as though he suspected that something of a dreadful nature had been the cause of my sudden indisposition. I was almost on the point of confessing to him the crime of which I had been guilty, but the love of life was too powerful within me, and the secret remained untold. I said that a previous illness had rendered me subject to swoons, and the heat of the church had overpowered me. I took my departure, and for several days did not venture abroad. I had, during my residence in the village, performed many small acts of charity, and I was looked upon by the inhabitants as a good and beneficent individual. How little should we trust to outward appearances! Now suspicion arose in the minds of the people. My behaviour in church was soon known throughout the village, and small things are great events in limited communities. Men whispered together when I approached, and shrunk within their cottage doors to avoid conversing with me. I felt as though the word "fratricide" were branded on my brow, and I slunk along the most unfrequented paths and lanes, as if afraid to encounter the officers of justice. I seldom stirred from my dwelling during the day, but waited until the dusk of evening before I took my wretched and solitary rambles. But I was seldom alone—there was one form which did not often quit my side—there was one shape which was with me, though it

* Williamson.

was thin and noiseless as a shadow. Its eyes encountered mine, turn as I would, and I knew that the shape was my brother's!

One evening a carriage drove into the village, and, as some trifling accident had rendered the vehicle unsafe, the travellers put up for the night at the only inn which the place could boast of. My servant told me of the circumstance, for it was a somewhat unusual one, as the village lay out of the track of the generality of travellers. I was told that the occupiers of the carriage were a newly married couple, and the bride was described as exceedingly lovely. I was absorbed with other thoughts, and remained silent; the man mistaking my silence for attention, gave indulgence to his loquacious propensities, and imagined he was gratifying me. The man told me he had assisted to bear the luggage of the travellers into the inn, and one of the portmanteaus was inscribed with the name of "Mr. Stephen Gray." I sprang up with a convulsive shudder. Should he ascertain that I was residing in the village my character would be at once known, and I must seek another scene in which to drag out the remainder of my existence. It was not likely that he would discover me if I kept within doors during his brief stay, but an irresistible influence came over me like a spell from which there was no escaping, and I was impelled to lurk about the inn and endeavour to look upon him whom I had once regarded with fierce and deadly enmity. My old feelings towards him were gone, and remorse and shame for my former conduct had taken their place; yet I felt an uncontrollable desire to look upon him once more, and to gaze upon the being whom he had chosen for a wife. Enveloped in a cloak, and with my hat pulled over my forehead, I sought the neighbourhood of the inn. I lingered about the door in the expectation that I might obtain a passing glimpse of Gray. It was a fine autumnal evening, and it was not unlikely that he might be induced to breathe the delicious atmosphere, or gaze upon the beautiful scenery for which the locality was celebrated. The moon was in the heavens, clear, bright, and round as a shield of shining pearl held in the hand of some glorious angel. The earth looked as though it had been steeped in pale and liquid splendour, and the leaves quivered and danced in the gentle breeze like things instinct with delight. I cast my eyes upwards to the blue and starry arch—all was pure above and around me, and I the one accursed thing that rested like a blight on the fair scene. The agony of remorse, the horror of despair, and a crushing, withering sense of my stained and degraded condition made a hell within me that no after punishment can by possibility exceed. A lady and gentleman, engaged in the sweet and murmuring converse, such as falls only from the lips of lovers, now slowly approached me. They were the bride and bridegroom returning from a quiet and blissful walk. One glance at them was sufficient—the wife of Stephen Gray had once been Lilius Young! A shriek of anguish burst from my lips, and I fled past them. Rapid as was the action, I saw they beheld and recognized me.

I was seen no more in the village. The fratricide would be proclaimed, and I must seek for obscurity, if not for peace, in other localities. My course was directed to a populous town, where for a short time I took up my residence, but the worm that dies not was gnawing at my heart, and misery was ever with me. Since then I have been a wanderer over many lands—I have mingled with men of every grade—with gilded vice and lowly virtue, and I have undeviatingly found, that whatever may be their station, the good alone are the happiest of mankind. My hair is thin and white, my form is bent, and my steps are slow and feeble, but, like the doomed one of old, I feel as though I could not rest or die. My course is onwards, onwards, and my lot on earth, whatever it may be hereafter, is one of agony unspeakable. Once in each year, on the anniversary of my brother's murder, do I visit his grave, and whilst my remorseful and penitential tears bedew his resting place, with my face bowed to the stone that covers his mouldering corse, I supplicate God to pardon my foul crime. The only temporary solace which I experience is in the performance of acts of charity, and in ministering to those who suffer. Oh, how vainly do our legislators seek to abolish crime by the death of the malefactor. To live, and not to die, is the only adequate punishment that can be inflicted upon the murderer, and well may the preacher exclaim, that, "disguise it as you will, *all sin is misery.*"

Countess of Wilton Lodge, Manchester District.

THE END.

THE MAID OF COLMONEL.

BY ROBERT BEATTIE.

On Stanchar's * stream at early day,
 How sweetly beams the orient ray,
 While o'er the moor the breezes play,
 And wave the heather-bell ;
 Yet sweeter than the morning beam,
 That plays on Stanchar's lovely stream,
 Is she, the poet's darling theme,
 The Maid of Colmonel.

'Twas in the bosom of the vale,
 When summer's sweets perfumed the gale,
 The lover's softly whisper'd tale
 First bade her heart rebel ;
 The virgin blush which went and came,
 Like streamers o'er heaven's starry frame,
 Then first reveal'd thy bosom's flame,
 Sweet Maid of Colmonel.

As when, beneath unclouded skies,
 When scarce are heard the zephyr's sighs,
 The Ocean billows gently rise,
 With undulating swell :
 So sighs half risen, half suppress'd,
 The tide of tenderness confest,
 Thus heaved thy soft and snowy breast,
 Sweet Maid of Colmonel.

My dreams of happiness are vain—
 We're sever'd ne'er to meet again ;
 Then, loveliest of the virgin train,
 For ever fare thee-well !
 Since fate forbids thee to be mine,
 Although my soul be knit to thine,
 Thy love, thy beauty, I resign,
 Sweet Maid of Colmonel.

* A river in Scotland.

BLOOMFIELD AND HIS LATTER DAYS.

It has often been remarked that the incidents in the life of a poet are, generally speaking, so meagre, that the reader feels surprised his renown should have been earned in silence and in solitude, and that the small whisper of inspiration passing through the trumpet of Fame should charm and astonish mankind! The mystery is soon solved; when we consider the abstraction of the poet's mind; and that, in the deepest silence and solitude he is conversing with the peopled atmosphere; in the darkness of the closet, he is contemplating the panorama of Nature. These remarks apply with peculiar force to Robert Bloomfield, whose life—apart from critical comment—might be written in an infant's palm.

It is sufficiently well known, that when a little boy he was transplanted from his native village of Honnington, in Suffolk, to his uncle George Bloomfield, then living in London, who taught him the gentle craft to build a lady's shoe; and never in after life existed there a more loyal subject to swear fealty to the foot that wore it. It was here, in noisy London, he wrote the 'Farmer's Boy,' under circumstances appalling to all but indomitable genius. This beautiful pastoral poem was conceived and executed amidst the din and clack of a large room full of journeymen shoemakers, who, upon no occasion, from the beginning to the end, had the slightest idea that Robert Bloomfield was weaving a wreath for St. Crispin, or a garland for Old England.—Each portion of the poem, conceived in their presence, kept flitting through his mind during the day, refining it in progress to the hour when the silence of night allowed him to commit his thoughts to paper, and thus to fix the Muses' shadow to his native soil. Yet, not to this, nor to any adventitious circumstance can the merits of Bloomfield as a poet stand indebted. He had within him the true *mens divinator*—he was the poet and scholar of nature,

"The fields his study, Nature was his book,"

and few other books had passed his reading, whence we may date his great originality, and exult that in him alone we have the one true English pastoral poet; one who has described the rural character and rural scenery of England, with a pencil dipped in the colours of Fancy, illuminating the pages of Truth. That there are inequalities in the poem must be admitted; and what work of human excellence has them not? There are, at the same time, passages of such surpassing beauty that the reader clings to them with a desire to engraft them on his memory, never to depart. Above all, the taste and the judgment of Bloomfield are pre-eminently conspicuous. They are displayed in giving a hero to his poem in the person of 'Giles'; the value of that willing 'Gibeonite' is incalculable. No descriptive poem, purely such, will ever be able to command the reader's attention for a length of time: take away Giles from the 'Farmer's Boy,' you take away its soul; he is the animus, the very being through which it breathes. Giles is the amiable personification that gives a human charm to every landscape. In a poet of less judgment, Giles would have been wanting. The genius of Bloomfield was peculiarly dramatic, and in all his minor pieces his *dramatis personæ* are all of inoffensive character. The figures are fitted for the landscape; in neither is there anything to disgust or offend; and, in describing village scenery, his Muse turns aside from the village dunghill, from the refuse of matter, and the dregs of vice; he does not delineate English filth with the hand of a Dutch painter, and, though his characters are all of the humblest order, he never ransacks the jail for a hero! It was this good taste and sound critical judgment upon which so much of his other poetic excellence was based, that procured for him the popular favour; as a proof of which, more than twenty-five thousand copies of the 'Farmer's Boy' were sold in little more than two years! But alas! what is so fickle as public favour? Popularity is a coy mistress, hard to win and difficult to retain. Those who offer themselves as her candidate, ought continually to bear in mind that the audience which sits in judgment never forgets its right to hiss as well as applaud. In the course of years he saw his popularity declining; and it became as fashionable to decry his genius, as it had formerly been to eulogize it. Those great dispensers of poetic justice, the critics, became apparently ashamed of their own generosity, or ashamed of their protegee. Byron was

illiberal enough to sneer at a man who was too humble and too amiable to offend any one, whose genius, though infinitely below the standard of his lordship's, made up for that deficiency by a quality, which Byron's proud superiority seems to have no need of—virtue. It is true, that, years after, Byron felt shame for this wanton attack; making a clumsy apology, based upon falsehood. But this was useless, fashion became fate with the poet; and his fame afterwards received many a deadly gash from such hands as the assassin of Keats. Malice, like gunpowder, being quick to ignite, there are never wanting contiguous particles to explode and to annihilate whatever is destined to oppose it.

It was to the liberality and public spirit of Vernor and *Hood*—the father of our lamented author of 'the Shirt,'—Bloomfield owed the publication of the 'Farmer's Boy;' which had run the gauntlet of the Row, and came to their hands covered with the ignominy of rejection, and shrinking from the booksellers' 'Visions of Judgment!' Its eventual success, however, caused Dilly and Sir R. Phillips,—who had both refused to publish, on the score of its being destitute of merit,—to feel the soreness of chagrin, and the bitterness of disappointment. The loss of a thousand pounds in one year to either, by an error of decision, affected them through their most sensitive organs—the Till.

The 'Rural Tales' succeeded the 'Farmer's Boy,' and was proportionately successful, the publishers risking jointly with the author the success of this as they had done the former volume. The 'Rural Tales' had a very extensive sale, and induced the author to publish a third volume, which he christened 'Wild Flowers,' addressed to his lame son Charles: it was as well received as the former, and its sale tended to augment his comforts and his reputation. This was his last publication during his residence in London; soon after which he took a house at Shefford, induced by a desire to enjoy again the beauties of nature, and to adore the God of nature in her worship.

A feeling of friendship was another inducement for the change, as well as the quiet so dear to a contemplative mind. He resided at Shefford eleven years, during which period his pecuniary resources kept gradually diminishing. The public had been abundantly supplied with his two first publications, their sale was consequently on a diminished scale; and the embarrassment this caused in his finances operated too strongly on his sensitiveness to allow of that tranquillity of mind so necessary for any great mental effort. Nevertheless, he found some few snatches of repose from anxiety which were devoted to the service of the Muse, and in 1822, he produced 'May Day with' the Muses,' a beautiful poem of the pastoral kind, which was well received by the public, but was not so productive as his former volumes. His seclusion from the world and the world's ways rendered him partially forgotten. The report that he was dead was universally believed until an advertisement with his own signature to this publication convinced the public to the contrary. In the meantime the popular taste had been diverted from the channels of pure English simplicity of character and manners, to poetry of an exotic order. It was to Asiatic or Italian skies the poets of the day turned their inspiration; the blushing English cheeks of Peggy Meldrum disgraced the pallid Enchantress of the East; yet it may be hoped and premised that, though such meretricious syrens may captivate for awhile, assuredly a better taste will return, and posterity honour the bard who has immortalized the native beauties of our own beautiful Island.*

Amidst all his trouble, it was perhaps fortunate that the poet retreated to Shefford during his latter years, as it left him somewhat indifferent to neglect, while at the same time his health required that repose his circumstances denied him. He had but the reflection of those circumstances to disturb and harass his feelings; he was out of the pale of the world's din; but he found every day that quiet without and peace within were separate things.

At some of the propitious intervals which occasionally gleam on the most wear-

* It is not alone for their poetry that Bloomfield's poems are valuable to literature, but for their faithful delineation also of the manners, habits, and virtues of our old English peasantry. They are chronicles of a race now almost extinct, of the honest old sturdy rustic; the pride of England before the accursed game laws gave an old hare a richer flavour for being stewed in a peasant's blood.

some life, he found occasion to woo the beautiful scenery surrounding Shefford. He rambled the lovely Hardwick Hills; and meeting the Muse in the solitudes she so dearly loves, he caught her inspiration anew, and stamped afresh the charms of nature with the seal of genius. Here he drew a map of the places, and portraits of the persons that so delight us in his 'May-Day with the Muses;' from hence we look over the wild common, the mill stream and the shady style; from hence also we glance over the old monastic mansion of Sir Ambrose Higham, the hero of May-Day, the good, the kind-hearted old baronet, who sympathised with the poet's sorrows, and whom he repaid with a poet's only coin—a song! How often, when I have contemplated that sorrow have I exclaimed to myself, 'If this be the penalty laid on the gifted, let me implore Heaven rather to make me one of the stupidest denizens of nature, and enjoy obscurity, than live illumined by that ray which, though it shines from above, lights the poet's path to misery and wretchedness.'

Amidst all the gloom of neglect and difficulty that was hastening him rapidly to decay, his gratitude, a distinguished characteristic, was frequently awakened by the knowledge that some kind natures felt for his situation, though their efforts to diminish his anxieties were unavailing. Amongst these, the late poet Southey,* to whom he was personally known, took occasion to suggest to a knot of wealthy individuals a simple and ready means to rescue him from present necessity, and secure him from future embarrassment, by an annual subscription of £10 each; and thus ten gentlemen 'to whom a guinea was a grain of sand,' might have lengthened life, wedded gratitude to genius, and done honor to their country. This proposal of Southey was accompanied by an offer to set the example in his own person, would any present second it? The generous appeal was made in vain; they were silent, and '*made no sign!*' Another eminent wealthy poet, still living, used his utmost endeavours to rouse the minister of the day to a sense of the great benefit he had it in his power to confer on Bloomfield, by devoting a modicum of the sums placed by the country at his disposal to reward genius. This proposal was listened to with well-dissembled alacrity, and a promise made of its immediate consummation. Week after week, and month after month, wore away, without any further notice of promise or poet. After a considerable lapse of time, occasion was taken to jog his lordship's recollection; an ample and lordly apology for the infirmity of a bad memory was ready. A second promise, equally protracted, met the same fate as the first; and a third promise followed at the dinner table of the generous poet-patron of the suffering bard, with the assurance, making it doubly sure, that a very small delay should suffice for its accomplishment! Alas, for humility and nobility; the noble statesman's carriage still rolled over the pavement of his broken promises, and crushed the poet's hopes for ever! It was, however, at this very dinner table, during the ruminant repast of the dessert, that one of the nobility present, who had listened attentively to the last appeal on behalf of poor Bloomfield, pulled forth his pocket-book, and, concealing it beneath the edge of the table, pencilled on his knee, and handed over to the poet's friend a draft for one hundred pounds. Lord L——'s check was honored; and what man with a heart will not honor the deed for ever?

To a mind like Bloomfield's, an act so magnanimous was overpowering to his feelings, and to those who knew both Peer and Poet, it were hard to say which must have been the noblest emotion, the gratitude of him who received, or the generosity of him who gave.

This little indulgence of Fortune, however, seemed only lent to add keenness to her future malice. Her next visitation came in the announcement that the son of his

* Southey bore testimony to Bloomfield's genius and moral worth, by voluntarily promising to write his life: which was delayed from time to time till the promise outlived the performance. A Monody on his death was also promised by John Clare, which shared the usual fate of procrastination, and remains like Southey's biography, a poetic fiction. How much is it to be regretted that a previous promise from the Northamptonshire peasant to visit Bloomfield at Shefford was never realized, that two such natures, formed for each other's enjoyment, should remain for ever estranged, instead of mingling their sympathies and wandering together, like twin spirits amidst the sun-beams on Parnassus.

deceased and original patron, the present Duke of Grafton, would for the future withhold a small pension of £15 per annum, which he had enjoyed for many years. This event rolled the waters of sorrow more chilling to his soul than ever; so much had his mental anguish increased, that he once declared to me, that were he at that moment scaling Etna he would not turn aside to avoid walking into its crater! Weary of life, every avenue once illuminated by the presence of hope, seemed closed, and even the Muse, the most faithful of all guests,—whose countenance can make a paradise, in the midst of a poet's desolation—and make Hope dance upon a prison floor, even she had been too often denied entrance where Misery kept the door, to call often or remain long a visitor. Yet eventually he was compelled, as a last effort, to woo back her smiles; and in 1823 he wrote and published '*Hazlewood Hall*:' a drama, this was his last effort,* and it was matter of astonishment, whatever may be its merits, enough mental energy was left to make the attempt. It was the last farewell visit of the Muse; a feeble gleam of poetic sunshine, that came rather to gild than to add warmth to a wearied and waning existence.

His health kept declining and defied the skill of the physician; he felt no regret at the hopelessness of his fate, and was the last to stand in the way of throwing 'physic to the dogs.' He was not confined to his bed more than a fortnight, and, though his life had been gloomy, his end was cheerful; he had walked the crooked paths of this world betwixt Truth and Innocence, and died without fear; his dissolution releasing him from mortal troubling, and taking place the 19th of August, 1823, in the 56th year of his age. The morn had just risen as his last breath expired: the grim tyrant of mankind had done his work; the mild rising sunbeam entering the poet's dwelling as death's shadow departed.

After his decease, an appeal was made to the public sympathy on behalf of his family. About £200 was realized by subscription, which was immediately applied, together with the proceeds of a sale of his books,† furniture &c., to the cancelling in full, the demands of all creditors amongst whom he had died. This last act of his family could he have been conscious of it, would have made his soul rejoice, resolved as he had ever been through life, that as slander itself should never sully his virtue, neither should malice impeach his integrity.

He was buried at Campton, where his grave remained for some years unmarked, till at length a stranger erected a stone to his memory, recording the place and time of his birth and decease, quoting a line from Milton's epitaph on Shakspeare, appropriate to his genius.

T. INSKIP.

Shefford, May, 1847.

* Bloomfield often meditated writing a prose work, a sort of biography of the Sons of Saint Crispin with whom he had been acquainted, and whose lives furnished anecdotes and incidents highly interesting and amusing. The only prose work he has left behind is a work of fiction, entitled, '*The History of Little Davy's New Hat*,' and some observations on the *Æolian Harp*, entitled '*Nature's Music*.'

† The celebrated '*Old Oak Table*' was knocked down at this sale for £14, to some one deputed to purchase it for the kind poetic friend before alluded to, who immediately made it a present as an heir-loom to the family. May it remain amongst them for many future generations, not merely 'to twitch the sleeve of nodding gratitude,' but to remind them in the poet's own example, that no human difficulty but must give way to patience and resolution; that Genius and Virtue are the highest honors and form the only laudable distinctions amongst mankind.

CHARITY.

Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

THE great founder of christianity when in this world promulgated the principles of benevolence and charity, and recommended their adoption and practice to the whole of his disciples. It, therefore, becomes the duty of the most humble followers of so great a master to carry out and practice these doctrines to the utmost of his power and ability.

Mankind are so linked together, that the prince cannot exist without the peasant—the rich without the poor, and hence it becomes, not only the duty, but the interest of every individual to extend the hand of charity to all who may, by the unerring hand of providence be in a situation requiring assistance.

It may be said of Charity that which Shakspeare says of Mercy—

"The quality of *charity* is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

How exceedingly happy must that man be who has both the will and the power to dispense charity to his fellow creatures. There is no act which a man can perform that is more calculated to produce delightful sensations than that of pure and unalloyed charity. The rich man is but the steward of the poor. The riches with which he is endowed are not given him for his peculiar gratification, but that he may be enabled to diffuse comfort and happiness amongst his fellow creatures.

It is with truth said that we are all members of one great family, and such being the case, it is the duty of every member of that family to endeavour to the utmost of his ability to render every other member as comfortable and happy as himself ; not only in dispensing pecuniary relief in times of necessity, but in assisting with his best counsels and advice all those who may require such assistance. On looking around us in the world we often see that pecuniary relief is not at all times the best—indeed it is often—nay too frequently attended with evil consequences, as having the effect of rendering those so relieved both idle and careless, and thus augmenting in a certain degree, the number of the dissolute and worthless members of the human family. But there is an act of charity which we ought to practice, at all times and at all seasons, with zeal and diligence, viz. by advice. Let us endeavour, whenever we see a brother not only within the limits of our own admirable and benevolent institution, but even beyond those limits, to every member of the whole human race—whenever we see a brother dropping away from the paths of virtue and morality, let us endeavour by our counsels and advice to convince him of his error, and to prevent him falling into those snares of wickedness and crime which are continually open for the allurements of the unwary, and which eventually close upon their victim, and end in the utter ruin of peace, happiness, and worldly means. We have almost daily experience of such cases where, if timely advice were offered by persons not much above them in the scale of society, it would be the means of saving many an erring and unfortunate mortal.

It must not, however, be supposed from this that we recommend the entire withholding of pecuniary aid—far from it. Daily experience convinces us of its necessity, and that such aid when judiciously applied is of incalculable advantage, and is often the means of saving many a worthy family from utter destitution. But we ought at all times to exercise our best judgment in dispensing charity, and give that which would not only be most acceptable, but most useful and really necessary. And all of us who are placed by the goodness of providence beyond the allurements of vice, are bound by our very position in society to assist and relieve the unfortunate.

The widow and the fatherless ought to be peculiarly the recipients of our bounty,

and the objects of our warmest and most disinterested regard. There is no portion of the distressed and unfortunate of our fellow creatures who so much require the consolation and attention of the humane and benevolent as the widow and her helpless offspring. Let us picture to ourselves, for one moment, the humble fireside of one of our worthy and industrious mechanics; behold him sitting after the toils of the day, with the beloved partner of his worldly pilgrimage, and surrounded by a numerous family of lovely and smiling children, with the youngest upon his knee—joy and contentment beaming in each countenance. If real and perfect happiness is to be found upon earth it is there! Each is dear to each, bound together by ties of the strongest and most fervent love. But, mark! a change has taken place; sickness has overtaken the husband and the father, death has snapped asunder life's feeble thread, and the tender husband—the affectionate father is borne to an early and untimely grave, and his beloved wife and children are left alone, as it were in a cold and unfeeling world to lament their irreparable loss. Behold again that same fireside, what grief and sorrow are now there, where but a short while before the cup of happiness seemed brimful, but which is now dashed for ever from their lips. Here, too, poverty almost invariably follows with all its fearful train of privation and suffering. Be it our duty, then, to alleviate that suffering. Be it our duty to offer consolation and wipe away the tears of bitter agony from the eyes of all who are so situated.

There are many degrees of poverty to which people are reduced from various causes, one of the most prevalent of which is, perhaps, intemperance. To this great fountain head of poverty and crime we would most earnestly draw attention. Many thousands of our valuable fellow-citizens are annually reduced from comparative ease and competence to poverty and misery, and are eventually lost amid the lowest and vilest dregs of society, by this monster evil—intemperance, and it would indeed be an act of the purest charity if we could, prevent any of our fellow-creatures falling into a course of habitual inebriety. We have instances, too, where poverty being perpetuated for a considerable time, together with a series of spirit-breaking misfortunes, the natural result of intemperance—has eventually led to crimes, which the perpetrator in his early and more prosperous days would have shrunk from with unfeigned horror. But when the barriers of virtue and morality are once broken down, the poor and wretched of our race become an easy prey to vice and all its hydra-headed concomitants, and are thus, as it were, plunged into the very abyss of wickedness and crime, from which escape is almost hopeless.

Not only is it necessary that we should practice charity to those in poverty, in sickness, or in distress; but we should be charitable in our feelings, our sentiments, and our expressions—not judging rashly and without consideration the words and the actions of those with whom it is our destiny to live, but on all occasions to put the best and most charitable construction upon the words and the actions of all men. These are features of charity which are but too seldom exercised, and are therefore most earnestly recommended. Many of “the ills which life is heir to” spring from the uncharitable construction put upon the words or the actions of our neighbours. Let us, then, henceforth extend the hand of friendship charitably to all our fellow-creatures, and when we can neither assist them with our purse or our advice, let us assist them with our feelings—let us feel charitably towards them. Depend upon it, that were the principles of charity in all its different bearings more universally practised much of that poverty, misery, and crime which at present exist, would speedily disappear from the land, and we should then be enabled to exclaim with the poet:—

“Ye heavens from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower;
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade,
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft the scale.”

J. M.

Rose and Thistle Lodge, Berwick.

A COUNTRY WALK.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

My heart rejoiceth in the country green,
 I feel the warm blood tinge again my cheek ;
 A holy influence broodeth o'er the scene,
 And fills my breast with thoughts I cannot speak.
 Afar off looms the dim and smoky town,
 Where clank the mighty engines night and morn,
 Where wealth hath smiles, and poverty a frown,
 And pride and scorn 'mid heaps of gold are born.
 There hate or sorrow prompt too oft the word,
 Here hymns of gladness from each bough are heard,
 And falls the sunlight rich and dazzling down,
 Like streams of glory from God's radiant crown.
 Here scornless Nature works her peaceful ways,
 And tunes the soul to meekness, love, and praise.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

'Twas deep in the lonely glen,
 The birds proclaim'd May Morn;
 When far from the haunts of men,
 The Gipsy child was born.
 On the clear blue skies above,
 She cast her infant eye ;
 And the winds were whispering love,
 That cheerly wander'd by.

And as free as the light of day,
 The Gipsy Girl hath been ;
 But kind as the breath of May,
 The dark hair'd forest queen.
 And oft through the weary night,
 She soothes a mother's pain ;
 Or cheers with her songs so light,
 Her brothers o'er the plain.

To wander o'er hill and dale,
 The maidens dower must be ;
 Or sing in the moonlight pale,
 Her wild wood minstrelsy.
 With her sloe black eyes so bright,
 And teeth of matchless pearl ;
 There's a charm of love and light,
 Around the Gipsy Girl.

WILLIAM B. LEWIS, P. G.

Fidelity Lodge, Leeds.

THE UNLUCKY MAN.

BY GEORGE HURST.

CHAPTER II.

——— all men take heed by this one gentleman,
How you sette your love upon an unkinde woman.

RALPH ROYSTER DOYSTER.

EVERY portion of life has its enjoyments, as well as its vexations and disappointments; but there is no part of human existence altogether so agreeable as the period when the adult age commences. In middle life we have all the cares and anxieties of occupation, or what is worse still of the want of adequate occupation, or perhaps the miserable consciousness of having completely missed our way, and the journey of life having so far advanced, that it has become much too late to retrace our steps for

——— "Our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were."

In old age although we may boast of what fine fellows we were in our youth, and by recollection derive some pleasure from the past;—yet there is such a confounded retrospection of evil,—such gaunt forms of former wickedness perpetually arising before us, as are sufficient to scare away every feeling of satisfaction;—and old iniquity staring us in the face, increases in awfulness as we approach that abyss, which even the boldest and the best cannot contemplate without a shudder;—eternity!

In early manhood, the prospect pictured by imagination is bright and glorious. Our spirits as our frames are *buoyant* and a keen sense of enjoyment makes all around us seem a paradise; and although we may be continually getting into various awkward scrapes and perplexities, we pass through them easily and lightly, and as for the past, the recollection of youthful delinquencies are sources of mirth rather than inquietude. The high estimation we entertain of ourselves makes us sanguine as to the future; so we progress confidently apprehending neither pitfalls nor quicksands; and although the direction we take is in every respect wrong, we progress joyously, fully satisfied with the wisdom of our proceedings.

At this pleasant age, Mr. Brown found himself as comfortably situated, as any moderate man would desire. On examination into the state of his affairs, the whole appeared in a very satisfactory condition. He stood well with the public, and was considered a very interesting personage, chiefly from current report having multiplied his wealth into nearly four times its real amount.

His property consisted of nearly one thousand pounds a year, derivable from various government securities, and a house and grounds very suitable to the income.—His father's will contained no restrictions, excepting with regard to eight thousand pounds in the three per cent. consols, which sum was devised, to be settled upon his wife, whenever the young gentleman thought proper to get married. This was considered rather an odd clause in the will, but it was introduced in accordance with an opinion often expressed by Mrs. Brown during the latter years of her life, of the truth of which her husband was pretty well convinced by its frequent repetition. "That men were poor weak creatures, hardly capable of taking care of themselves, much less of having the uncontrolled conduct of property. That if it was not for the management of their wives three parts of them would soon go to rack and ruin,—poor silly things!"

Mr. Brown's company was at this time, very much courted by the most dashing people in the neighbourhood; he having the means of giving good dinners, and had a cellar

VOL. 9—No. 7—Y.

stored with very superior wines. In particular, he became intimate with a Captain Johnson, a little man, who talked large, looked important, and with as much of the air of a "Captain with terrible looks" as a militia adjutancy was capable of imparting. A Mr. Templeton also condescended to dine continually at Mr. Brown's table. Mr. Templeton was a thorough sporting character, quite up in all matters relative to dog-fighting, bear baiting and pigeon shooting, attended all the important races, and would have ridden steeple chases himself, but from a slight presentiment of the possibility of meeting with some accident, and sustaining bodily injury. These two friends kindly undertook the charge of bringing the young gentleman out in the world, and of putting him in the way of supporting his station in society with a proper degree of spirit. One of the first things they advised was to get rid of the old mare, and ride "a decent sort of animal," and Mr. Templeton introduced him for that purpose to a horse dealer; who was a singularly anomalous character; for Mr. Templeton described him, as "one of the most straight forward honest men in the world." There is no earthly reason why a horse-dealer should not be an honest man, and there are many heavenly reasons why he should, yet the thing in itself seems so improbable, that could it but be proved that such a being did really exist, he might be revered in this knavish world as something super-earthly, as an immediate precursor of the millennium, and if you were then to see a lion and a lamb lying down together it need scarcely be considered as a matter of surprise.

Mr. Chanter the horse-dealer, had a nag in every way suitable for Mr. Brown, one, as he said, he was very loath to part with, and the only inducement was, to serve a friend of Mr. Templeton, and by whom he felt confident the horse would be well treated. After a further enumeration of the wonderful qualities of this, "the very best animal in the world," he concluded by saying; "but dash my wig, I don't know why I should talk about him, as I have now made up my mind not to sell him at any price; but a man that has a horse like that may well feel proud, and can't help talking a little about him; and let me tell you my gay fellow, only let that horse hang at any gate, and people will say a gentleman's gone into the house."

Mr. Chanter got very enthusiastic, and displayed quite an arabian attachment for the horse; and only at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Templeton could he be induced to sell him. At length a deal however was effected, Mr. Brown giving his father's old horse, and eighty pounds to boot.

The money being paid, and the exchange completely made, Mr. Brown found very shortly, that he had been rather unlucky in the transaction; for the horse quickly shewed unequivocal symptoms of lameness, was very defective in his sight; with every prospect of becoming quite blind, was a confirmed cribster, and had a most unpleasant habit of jibbing or going backwards.

At this piece of ill luck, Mr. Templeton offered a good deal of common place consolation. He said "it was the kind of occurrence that was common enough."—(Being cheated in horse dealing, how very true this is!)"—"That horses were the most uncertain animals in the world."—(True, as far as getting a good one is concerned.)—"But having bad luck one time he would have better the next."—(A very doubtful proposition.)—"To be sure the horse was not returnable, being taken in exchange for another, and Mr. Brown neglecting to have a written warranty."—(Perhaps a jury might think otherwise.)—"That the animal's vices, and unsoundness, must have originated after he came into Mr. Brown's possession."—(Very singular this, as they became thoroughly developed on the day following.)—"That Chanter said he was all right, and that Chanter was a man of strict integrity, and wouldn't tell a lie for a thousand pounds."—(Evidently Mr. Templeton was not quite so scrupulous.)—"That he (Mr. Templeton,) spoke with more confidence as he knew all about the horse."—(In this it is supposed he accidentally spoke the truth, as he was noticed to have had a horse, in every way similar a short time previously.)

The sequel of this first horse-dealing transaction was, that with the assistance of "that most straight forward man," Mr. Chanter, Mr. Brown after keeping the animal uselessly for two months managed to sell him for ten pounds. The horse must afterwards have realized a considerable quantity of money for various of his owners, as he was sold and re-sold altogether thirty times during the succeeding year.

The captain and Mr. Templeton continued their kind attentions to Mr. Brown,

they took him to various races, always in very dashing style, and they generally carried their condescension to such a pitch, as to allow him *to pay the bill*. They used continually to extol his judgment of racing, considering the trifling opportunities he had had, there must have been a kind of intuition, in the correctness of his opinions. In fact, that he was instinctively a jockey,—theoretically, for practically the height of six feet, and the weight of fifteen stone, were rather an objection. Now it was a most singular thing, that this judgment never availed him in betting, excepting for very trifling sums. He could manage occasionally to win shillings, but was invariably unlucky, whenever pounds were depending. This rather shews, that however well you may take care of the pence and shillings, the pounds have not always the knack of taking care of themselves.

Billiards was the next thing to which our young gentleman devoted himself; and his friends gave him great praise for the rapid proficiency he acquired. In a very short time he was enabled frequently to beat the captain, who had the reputation of being a first rate player. But here Mr. Brown's singular luck still attended him, whenever he played for merely the tables, or had some sixpenny or shilling wager upon the game, he won five games out of six; but whenever he bet any considerable amount, whether upon his own or the captain's play, against Mr. Templeton he invariably was a loser. It was very strange, that whatever were the prospects of the game when the wager was made, his opponents always had such extraordinary luck. The balls cannoned, and went into the pockets in all directions, almost as though it was of their own accord, without being directed by any particular skill of the player. At least they all acknowledged that this was the case. Perhaps we might be inclined to fancy, that it was not entirely chance. If so, what admiration we must feel, for the remarkable modesty, displayed by Mr. Brown's two friends, who were content with pocketing his money, without even pretending to superiority of skill.

Card parties of course he frequented, and was occasionally a winner, that is to say, at a quiet game for sixpenny points,—but when he and his two friends with some other person to whom they might introduce him, sat down, as they expressed it to do something a *little respectable*, which meant playing for at least guinea points,—he was invariably unlucky. Things went on in this manner for many months, and Mr. Brown was not merely spending his income, but had also dipped considerably into the stock of ready money which his father had allowed to accumulate in the banker's hands. The friends next planned going to London, and spending a few months in seeing life in the great Babylon, in all its various phases. But this was prevented by a new affair engaging Mr. Brown's attention. What would have been the result had the proposed London scheme been carried into effect, it may be difficult exactly to determine, but it requires no great penetration to form a probable conjecture,—doubtless Mr. Brown's ill luck would have been brought into full operation, and the pecuniary circumstances of his two friends would have been materially improved; and the tailor's bills of one, and the corn factor's of the other, might have had the chance of being liquidated.

From the time of the quarrel, immediately after Mr. Dunn's marriage, to this period of our history, all intercourse between the Dunn's and Brown's had entirely ceased; and these formerly such intimate friends, had become so far estranged, that a nod of recognition had never passed between them. They went to the same church, and sat in adjoining pews; but this proximity only served to exhibit in bolder relief, the distance of their behaviour. The genial evangelical doctrines of kindness, mercy, and forgiveness, eloquently poured forth by the minister, they generally considered, as levelled directly at themselves; and which therefore, only tended to increase their animosity. The elder Browns were dead, and Mr. Dunn had been dead some months, so that a milder state of feeling might be expected. Mrs. Dunn looked quite charming in her weeds. She had attained the royal climax of female loveliness, and was fat, fair and forty; but as a freezer to all aspirants to her favour, she said, "that bereaved of her poor dear husband, she should continue to wear the attire of widowhood, as long as she herself remained." — Of course at the end of the sentence, the word "*unmarried*," must be understood, and that she intended to wear her widow's weeds until she exchanged them for the bridal vesture. Well she deserved a second, and a good husband, for she had been a most exemplary wife to the first—although he was forty years her senior, she was kind to him, exceedingly kind,

and by contributing in every way to his happiness, she caused his latter years to glide away smoothly; and by her attentions, doubtlessly was the cause of lengthening the term of his existence.

I have said Mrs. Dunn looked charming in her weeds. She wore her cap tastily, and not so tight round her face as is usual, and displayed a tolerable portion of her beautiful full brown hair, arranged *a la Reine*. She looked very attractive, as any good looking widow must, if she understands how to make the best of her advantages. There is something very interesting in the dress of widowhood. The loneliness of the wearer seems enshrouded with a touching melancholy, and sorrow appears to have been her portion. As you are a man and a christian do you not feel disposed to pour oil into the wounds of the afflicted, to be a father to the fatherless, provided they are few in number;—and to be the stay, comfort,—husband of the widow. Carry your good intentions into execution, and your practical sympathy shall not go unrewarded. You will advance at once into all the rights, immunities, and privileges of the deceased. There is the house to walk into, completely furnished, without the trouble of selection, or the charge of a single penny. The wine upon which he prided himself, and which has become exquisite by age, will be reserved for your own private drinking. The “goods laid up for many years,” will be brought into utility for yourself. You will arrive at once to the dignity of the head of a family, and see children flourishing around you, the nursing having been paid before hand, and you having been spared even the trouble of rocking the cradle.

Mrs. Dunn had one child, a daughter born within the first year of her marriage. Any one might be proud of such a daughter. She was tall, and her figure was finely formed. Her's was not a shape made up of wadding and buckram, but beautifully rounded, and graceful from its own symmetry. A form that instead of receiving adornment from dress, rather imparted elegance and effect to the drapery by which it was surrounded. Her eyes were dark and sparkling. But why need we particularize features when the whole harmonized perfectly, and their expression was sweetness itself? A natural good capacity, assisted by a superior education, had rendered her mental equal to her personal attractions. She played upon the piano with exquisite taste and feeling, and with a full mellow voice, produced in singing that thrilling effect upon the nerves of the hearer that forms the experience of perfect musical enjoyment. What a contrast is this, with the sad jingling and squalling, which for our own sins, we are frequently compelled to endure, and afterwards against our consciences, constrained to extol. Frequently has the writer of these pages listened to her melodious voice, and gazed upon her beauties. A voice that even now has lost nothing of richness; and although many years have rolled by, these beauties still retain their lustre unimpaired.

On Sunday, as Mrs. Dunn was listening to one of Dr. Humdhrum's most elaborate discourses upon forgiveness of injuries, she got into that conglomeration of reflection, in which our earthly are so strangely mixed with our spiritual concerns, that our thoughts seem to embrace in the same instant various distinct, unconnected, and even opposed objects. Thus devout and pious persons improve the fleeting moments of their existence, by reviewing the transactions of the past week, planning the arrangements for that which is ensuing, at the same time that they attend to their religious duties, and prepare themselves for a state of ultimate blessedness. Mrs. Dunn looked alternately at Dr. Humdhrum, Mr. Brown, and her darling Aurora; and she thought how blessed it was to love our enemies,—what sad, spiteful, wicked people the old Browns were,—and that her dear girl was worthy of having a prince for a husband. She then thought that she could hope for happiness and forgiveness herself; as she felt no animosity or ill-will to any person, dead or living. That she should have liked to have revenged herself upon those proud, stupid old Browns. That though her daughter was a great deal too good for him, if she could contrive a match between her and young Brown, it would almost make the old people, if they could know it, rise up out of their graves with vexation. The idea of annoying the Browns, although they were dead, pleased her, and she determined at once to have the young gentleman for a son-in-law. Having made up her mind, she did not consider it worth while to wait till she could contrive to get him formally introduced to her family; so she managed, in walking from church with her daughter, a few steps before him, to slip out of one of her clogs, and make a kind of stumble. This brought the gentleman's

natural politeness into operation, and he sprang forward to prevent her falling. This brought forth on her part suitable thanks and acknowledgements; this again an offer from him to escort them home; this was accepted with gratitude on the part of the matron, and blushes on the part of Miss Aurora; finally, all this served as matter of conversation and conjecture in the neighbourhood, for the nine days following.

In return for Mr. Brown's kindness, he was invited into the house, and favoured with a piece of sacred music in Miss Dunn's very best style. He was delighted at the civility he had experienced, and called the next day for the ostensible purpose of hearing some music of another description. A few days after, he called and took tea with them in a friendly manner, and Mrs. Dunn requested that he should make himself perfectly at home, as she began almost to consider him as one of her own family.

Mr. Brown received such kindness and attention, and found himself so happy at the Duns', that he got imperceptibly into a habit of calling upon them almost daily. He was very fond of their society, and of Miss Aurora's in particular; but it never for a moment entered into his head that any alliance was contemplated beyond mere friendship. One afternoon he called as usual, but with a higher flow of spirits than ordinary; it was believed that he had taken an extra glass or two of wine; as, contrary to his custom, he was very loquacious. In general, he was very taciturn, and luxuriated in the pleasure of hearing.

"Rorey, love," said Mrs. Dunn, "go and fetch the drawing you have just finished. Mr. Brown has never seen any of your drawings." Here was an accomplishment in reserve. All Miss Aurora's attractions were not paraded at once; which left always something to display, when a particular occasion required it.

"Yes, ma," said the young lady, and left the room with an expression of countenance that showed she was aware of another motive for her absence beyond what was expressed, and that she need not be in a great hurry in returning.

"I cannot," said Mrs. Dunn, "warmly enough express the feelings that I entertain, Sir, for the civility you have shown me, and the marked attentions to my dear child in our present state of bereavement; but, as a parent, Mr. Brown, this only increases my anxiety. I am well acquainted with my poor Rorey's natural susceptibility. I know the ardency of her attachments; and blighted affections"—here she sighed, paused, and seemed maternally affected.

This discourse, and the feeling with which it was uttered, was rather puzzling to Mr. Brown. He could not in the least comprehend at what she was aiming; but, being in a very sympathetic mood, he began to feel very sentimental, and commenced talking very warmly about Miss Aurora's beauty, her accomplishments, her amiable disposition, and other various excellent qualities and virtues, and in fact began to speak eloquently; a thing he never perpetrated previously; and he felt so astonished at his own power of utterance, that he could scarcely believe it was himself speaking. When he happened to pause, Mrs. Dunn judiciously put in a word or two very appropriately—leading him gradually to the point she had in view—that of making a serious offer of marriage with her daughter.

Mr. Brown continued talking, and began speaking of his own feeling, and then "that he had never seen a lady comparable to Miss Dunn,—that he had never seen one for whom he had felt one-half the esteem." He had now got into a position from which it required a much better tactician than himself to recede; and up to that moment not one matrimonial thought had crossed his mind; so, not knowing exactly what to say further, he ceased speaking. Mrs. Dunn very prudently offered no remark, but looked at him earnestly, as if she expected he was about to continue his observations; which he felt compelled to do, and in so doing he committed himself in the very next sentence; for he said, that such was his admiration of the young lady, she seemed to him a superior being, and if he could only venture to hope that he might be considered worthy of her acceptance, he should be henceforth the proudest and happiest of men.—A very little more conversation quite settled the matter in a manner perfectly clear and intelligible; and Mrs. Dunn said she quite approved of the gentleman's having taken the proper course of speaking on this delicate topic first to her, as the parent; then, looking round suddenly, she exclaimed, "Dear me! where can that tiresome girl be gone? Why, she must have been nearly half an hour going up and down stairs!" At this moment Miss Aurora came skipping into the room. It is probable that she had not been farther than the door for more than a minute, and not

unlikely that she heard the whole of this conversation, in which she had so deep an interest; yet, as a wellbred young lady, would by no means intrude herself; but remained quiet until the proper time for entering.

"Rorey, dear!" said Mrs. Dunn, "Mr. Brown has been speaking to me upon a very delicate subject. He has been speaking of his ardent attachment for you, my love; but very properly and honourably, I will say, thought right to break the matter to me, and obtain my consent, before he ventured to offer you his addresses."

"La, ma," said Miss Dunn, "how very nice for Mr. Brown to make love to you, with intention of marrying me, I'm sure it's all a mistake, it's you he means. He has paid you such marked attentions, ma, ——— I hope I shall not be an obstacle to your happiness, for I'll be such a dutiful daughter-in-law."

Mr. Brown looked earnestly at the young lady, put his hand to his heart, and sighed while she was speaking. She spoke sportingly, but still there was a slight mixture of feeling in it, as she thought her mamma had received quite as much of his politeness as herself, which might have been owing to his not having previously had any serious thoughts of either. Aurora Dunn was a merry light hearted girl, but in the present instance she spoke too flippantly—as her remarks gave birth to a chain of ideas in her mamma's mind that had better not have risen.

Mrs. Dunn began to doubt the propriety of making a match for her daughter, she being so very young,—that persons, particularly females, ought to be more matured before they surrounded themselves with the cares of a family; that she foresaw a great deal of trouble from two such young inexperienced persons coming together—whether she was doing her duty as a parent, by plunging her child into difficulties. That Mr. Brown was certainly a very fine young man; that if constantly under her own guidance and aided by her discretion, what superior happiness and respectability would be the result; and if she married him herself, how very much more she should have triumphed over the pride and malignity of the abominable old Browns;—but as they were dead and gone she quite forgave them, and hoped they were happy. After thinking in this manner for some time, Mrs. Dunn, broke the silence that had prevailed for some minutes, by saying; "My dear child, although Mr. Brown has my consent to address you, I must now leave the affair entirely to your own inclinations, for God forbid Mr. Brown, that I should use any constraint in an affair in which for life my daughter's happiness depended." Miss Aurora however, contrived in a most delicate and half playful manner, to convince them that Mr. Brown was exactly the man in disposition and feelings, that must have been formed for herself; that these things being all settled in heaven,—they certainly were made for each other, that having received the transfer of her mamma's beau, she could not do otherwise than fully appreciate the maternal consideration. This last sally made Mrs. Dunn feel rather indignant; so to avoid appearing angry she left the room, leaving the young people to themselves, the very thing for which both were secretly wishing.

How very much these third people are frequently in the way. They are often so stupid, they won't take any hints. It is really a great pity that people can't understand whether their company be agreeable or otherwise. Mrs. Dunn would certainly have left the room sooner, for she clearly understood these things; but she slightly hoped to check an affair, which she believed she had prematurely been instrumental in commencing.

The young people being alone, soon got into a most animated and agreeable conversation. Miss Dunn being rather of a romantic disposition, seemed to have a very exalted notion of true love under difficulties. And as it was now an understood thing that they were devoted to each other; she saw clearly how very interesting it would be, that they might be the victims of some terrible persecution, that they might travel in some desolate country in a forlorn and destitute condition. She ever by his side encouraging him, to bear distresses with firmness, and assisting him to overcome insurmountable difficulties, and when his spirits drooped to sustain him with the words of comfort and affection. Under a tropical sun exposed to the glare of lightnings terrific—the rain in torrents pouring from the hurricane's violence, only protected by some frail shed which they are in constant danger of having tumbled about their ears; or in the frozen regions of the north, and the nearer the north pole the better, suffering hunger, thirst, and every imaginable kind of misery, still supporting, still constant to each other, and true love triumphing.

These things are all very pleasant to read, hear, or talk about, but yet, (it may be prejudice,) we have some vague notion that the true love in a comfortable room, with a good fire, inaccessible to all kinds of inclemency, and surrounded with the other means of enjoyment usually found in such places, is a decidedly better sort of thing. Our young friends knew nothing of sufferings but by name, happy are they with whom this blissful state of ignorance is permitted to remain. The imagination has full scope, and life may pass on like a delightful dream, every thing around possessed with an ideal beauty. Sad is it when we awake to misery, and to see the realities of our existence in all their native deformity.

Miss Dunn had some very pretty ideas of living in a humble cottage, and of doing very clever and delightful things by their own industry. Perhaps her views in these matters were not quite correct, as she knew nothing of labour beyond working a cushion in worsted, and as for the poor man's cottage, she had no conception of the abodes of wretchedness, where a single dirty apartment, scarcely affording shelter from the weather, may serve as a lodging for six or eight miserable beings. However, Mr. Brown was very much pleased, and began almost to think, how unfortunate it was that he was not born to a state of indigence, and also to think that there might be a remote possibility of being reduced to that state, if the money continued to slip through his fingers as it had done recently. He then began to doubt whether poverty and suffering were altogether desirable, and whether the reality was not somewhat flattered in Miss Aurora's painting. Among Miss Dunn's other tastes was a *penchant* for poetry; she wrote verses herself, and she quite delighted him with a very pretty *impromptu* acrostic upon his name, which she had been studying for the last three weeks. After talking about music for some time, and plainly hinting she would willingly favour him with an exhibition of her musical skill; she after a little interesting hesitation, was induced to sit down to the piano; and sung the following song, which was a piece of her own writing. The music was also her own composition, that is to say, compiled by herself from some favourite old melodies.

O think not my heart with prosperity warms,
And the chill of adversity fears;

It is in the regions of frost and of storms,

The Aurora most brilliant appears.

Should'st thou be deprived

Of wealth and of fame,

Which no friendship survived

I'd still be the same.

Unchanged in my love, affliction should shew

I'd constant remain, in weal and in woe,

The efforts of absence and time to efface

The affection's impress would be vain,

But as planets that roll divided in space,

Yet a constant attraction maintain;

If we should remove

For years from each other,

My faith it would prove

I'd ne'er love another;

But unchanged in my love, long absence should shew,

I'd constant remain, in weal and in woe.

Thus the hours passed rapidly, as they always pass, when the mind is in a condition of blissful excitement. We most of us have experienced a few, and but a very few, instances of this state, which seems to be, of pure enjoyment, but which being passed is recalled to the mind rather as a bright vision than as an actual experience. The supper tray was introduced, Mrs. Dunn entered shortly after; her own matrimonial notions had passed away, and she appeared delighted in the prospect of the happiness of her daughter. The night was considerably advanced when Mr. Brown took his departure; Miss Dunn went with him as far as the door. It was a cold, sleety, windy, cheerless night. On her return to the comfortable parlour fire,—“whew,”

whew," said Miss Dunn,—“what a night! I would not have his walk, no, not for jewels bright.” “But you would not mind the walk provided you had him by your side, should you my love?” said her mamma. “Indeed but I should,” said Miss Dunn, “I would not go out in such weather for the finest man in the world. I might catch my death with cold.”

How quickly the young lady had forgotten her notions of braving all kinds of suffering, when the cup was sweetened with the honey of true love. The heroism and devotedness that enables people to bear privations and misery with dignity and firmness is of very rare occurrence; but few things are more common than these glorious qualities in the imagination.

Mr. Brown became quite infatuated, and spent a great portion of his time with the lovely Aurora, and her amiable mother; which greatly chagrined Mr. Templeton, and the captain, as it made it necessary to provide more dinners for themselves, besides depriving them of a considerable income.

A few months passed and the wedding day was fixed; the wedding garments were in rapid progress; and Mr. Brown's house received additional adornment and furniture to render it worthy of the expected lovely occupant. A question was raised as to who should give away the bride. Mr. Brown proposed his friend captain Johnson. Mrs. Dunn said, “she had no great fancy for those captains, but she did not think it signified a great deal who officiated in that capacity,” so the captain's services were to be employed, and Mr. Brown was to introduce him to the family, about a week before the time appointed for the happy occurrence.

On the day of the captain's introduction to the Duns, he had been for some cause or other, parading the militia staff, which consisted of two sergeants, a drummer, and a fifer. At the head of this redoubtable body, he seemed quite conscious of the dignity of his position, and fancied his own importance to be something beyond that of a field marshal. His wretched little body was in his regimentals, padded out to the best advantage. In this costume he was introduced, being determined to make an impression as favourable as possible.

He was very polite to the mamma, and shortly whispered to Mr. Brown that the young lady was a “monstrous divine creature.” A good deal of the evening was spent by the intended bridegroom and mamma-in-law in talking over the various necessary arrangements, and the captain having nothing else to do, kept up a pleasant conversation with Miss Aurora. On the following day, the captain called to inquire after the health of the ladies; and as Mr. Brown was not present, he showed no disposition for leaving very quickly; and as Mrs. Dunn had many domestic affairs that required her attention, he was left to enjoy a snug *tête à tête* with the young lady. He spoke extensively on military topics; talked of the glorious circumstances of fighting and bleeding for one's country; related many accounts of singular feats of heroism performed during the Peninsular and the Indian wars, all of which he told in such a manner as left a doubt whether he was not himself the hero of these exploits. A great variety of other interesting conversation passed between them. Music followed, and when the young lady was singing in her sweetest style, and the captain turning over the leaves of the music, Mr. Brown entered. She was just singing the lines in her own song—

“Unchanged in my love, affliction should shew,
I'd constant remain, in weal and in woe.”

Mr. Brown had no feelings of jealousy;—how could he have?—as she was just singing the very song that was written for, and addressed to himself. If he had any doubts, this must have removed them. But he did think he should have been better pleased if that song were never sung to any other person than himself. As the captain had staid so very long, just before he left, Mrs. Dunn hinted in a very unmistakable manner, that until after the wedding, their engagements would preclude the possibility of their receiving any calls, excepting from Mr. Brown. What could have induced so kindly a disposed woman to have made such a remark, can scarcely be determined. She might, perhaps, have been influenced by the circumstance of her predilections being in no respect favourable to captains.

The captain clearly saw that he must never expect to be esteemed a welcome visitor by Mrs. Dunn; but feeling a strong interest in the young lady, and she being so

very inexperienced, he was anxious to give her a little practical advice; and, therefore, very much wished to have a private interview with her. At least this is what he expressed to one of the maids, by whose intervention he was enabled, during the next few evenings, to meet Miss Dunn two or three times "by moonlight alone." The maid was probably influenced by the eloquent appeal of a one-pound note, which she found accidentally in her hand, shortly after she had been speaking with the captain. This very one-pound note he had won of Mr. Brown the day previously, who was induced by dint of a great deal of persuasion, to kill an hour or two at billiards. But Mr. Brown's love affair had nearly weaned him from gambling, and he stoutly resisted taking any bet, unless for a very trifling amount. Probably the expectation of having a wife and family to support might have given him prudential considerations.

However, on the evening previously to the day fixed for the wedding, he was persuaded to relax somewhat into his former unfortunate practice. He said he gave way, partly because he was determined from that night to forego every species of gambling; and made some kind of vow to that effect, which very much horrified his companions. Throughout the evening he was attended with his usual ill-luck, and fifty pounds of his money found its way into the captain's pocket. The auspicious morning at length arrived, and Mr. Brown was walking in a frame of mind most exuberantly cheerful, for the purpose of meeting with his darling Aurora, and preparing her for the awful ceremony, when a post chaise dashed by him, the horses in full gallop. His mind was too much occupied, to take much notice of the circumstance. When he arrived at Mrs. Dunn's house, he found that worthy lady in hysterics, and the whole household in a state of confusion. It was some time before he could get an understanding of what had occurred; and when he did, it gave him a shock as though his doom of death had been pronounced. It left him petrified and deprived of animation, his mind confused, but with a perception that something dreadful had happened, which must compel him to drag out the remainder of his existence in hopeless misery. The fearful truth at length flashed clearly upon his mind, which shewed the necessity of not sinking into a state of torpid sorrow, but to rouse himself to active exertion. His adored Aurora had eloped with captain Johnson, the friend in whom he had so long confided, but who now had proved himself of all living men the most perfidious.

Bedford, April 16th, 1847.

[To be continued.]

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

'Not to myself alone,'

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,

'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:

I scatter life and health on every side.'

S. W. P. Chambers' Journal.

I REMEMBER on one occasion travelling by canal in Canada. In that country the system of canals is tolerably extensive, not so much so, however, as in the adjoining territory of the United States, where, notwithstanding the immensity of the superb lakes and rivers, gigantic undertakings penetrate hundreds of miles into the interior, intersect prairies, forests, and swamps, and facilitate by direct communication, the transit of travellers, merchandize, and agricultural produce. Without this proverbially cheap mode of conveyance, it would almost be impossible to foster and sustain the rapidly increasing trade of the inland states. The long line of coast and extensive marine

pertaining to the country would be rendered of secondary importance, nay, completely neutralized, without the important aid and advantage of these arteries of commerce. Manufactures would have been stunted in their growth if not entirely strangled, at birth; and exportation of even the simplest raw commodity—grain for instance—would have languished and died beneath the severe pressure of the cost of land carriage. It must be borne in mind, that railways, were at this time, only beginning to agitate the minds of scientific men, and establish a conviction of their capability as a means of public conveyance. They existed but in the imagination of the philosopher, who strove to realize the conceptions of a fertile brain, but laboured long, battling against the dark mists of ignorant inexperience, ere the full and shining light of a brilliant discovery burst forth upon him and dazzled the whole world with its surprising powers. It remained for the present era to develop the long hidden powers of steam, as applied to locomotion on land, and to revel in the felicity of speed. Steam vessels, varying from the size of a cockle boat to that of a brigantine, ran in to every nook and corner of the coast. Wherever it was possible for a skiff to draw water the diminutive flat bottomed steam vessel followed in the wake. But the astounding idea of steam carriages, running slap dash across a country, heedless of the most formidable obstacles, did not then exist to bewilder the community. So that the canals remained without a rival. There exists a marked difference in the course of the canals of the two countries. In the States they run, principally in a direct line, through isolated districts abounding in bog and morass, from which the supply of water is mainly drawn. Whereas, in the Canadas they are auxiliaries to the native streams, which from the rapidity of current, or rocky bed, are frequently insecure and precarious. Places called rapids, occur at intervals, where the narrowed stream bounds along with unparalleled velocity and force. Some of these rapids are so dangerous that the expert Indian can only effect the passage in his canoe by paddling up the dead water near the shore. Others, again, are only considered dangerous at certain seasons of the year, when heavy rains or the spring thaws fill the tributary streams to overflowing, and the accumulated mass of water, rushing in tumultuary torrents over sunken rocks, immersed trees, and villainous snags and sawyers, takes the entire controul of the boat, and whirling it about in the fierce eddies of the middle stream, sometimes dashes it on the edge of a concealed snag, or swamps it beneath the boiling surf. Here, it is, the canal is found of most advantage. Thus, when nature, in the waywardness of her disposition, interposes obstructions, science and art combine to remove the difficulty, and render practicable, what without their aid, owing to the force of the current, would be totally impracticable. It appears a mode of conveyance essentially suited to the condition and requirements of a new country. Its produce partaking of the rude character of half civilization, must, of necessity, contain more bulk and weight, than when converted into manufactures by the aid of the artisan. The lumberer precedes the neat cabinet maker; the smelter of raw ore the clever fabricator of chronometers. The huge pine tree, the weighty product of the mine, require an almost unbroken line of conveyance, or the great expense of labour to ship and re-ship, to load and re-load, superadded to the original cost, will far exceed their proper value. On the other hand, the craft of the cutler, the jeweller, or the silk weaver can be compressed within moderate bounds, and being made to occupy a comparatively insignificant space, can be moved with ease and expedition, and at a much lower rate in proportion to its value. In a high state of civilization—generally indicative of, and co-existent with, active commercial competition and enterprise—speed is of the utmost importance to all, individually and collectively; but in the semi-barbarous state, labour and bullion take precedence in point of consideration, and time is held as of trifling account. Consequently, the time spent upon the canal is overlooked, so that goods pass from point to point without an additional outlay for re-loading. The inducements presented to the newly arrived and necessitous emigrant are also manifold and various. While gently gliding along the smooth water of the canal, he can recover from the effects of the unwonted voyage; he can glean somewhat of the manners and customs of the people who are henceforth to be his people; he can extend his enquiries in every direction, to ascertain the best market for his exertions, or the most eligible locality for the investment of his limited capital. The charges are also so moderate, in comparison with the cost of travelling by land, that a journey of four hundred miles, by the one, can be accomplished at less expense, than one of a hundred,

by the other. My trip extended from Montreal to Kingston, in Upper Canada. I went in company with a large party of troops with their wives and families. We started about three in the morning, as soon as it was well light. Day broke as we embarked in the batteaux. The sun quickly appeared on the line of the horizon and dispelled the chill darkling mists of night. The broad expansive river stretched away for ten miles from the point of the Isle of St. Helens to the first canal lock. It was a long strong pull against the stream, but the brisk exertion served to stir our blood and keep us in good humour. How strange, that the unusual effort of early rising should engender a degree of flatness in the animal spirits, and of irritability of mind and manner; while those who accustom themselves to rise with the lark feel cheered and invigorated by the practice. Light transparent masses of aqueous vapour hung suspended over the surface of the broad river, like the wreathed mantles we should assign to phantom spirits—a beautiful and delicate drapery. These the increasing warmth of the sun—for it was June—gradually dissolved. We could then distinguish the smoke curling over the tops of the houses in Montreal, denoting that some at least of the citizens were beginning to arouse themselves from the inanity of sleep, and awake to life. Vistas of log houses, and pretty though humble shanties occasionally caught the eye. A fisherman's canoe now and then darted from the shore, silently skidding over the mirrored river. Hundreds of fish splashed about and around us, in their endeavours to secure the flies which abundantly skimmed to and fro, immediately above the watery element. Our boats laden so as to bring their gunwales to the water's edge pressed slowly on. Each boat kept its assigned position in single file, beyond which, neither superior strength nor skill in the rowers was allowed to pass. The slight puff of wind which barely stretched to the blocks our patch of canvass failed as the morning wore away. Pith and sinew alone remained to propel our slow but useful craft. The little fleet shewed to the best advantage from the shore. The dip of each oar cast up numerous silvery particles of water which glistened brilliantly in the face of the great luminary of the day. Who does not love to watch the splash of the oar on a summer's day, and listen to its measured cadence, mellowed down by distance. The regularity of the stroke as the rowers bend to their work, the gentle murmuring of the waves upon the beach produce a soothing effect upon the mind, similar to the effects of solemn music. We insensibly yield ourselves to the subtle influence, and luxuriate in the realms of dreamy thought. In the course of the morning we arrived at the locks and then went on shore to dinner, as well as to stretch our confined limbs. Our first resting place for the night was fixed at a distance of not more than five miles from the entrance to the canal, and this for the purpose of securing a fair start in the morning. By three o'clock in the afternoon we obtained lodgings for the night, and retiring early to rest, required no lullaby to throw us into a sound sleep. It was somewhat amusing to witness the terror of some of the party when the great gates, which act as a barrier to the river, closed upon them, and shut them in a deep gulp, many feet below the level of the ground. These canals appear constructed on a ruder principle than many we have seen in this country. Whether this arose from want of artistic skill or from a deficiency of funds, I cannot positively assert, yet, I should incline to the former opinion. In the first place, the space between the banks is so narrow, that two boats can barely pass without touching, to the manifest inconvenience and obstruction of the traffic, when it is frequent. Again when the locks have to be filled, water does not rush in from apertures about the level of the sides of the boat, but comes tumbling down from above, so as, in many instances, to pour in streams into the boat, and saturate the passengers and lading with the fluid. As this particular circumstance was unknown, it caused a general though momentary consternation, indeed two or three females fainted outright, and were not without considerable trouble restored to consciousness. The water further up the country, is usually of a dirty muddy colour and consistency, and produces millions, nay, myriads of thread eels, from an inch to half a foot long, and as fine as the finest sewing thread. Large eels do not often exist in consequence of the shallowness of the water, and constant disturbance by the traffic. In England or Holland, countries which have paid most attention to this subject, the travelling is of a decidedly monotonous character. But in the new world it is far otherwise. Canals, may, notwithstanding the sluggishness of their nature, be made available to the purposes of the lively tale or the smart romance. As you steal gently on, you enter the bounds of the wild forest, and detect the shanty of the backwoods-

man peeping humbly among the trees. Does it require much stretch of the imagination to see, called up by the enterprise of British blood, a flourishing town, a happy and industrious population, from whose ranks some one may arise to do his country honour, in philosophy, arts, or arms? On leaving the precincts of the forest you emerge where the bold majestic river flows in all its beauty. 'Twas here an act of bravery took place in the conflict between the British and American forces; there the Indian war whoop sounded the knell of a whole party caught in an ambushade. Bold bluffs and pointed headlands mark the shore, the scenes of many deeds of strife, where the fell sword drank deep. Watch the measured, stealthy, yet firm stride of yon Indian, you can see his blanket flutter in the breeze, as he advances to the beach and poises the light spear against some of the finny tribe, wantoning near the shore. A constant succession of new scenery removes the charge of monotony, and makes that a pleasant trip which in other lands is really tiresome. The slowness of the pace, seldom exceeding three miles an hour, gave an excellent opportunity to inspect the surrounding country, and obtain supplies of milk and eggs essential to the comfort and convenience of the whole party. Others sallied forth with fishing rods or guns fearless, of game laws or gamekeepers. There is no one to interfere with your amusement in the least, the country is open to all, and sport the exclusive privilege of none. We generally contrived to enjoy a few hours as our inclinations dictated in the morning, and then, shouldering our guns trudged away in the direction of the boats, that we might assist in the preparations for the night. The stores for the sale of provisions were few and far between, and seldom offered anything but the plainest necessaries of life, with whiskey and rum as the staple commodities. Under these circumstances the fortune of the fishing rod, broiled on the live embers of a wood fire, proved an agreeable addition to the diet. Our bivouac was formed one night at a station where the only accommodation to be procured was the shelter of a large barn strewn down with oat straw. The lock keeper was an Irishman who had resided in the country some years. He left his native Isle under the pressure of extreme poverty in the hope of benefiting his condition. From his statement, it would appear almost impossible for any change to have made it worse. Of a steady and somewhat religious temperament, willing to put his back to the burden, or his hand to the spade, he experienced no difficulty in procuring constant and remunerating employment. The lapse of a few years enabled him to purchase a section of land, near his present residence. When the canal was in course of formation, his industry and steadiness procured him the place of lock keeper with a considerable increase of his farm. In addition to the small salary allowed him, he made some ready cash by establishing a store to supply the labourers with such things as were in request. Of these, it may well be surmised, that ardent spirits formed the main part; that class of workmen, always reckless and prodigal in their habits, drink to an alarming extent, and while they make the fortune of the store keeper, ruin themselves. He could boast with honest pride of as nice a farm as any man in the district. A substantial log house screened him from the fierce heats of summer, and the keen frosts of winter. Three good milch cows, and a span of hardy rough coated Canadian horses, grazed on the borders of the neighbouring wood. Poultry cackled about the enclosure, and pigs—the darlints—grunted and grubbed and poked their noses into every corner about the plain homestead. Large piles of cord wood were ranged at the back of the house, ready for consumption.—Pumpkins, melons, cucumbers, and other plants spread their shady leaves over the garden. In the field the long flakey leaves of the Indian Corn adorned the stout stem, and gave promise of an abundant crop. Everything about bespoke that real comfort which almost invariably succeeds well directed and unremitting exertion towards one. Industry, frugality, and sobriety cannot fail to achieve independence, both in mind and circumstances, if not comparative affluence.

I have often witnessed the opening dawn of days of exceeding splendour. I have patiently watched the thick mists of night dissolve into the grey twilight, and have stood rivetted to the spot in admiration of the matin burst of the source of light and vegetation above the line of the horizon. I have seen the vivid lightning play in the heavens for days without intermission. I have heard the artillery of thunder roar till earth appeared to shrink within itself with dread. I have rode unmoved, now on the wild billows' topmast wave, now in the deep dark abyss of waters, while the very reservoirs above seemed to open and portend a second deluge. I have watched through

the weary night while our crazy vessel floundered in the trough of the sea with her helm adrift and all her masts by the board. I have seen nature in her grandest, and in her most terrific moods; but I never witnessed the opening of the portals of day with so much emotion as on the morning we bid adieu to this place. The extreme sultry heat of this season of the year prostrates the vital energies of all animated nature. Electric currents from high rarefaction cause strange and monstrous appearances in the air; lightning plays about, startling you with its vividness and brilliancy; the deep breathing and panting sides of the cattle proclaim their distress; the approach of the cool shades of eventide is hailed with rapture by all. Laxation of the nervous system induces the desire of repose, supineness of thought, as well as of body, naturally follows, and the evening is passed as with a cloud over the brighter faculties. In the morning the body and mind are both refreshed by the solace of sleep. We are alive to the most tender impressions, and it is not to be wondered at, if we appreciate, with unaffected motives and enjoyment the unsurpassed glories of nature as they are reflected on the undimmed mirror of our imagination through the medium of our sight. Day broke at once. With no graduated advances, but, as it were with a bound, the sun sprung into view. It seemed that scarcely a second had elapsed before he cleared the low distant horizon, and it was open day. The woodpecker awoke from his slumbers and started abroad in search of larvæ. His indefatigable tap, tap, tap, could be heard a long way off in the delightful stillness of the time.—The smaller birds twit twittered on their perch, and rubbed their tiny beaks against the boughs, but their little noises only rendered more impressive the profound quiet that prevailed, while the immense floating orb imperceptibly arose to his station in the heavens. It was a glorious sight. How good is the great God to his erring creatures! How susceptible of happiness he has made us! Angels can express no more exquisite pleasure than to admire the creations of Providence. Man can drop a tear of emotion, at the sight of such transcendent beauties, for how infinitely below them are the greatest productions of human art.

With the first dawn the party were astir. The camp kettle soon hissed over the gypsy fire. Breakfast over, the boats received their load, the horses were hooked on, and the slight ripple of the water, with the *Ge Ho*, of the Canadian driver, told the journey was renewed.

About ten miles from this place resided an old veteran, an intimate acquaintance of a serjeant of the party. An ardent friendship had long subsisted between the two. They were natives of the same village, had entered the army together, and had never been absent from one another but for a very short space of time. They had been sent out many years before, and having passed through many dangers and hardships in each others' company, before the country got settled down, had made up their minds to remain and spend the evening of their days in it. It had been their intention to retire at the same time, and occupy their land together, but this the accidents and chances of the military career prevented. A wound, obtained in a skirmish, disabled one for a considerable time, and when, at last, able to rejoin his corps, the war was at an end. The British government held out strong inducements to well-conducted soldiers to retire and settle on the frontier. For this purpose eligible grants of land were apportioned them, and in many instances pecuniary assistance was afforded in addition. Their habits of discipline, general activity, and familiarity with arms, rendered them truly eligible for this purpose; for, on any sudden emergency, they could be called together and act in a body with more effect than double the number of raw volunteers unaccustomed to obedience, notwithstanding their devotion to the cause, or their accuracy as marksmen. Unless the heavy tide of emigration has altered the character of the settlers in Canada, a considerable portion have borne arms in the British army, either as officers, non-commissioned officers, or privates. A lingering feeling of loyalty and attachment to British institutions induces them to prefer the Canadas to the States. They feel the relinquishment of the comforts of home less, when surrounded by their old school-fellows, their brethren in arms, or men who, though strangers, admit the same rules of life, of courtesy; and good-breeding, they have been accustomed to admire at home; any departure from which would afflict them with a sense of exile. Without in the least pandering to national pride, they can consistently be styled the pride of their adopted country, and while they form the nucleus of an educated and

intelligent population, are a most efficient bulwark in the event of future hostilities between the rival governments.

Some eighteen months had passed since the friends had seen each other, and as we were passing so close to his residence, it was agreed to pay him a flying visit. There were three of us, but neither knew the exact direction of the farm. We started with a very vague idea to guide our course, but falling into an ox track, trusted to it to bring us to some habitation. Following its direction for a few miles we came on a settler's shanty, and found we were yet six miles off. We gladly availed ourselves of his offer to shew us through the woods and clearings, conscious of the difficulty of making our way without an experienced guide. We saw but one house until we came in sight of our object. They were very scarce about there, owing to the quantity of uncleared land. Here, our guide bade us farewell; for we could see the house full in front of us, on the side of a moderate slope. It was built of logs, in the ordinary manner, and had long zigzag lines of rude paling branching away on either side. A little way off stood the root-house, of still ruder construction, but large in its capacity and weather-proof. Here the vegetables, seeds, esculent roots, and all other matters the frost has a tendency to destroy, are heaped up in security, in a fit state for every-day consumption. Over against it stood some noble maple-trees, yielding, doubtless, from their fine appearance, abundant saccharine matter to last the family during the long winter, with some also to barter away for other necessities in the next town. This sugar, when well made, resembles, in taste and consistency, sugar-candy, and is quite as useful in tea or preserves. Hovels for the cattle, and a large wood-house or workshop, stood on one side, as rough as unbewn timber could make them, nevertheless, as useful as if built of brick or stone. Every thing on the outside accorded with the wild rusticity of the situation. The inside remained for us to explore; but this seemed a rather problematical matter, when two huge shaggy dogs—a cross between a Newfoundland dog and a wolf-dog—advanced furiously towards us, baying and barking in tones that made one's blood run chill. No silken lapdogs were they, but rough boisterous brutes, with formidable rows of teeth, fitted to compete with a wolf or bear, and risk their lives in their master's defence. Their furious barking brought out the whole colony in haste and some amazement; for a visitor in their secluded situation was a novelty not often witnessed, and very far from their thoughts. We dare not advance to meet them until the dogs were quieted and secured, and then, I remember, with a hesitating step. Our unlooked-for appearance would have prevented an immediate recognition, had not the uniform worn by two of the three afforded a clue to the visitors.

"Hallo! old friend. What, is it you? Come in! Come in! Right glad am I to see you. I began to think I should never see you again. Why, man alive, you look as young as ever. But, come in. I'm keeping you outside the door."

Our long and toilsome walk, for our route had been a circuitous one, disposed us to accept his warm invitation without any more ado. We were glad to escape from the excessive heat of the sun, which made us faint and weary. A large lump of pickled pork, a brown loaf, and a pitcher of new milk, soon graced the stout table before us. A jar of whiskey found its way within our reach, and served to qualify the milder draught. The first half-hour we employed at the table, but, as soon as leisure permitted, took a survey of the room. We saw that we were in a house where want could not come for some length of time. Several hams hung suspended on the sides of the large open chimney, where, in winter, an enormous iron stove stood to warm the whole building. Fitches of plethoric porkers lined the walls, shewing a delightful cherry redness through the encrustation of salt. The furniture was principally of home manufacture, of plain but substantial workmanship, well calculated for every purpose of utility and convenience, if not for shew. If the males of the family contributed to the useful, the females contributed their share to the ornamental, as appeared in numerous little matters of adornment arranged with natural taste. A scrupulous cleanliness pervaded the whole establishment, not commonly met with in houses so far removed from the prying eyes of the world. The details of the interior of a settler's home have been so often dwelt upon, as to have lost the charm of novelty. There is one point, however, which it would be unpardonable to overlook—the family of our host. Three stalwart sons, straight as arrows, robust and ruddy as constant occupation in the open air could make them, with two bonny lasses, blithe as larks, merry as

crickets, and full of animal spirits in which not one particle of guile or deceit had ever formed a resting place. Health and happiness appeared the predominant characteristic of the whole family. Their golden tresses told plainly that Scotland was the land of their paternity. The bonnie lassies "ayont the Tweed" might hail them as sisters, for their father "cam from Stirling too," and had been bred beneath its "castle wa." The young women were up to their elbows in the mysteries of a batch of bread, when our unexpected arrival disconcerted their employment. I am afraid our assistance did not tend to make the bread lighter than it would have been; it is most probable, that our officiousness condemned them to breakfast off a heavy loaf for the remainder of the week. After a friendly chat indoors, we sallied forth over the farm. You must not picture to yourself slate-roofed buildings, trim hedgerows, with open, nicely leveled fields and inclosures; nor see in the distance spreading dales and verdant slopes, ancestral elms, beneath whose bowery shade the antlered deer are calmly grazing, but a number of acres of dark forest land, cropped with Indian corn, oats, and wheat, and about as many more partially cropped, with large black stumps still studding the surface of the ground, like so many rocks in shallow water. Another section of his land abutted on the forest, and abounded in large maple, hickory, and beech-trees, some of them of magnificent proportions, but falling before the nervous strength of the young men. We listened with interest to the description of his early struggles and difficulties, and though much of his information about his crops was thrown away upon our ignorant ears, we gained enough to convince us never to despair when difficulty oppresses. Time, the great healer of sorrows, can also work apparent impossibilities, when hope remains alive to cheer us on to exertion. After an ample inspection of all that related to the farm, including both byre and piggery, we returned to the house, where the good wife and lasses awaited our presence. We took tea in merry style, tempted by the new white butter and the warm cakes set out for our entertainment. In the evening, one of the sons reached down his fiddle and struck up a lively tune. In a trice we were on our feet, the middle of the room was cleared, and we stepped gaily and lightly over the stout beechen floor. If the reader asks how it was that the time passed so swiftly and so unheeded, we must plead ignorance to all except to the main fact—in truth, it went at more than express speed. It might have been the excitement of the dance, the warmth of the whiskey toddy, the bewitchery of bright eyes and flushed cheeks, singly or collectively. Suffice it to say, that we were beguiled of our time, and thought not of the soft indulgence of the couch that night, but continued the revel till day broke. A sense of duty admonished us that we must prepare for the journey to rejoin our party. Our preparations consisted, first, in a dip in the brook, half a mile distant; secondly, in an attack on the new-laid eggs, bacon, maple sugar, cream, and tea provided for us. An excellent foundation for a day's march. We should much have liked to prolong our stay, but the calls of duty were imperative, and we regretfully bade adieu to our hospitable friend and his family. But one of the party, at least, often returned to claim the heart he lost on this occasion. In two years he made his case so good as to be the affianced husband of the elder girl. One of the sons accompanied us in our walk, and took us almost in a direct line to the appointed rendezvous, where we expected to meet our friends. They had been gone about two hours when we arrived, and we had a brisk walk before we could discern the hindmost of the boats sailing along the canal. We often look back to that day as a bright and sunny spot in our existence, a sort of oasis in the desert of life, a rose-bush in which not one thorn remained to mar our enjoyment.

A few days more saw us in the open bay formed by the Ontario, on whose shore the town of Kingston is built. We arrived early in the morning, and the whole company, with the exception of a fatigue party left to look after the boats, were safely ensconced in the artillery barracks before the townspeople were awake. The free-and-easy, half-nomadic sort of life we had been leading seemed to possess such a charm over us, that it was difficult to settle down into the monotony of every-day existence. But then, it was summer, and such a summer as we do not know at home. Had it been winter, we should have hailed with joy the termination of our trip, in place of regretting it. This was the only time I ever sailed upon a canal; for on my return, I came the route by the rapids, the quickest, but most adventurous route. However, "All's well that ends well."

Earl Pomfret Lodge, Northampton District.

CLERKE RYCHARDE AND MAYD MARGARET.

A man must needs loue maugre his hed,
He may not fleen it though he shuld be ded.

CHAUCER.

There were Two who loued each other
For many yeares, til hate did starte,
And yet they neuer quite could smother
The former loue that warmed theire harte;
And both did loue and both did hate,
Till both fulfilled the wil of Fate.

Yeares after, and the mayd did marrye
One that her harte had ne'er approued;
Nor longer could Clerke Rycharde tarry,
Where he had loste all that he loued;
To foraigne lands he recklesse wente,
To nourish Loue, Hate, Discontent.

A word, an idle word of Follye,
Had spilled theire loue when it was yonge;
And Hatred, Grief, and Melancholy,
In either harte as idly sprung,
And yet they loued, and Hate did wane,
And much they wished to meete againe.

Of Rycharde still is Margaret dreming,
His image lingered in her breast;
And oft at midnight to her seeming
Her former louer stood confeste,
And shedding on her bosom teares,
The bitter wrecks of happyer yeares.

Where'er he went by land or ocean,
Stil Rycharde sees Dame Margaret there;
And euerie throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her;
And neuer newe loue hath he cherished,
The power to loue, with first loue perished.

Homeward is Clerke Rycharde sailing,
An altered man from him of olde;
His hate had changed to bitter wayling,
And loue resumed its wonted holde
Upon his harte, which yearned to see
The haunts, and loutes of Infancie.

He knew her faithlesse, nathless euer
He loued her though no more his owne;
Nor could he proudly nowe disseuer
The chain that round his harte was thrown.
He loued her without Hope, yet true,
And sought her, but to say adieu.

For euen in parting there is pleasure,
A sad swete joy that wringes the soule ;
And there is grief surpassing measure,
That will not hyde nor brook controul,
And yet a formal fond leaue-taking
Does ease the Harte albeit by breaking.

Oh there is something in the feeling
And tremblynge faulter of the hande ;
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voyce so broken, yet so blande ;
And something in the worde Farewell
Which worketh like a powerfull Spel.

These Louers met and neuer parted ;
They met as Louers wonte to do,
Who meet when both are broken harted,
To breath a laste and long adieu ;
Pale Margaret wepte, Clerke Rycharde sighed,
And folded in each other's arms, they died.

Yes, they did die ere word was spoken,
Surprize, Grief, Loue, had chained their tounge.
And nowe that Hatred was ywroken,
A wonderous joy in them had sprung ;
And then despaire froze either harte,
Which liued to meete, but died to parte.

Clerke Rycharde he was bufied low
In faire Linlithgow, and his Loue
Was layde beside him there, and lo
A bonny tree did growe about
Their double grave, and broad it flourishd
Greene o'er the spot where first Loue perisht.

PHemie's WALK.

AN EPOCH IN THE DEARTH OF—99.

THE famine which had originated in the year—99, was spreading still abroad its blighting, withering breath. In the country, its influence was not so much felt as in towns, for the poor had many ways and means of gleaning a subsistence which could not be practised in public streets and lanes. But even the best supplied with the necessaries of life, was but poorly so ; and, in former times of plenty, the beggar's board would have shamed the now scanty table of the thriving artizan. It was a period of no common hardship to all classes, as may be known from the vivid distinctness with which the memories of the aged still revert to it, and make it a sort of landmark in the mind, from which prior and subsequent events are dated and arranged. Bad harvests were the first cause. Corn became scarce—the people consumed the potatoes till the supply was exhausted, and then the other grain rose in price. Speculation contributed to the evil ; and so far was the gain of sinful greed practised, that many holders hoarded the corn till it became a prey to vermin, or rotted to destruction. Wages, no doubt, were high,—never higher since. Money was plenty in the

Vol. 9.—No. 7—Z.

hands of the labourer, but what availed it, when a peck of meal, and that of the worst quality too, cost near a crown. Nay, even grain of any kind could not always be had; the mealmongers' shops were emptied in a few hours, and stood empty for days often before new supplies could be obtained. One year passed by, and men hoped that, with return of another harvest, things would mend; but scanty crops, and a wet, warm autumn set in, banishing at once the devoutly cherished expectations of the people, and spreading gloom and anxiety around. The poor now began to suffer in earnest—want parched and pointed their features, hollowed the cheeks of youth, withered the bloom of manhood, and grizzled the locks of premature age; while the sickness of doubt and anxiety hung heavy at the heart of each.

The scope of our observation has been general. We will try to illustrate our text by a particular instance—not a story, by any means—but merely a short narrative of incidents, related nearly as they occurred.

Matters had arrived at their worst towards October 1800. You might have walked through the streets of Paisley—for with it have we more immediately to do—and looked into every shop-window, but not have seen a single loaf that was not almost sickening to look at—so black and coarse was the material of which it was made. Few loaves even could be seen; and these few, had a heavy, damp, earthy appearance, that nothing but the pangs of hunger could overcome. At the corners of the streets, the weavers grouped together and discussed the causes of the famine, and the policy of the government: the loom-shops resounded more with the din of argument than the clack of shuttles. Even the women took up the subject; those who joined with their husbands blamed the powers that be, but the older and greater proportion of them devoutly ascribed their sufferings to the fulfilment of Peden or Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies; this latter among the females, was the popular idea.

There stood then, somewhere in the vicinity of the Croft, a range of thatched houses, straggling and uneven, built without much pretensions to architecture or regularity, but wearing an air of cleanly comfort, outwardly and inwardly, which modern Paisley is a stranger to. One of these was occupied by widow Forrester and her family. Their means were limited,—sufficient, with the combined exertions of the mother and Phemie, her eldest daughter, to support the family in times of plenty: but, under the then fearful scarcity, barely capable of keeping soul and body together. A glance into the cottage showed a little group seated by the hearth, consisting of four flaxen-haired children, of different ages, but there were no ebullitions of innocent childish glee emanating from them. They were moping and dull—they had no heart for play or mirth; and when you looked at their pinched faces and eager eyes, you found an obvious yet painful reason for it. A little apart sat our heroine, plying with the busy needle, and at times soothing the children, when their easily excited feelings were aroused. She sat there like a guardian angel, comforting, assuring, and dissipating, by her cheerful voice and presence, the melancholy that brooded unnaturally upon the hearts of her young charge. Yet Phemie Forrester's smile was but assumed, and ill consorted with the wan aspect her beautifully chiselled features bore. She felt unrepiningly the stings of the hunger-fiend, and often, with the endurance of love, and a noble, unselfish generosity, had sacrificed her own scanty meal to satisfy the craving of her brethren and sisters.

"Oh, Phemie, when will mither be hame," said a little boy rising from his seat and looking wistfully up into her face, "for I'm hungry, very hungry."

No wonder the child was so; he had tasted nothing for a whole day, and even before that but scantily.

"Bide a wee longer Willie," returned Phemie, "She'll sune return; or gang out an play yoursels an hour, and come back then."

The children rose, but play was far from their hearts. Ere they reached the door, a woman in a dark blue cloak and hood lifted the latch and entered. She seemed exhausted, for she immediately sank on a chair.

"Mother," said Phemie hastening towards her, "you are tired. I hope ——" The word faltered on her lips—she wished, yet feared, to ask the question. Her parent anticipated her.

"No, it has been in vain. I ha'e walked to the mill o' Calder, and come hame without food for ye, my bairns. Ye maun gang supperless ance mair to bed. Oh, God help us in this strait! and send better times."

The mother, in her love and solicitude for her offspring, forgot the agony of her own feelings. She sat and wept in silence, as she looked upon the piteous countenances of the little group that clustered around her.

The children were soon after despatched to rest, and in a short time sobbed themselves asleep. Blessed slumbers, in which their sufferings were buried in a sweet oblivion—the dread reality forgotten in that soother of human woe,

The widow and Phemie, as soon as alone, began to canvass every scheme which afforded a probability of yielding them a means of supplying the immediate wants of the family. Project after project was hit upon and dismissed, with many a hopeless sigh, as each plausible but ill based delusion fell crumbling down before unwilling certainty. For an hour nearly they thus sat. Daylight was fast declining, and the shades of evening settling down, as the widow, after a long pause, said—

"Phemie, you ken Gilbert Gibb, the grocer—he's a half cousin o' my ain. The thocht has just struck me, and may it be a true one, that he could assist us. It's weel kent he has stowed awa' in the abbey vaults sacks fu' o' meal, lying there till the prices rise higher, though he denies it. Now, Gilbert, though a hard grasping man, is surely no deaf a' thegither to the voice of humanity, and aiblin's micht, for friendship's sake, gie us a little o' his abundance. We can repay him again when matters mend."

"That's true, mother. Though the man has a bad name by reason of his meanness, he's maybe no a' thegither to blame. I ha'e heard that there is meal hid in the abbey buildings. At all events, aye can be nae waur for the trying. So, as you're weary, I'll awa' to him afore its later."

She paused a moment to adjust a stray ringlet and arrange her dress, then with a countenance radiant with renewed hope, departed.

Her errand was an eventful one. As she turned the corner of a lane, she observed a crowd of ragged Irish and miserable looking labourers, male and female, collected around the steps of a ruined house, on which stood an individual haranguing them at the full pitch of his voice, to whom the mob responded with groans, laughter, and hisses, as the subject pleased or displeased them. Drawing nearer, Phemie recognised in the orator a sort of half-witted being, well known for his inventive faculty, who passed under the cognomen of "Daft Ballant Will," from the circumstance of his being by occupation a dealer in songs, which he hawked about the streets. Phemie was well enough acquainted with the character and person of the spokesman, and was noway surprised at seeing him occupying such a situation, knowing the facility with which he could turn his talents to popular use. He was dressed in a long frieze coat, which might have vied with Jacob's in point of colour, for of what pattern it originally was, would now have puzzled human ingenuity to decide. The collar was broad, covering the shoulders, composed of faded blue velvet; the rest of it, to the skirts, made of patches of any colour, presenting quite a picturesque appearance. From a capacious pocket, at each side dangled bunches of songs, in stripes, and a quantity of straw, that fluttered in the evening wind, an accompaniment to his action. His nether garments had originally been of corduroy, but were now so greased and baked that you might, with some degree of plausibility, have set them down as untanned leather; and a little lower, his toes protruded from a pair of horsemen's boots, curtailed to the proportions of high-lows. This completed "Ballant Will's" appearance. Add to it, a roguish leer, which played upon his countenance, and a pair of brawny fists beating the air, and you have the man complete.

Incited by a momentary curiosity, Phemie drew near to listen. The orator assuming a ludicrous gravity, pursued—"Folk say that I'm daft—I wish gin ilka ane was hauf sae wise." *Aside*—"Aye, mistress, was you speaking—eh?" "No," replied a female voice from the crowd. "Weel, then, dinna say ony mair; silence betokens sense." Then resuming the thread of his discourse, he added, "As I was telling ye, I wish every ane was as wise—our rulers, in especial and particular; then we widna gang about wi' the win' grumblin' in our stomachs for supper, and be able to count the grains o' meal in our brose." "That's true," responded another voice. "Yes, it's verra true," pursued the orator; "but I'll tell you how we can better the thing in a way nane o' ye ken." "Let's hear't then." "Directly, gudeman; and the less ye say the suner. We're needin' meal, and it hands to reason we should hae meal gin it's in the town. Noo, it is in the town." "Whaur, whaur?" interposed a doze-

tongues. "Jist whaur it is, and no whaur it should be—that's the place. D'ye ken noo?" But I'll tell you. There's a score o' bags o't in the abbey vault. I saw 't wi' my ain een lyin' hoordit up there. And noo wad I speir, is this Christian—is it honest?" "No, no," echoed the hearers. "Well then, what's to hinner us helpin' ourselves. Necessity has nae law? and twa or three kicks wad gi'e us a meal for ae nicht. What say ye, freends?" "To the abbey—to the abbey," shouted the mob; and, with the orator at their head, they darted off.

Phemie started as she heard the proposal; and, ere the hunger-prompted resolution was come to, she hurried off, guessing what the result of their deliberations would be. With a light foot she neared her relation's house; but it may be as well to say a word relative to the gentleman in question.

Gilbert Gibb, the mealman, was a well-known character through the town, but, unfortunately, his reputation, like that of many distinguished characters, was based upon grounds rendering fame not at all desirable. So slightly had they any tendency to win for him golden opinions, that even his nearest relatives seldom had much to say in his favour. No one could ever recollect an unselfish generous action he had been guilty of, or a benevolent purpose in which he had aided. The springs of his heart seemed dried up—their channels cracked and hardened, under the influence of one great passion—gold. This was his idol—the star of his existence. Nor had his worship at its shrine been in vain. Nigh forty years had he plodded, laboured, and planned to hoard up wealth; yet, as of others, might it have been said of him, no single heart could ever honour him. In personal appearance he was about middle size, but a stoop in his gait diminished to appearance, his stature. His face was thin and shrivelled, widening towards the chin, where the flesh hung loosely; high cheek-bones, a pair of glassy dim eyes, surmounted by a narrow receding forehead, completed the picture. When he spoke, his voice was husky, harsh, and unpleasant, like that of a person labouring under a bad cold. His conversation was composed principally of a string of complaints and murmurings. So well was this propensity known, that it had obtained for him the unenviable nick-name of "Grumble."

As Phemie entered his house, he was seated alone by the remains of a once small fire, smoking. Grumble had no wife or family; an old grey cat formed his sole companion, it being the least expensive of all animals to maintain. On the present occasion it sat on the hob—the hearth was far too cold—with its deceitful eye blinking and winking at its master, whose thoughts were roaming among the clouds he raised around him—picturing each wreath into so much solid yellow metal. Hearing the sound of Phemie's footsteps, he turned abruptly round, and enquired—

"Well, my young woman, what's wanting at this time o' nicht? The auld sang, I reckon—faither, mither, an' bairns needin' meal, and sending to a man wha has nape to gi'e. Never saw sic times. I've been herried an' hunted o' the last peck in the shop, at a dead loss to mysel', to keep ither folk frae starvation."

"Perhaps," suggested Phemie, desirous to put an end to the string of complaints, "as my mother, widow Forrester, is a friend o' your ain, ye might be prevailed on to favour us wi' as meikle as put bye the morn. I am sweirt to fash you, but, for acquaintance sake, I thoct ye might do this much."

"So ye're a dochter o' widow Forrester—ah! How time works changes, Little wat I that e'er she wad need to seek help frae ane wha's been roukit, and grun' doon till he hasna ae baubee jinglin' in his pouch on anither. Hech, woman, they's fearsome times."

"But surely you could do a little to oblige us?"

"Lassie, I'm wae to say't, but ye maun tell your mither that there's nane I wad sae readily make welcome to onything, but I ha'ena a grain o' meal in the shop, and dinna ken when to expec' it. Heaven help me, as I'm a puir sinner."

"Then you winna?"

"Canna, lassie; it's perfectly impossible;" and he looked her full in the face with a placid unmoved gaze.

"So the report about the meal bein' in the abbey vaults is fause; it doenna belang to you," replied Phemie rising to go. "Weel, whaever owns it will own a loss gin the morn," she added, somewhat bitterly.

"Stop; stop, woman! what said ye—ah?" hastily interrupted Grumble, rising to intercept her progress, while his hitherto dim eyes flashed fire.

Phemie narrated what she witnessed on her way, surprised all the time at the sudden change on her relative, whose word she had never doubted. Ere she had told half, he sunk into a seat, cursing himself and wringing his hands; then suddenly bolted up and rushed out of the doors.

The young girl, half-stupified betwixt this exhibition of duplicity and disappointed hope, sorrowfully followed with the scalding tears trickling down her cheeks. She passed a shop where a great crowd was collected round the door, thronging the streets so that no vehicle could pass. There had been an arrival of a load or two of meal, for which some hundreds were scrambling, as if very life depended on their success. A few of the man's regular customers had little bags, with their names attached, which they endeavoured to pitch, over the heads of the throng, in the shop. These were filled, if seen, and laid aside till the rest was sold, which indeed was a matter of easy moment, for ere ten minutes had well elapsed, the supply was done, and the door closed. Phemie made her way through the crowd just as the last handful was sold. She turned again, and bent her steps sadly along the street. As she passed down the Abbey Close, a clamour of many voices, mingled with the sound of an alarum drum, smote her ears, and she met people hurrying along to and fro: women with aprons full of meal, and men with caps and dishes, of every conceivable kind, filled with the same precious dainty. The numbers increased as she went on, jostling and tearing past her, loaded and empty. Approaching the abbey, a scene quite indescribable was displayed. The vaults were broken open—meal and flour lay strewn in the street, long trails of it running every way. A dozen men surrounded the broken doors, doling it out to the crowd with all possible despatch, mid shouts, laughter, and execrations. Louder than all was the voice of Grumble Gibb, imprecating, and beseeching, and feebly endeavouring to drag away the dispensers of the bounty. But his efforts were unavailing, and his entreaties unheeded, till a shout of "the volunteers," was heard at the rear. Quick as thought, the mass made off, sweeping everything along with them, and ere the burly volunteers in their blue dresses, (who sooth to say, made no untoward haste to capture any of the rabble,) were on the scene of warfare, the whole multitude were gone.

Phemie was carried along in the press, and in a few minutes found herself standing alone by the river side. Late rains had swollen it into a fearful torrent. It hurried and roared along, foaming and eddying over the banks, while the thunder of the falls drowned every other sound. Phemie looked at it and shuddered. A gnawing dreary desolation spread over her heart. She sat down on a stone and tried to weep, but could not; the fountain of tears was sealed. A dark cloud hung over and settled on her soul. She thought of her mother, brothers, and sisters, starving at home helplessly, hopelessly dying. Already she felt its pangs loosening the chords of her own existence. Oh! it was a fearful thing thus slowly to perish. Then she thought of another—and that thought was bitterest of all—she should never see Laurence Moreland again! Memory recalled the hours she had been happy with him, the gloaming walks, the whispered vows, the bright anticipations long conned over and cherished. Now he was far at sea, and knew nothing of all her misery. She looked again upon the water. She felt something dragging her towards it. She strove to think of something else: there was a weight upon her brain—she could not. She essayed to pray—she got bewildered. An impulse drew her to the river brink; in vain she resisted. Looking down into it at her own dark shadow, she felt no fear. A power impelled her forward—soothingly pointed to an end of all sorrow. The demon SUICIDÉ stood over her. She touched the dark stream with her foot; the water bubbled and circled round it. A wild whirl of chaotic madness and confusion rang in her mind. Heaven help her, poor girl! With upraised imploring eye she totters on its roaring verge. A moment more—a strong arm is round her, and a mellow voice shouts—

"Hillo! Phemie, lass; shiver me but that's a rare mermaid taste you've got."

It was Laurence Moreland. Phemie heard the voice, and sank insensible in his arms. The astounded tar deposited her on the ground, and fetching a handful of water dashed it on her face, cursing his unfortunate imprudence in thus taking her all aback. In a few minutes she revived, half doubting whether it were not all a dream. No! it was no dream, but a joyful reality. Her heart throbbed with speechless gratitude as she

leant on Laurence's arm, clinging for support; and he looked proud and happy as he said—

"Bless me, I had a long chase after you since I left your mother's, and had given it nigh up when you hove in sight at the water side. Let's go home now and make a night of it. I guess the youngsters are hungry, and will be screaming for their supper. now that they have got something to sharpen their grinders on."

This latter was true enough, as Phemie learned on her arrival, when she saw the youngsters seated around the table, on which were spread a quantity of edibles, such as could be had by the aid of the generous sailor's prize-money. And they did make a night of it. Aye, and many of them afterwards; for Laurence would insist, and that most pertinaciously, that Phemie and he should be spliced. There was really no resisting of him; and, being of an obliging turn, Phemie yielded. Perhaps, we dare almost affirm as much, she hoped matters would take such a turn, and was glad they did so. Not long after, prices fell, and food became more plenty than it had ever hitherto been.

In later years, when the famine was numbered among the darker pages of life's history, Phemie, as she sat by the winter hearth, told a little group of clustering cherubs that nestled round her whose relationship was painted on their features, the story of her hour of sorrow. Though then a staid matron, she never spoke or thought of that time, save with a shuddering awe. Heaven forbid, dear reader, you or we should ever, from any such cause, take such a walk!

Renfrewshire Magazine.

THE TEMPTATION.

SCENES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

BY ELLJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of the "*Village Muse*.")

POET—SOLUS.—*Scene the Country.*

LET me respire this atmosphere of hills
And mountains; and the fragrant breeze of vales
And pastoral meads, the ever happy-homes
Of strong wing'd-birds, and grazing herds and flocks;
And myriad minute and tiny creatures
Of Mother-Earth, and all her limpid waters,
Ever bubbling from perpetual springs.
Ah! like the peasant in the tale who scoop'd
The water with the hollow of his hand,
And made the philosophic Cynic throw
Away his bowl,* here would I emulate,—
As oft in boyish years it was my wont,—
The unsophisticated man, and leave,
For ever leave the poisons which have writ
The blood-stain'd catalogue of crime and woe.

* Related of Diogenes.

My path is rugged but not dangerous,
Retrac'd by Hope, that ever-burning lamp ;
And not by vulgar curiosity,
Which leads man onward like a frighten'd beast,
Or headlong, without reason, like a crowd
That rushes forward if a dog but bark
At two mad fellows bruising each the other.
I fathom high and low, if foot or hand
Can hold the body safely, for the life,
Which glows within its own incarnate channels,
Which nature says, *preserve*, in the first clause
Of her unalterable code.—Now onward —

Onward to the path, the labourer's pick and spade
Have made an easy road for any human foot,
Conquering the strength of old primeval hills ;
And leaving right and left, a mountain at each side.
Could ancient Jupiter have done aught more
Than this with his dread thunder-blast ?
O strength of man ! what cannot be perform'd,
Guided by truthful Mathematic lines,
Pythagoras inscrib'd upon the ancient page,
Within the temple of immortal fame ?
The single thread will soon untwisted be :
But put together in an endless line ;
Cross'd and re-cross'd alternately in one,
Becomes a fabric firm, a canvass-wall
Against old Ocean's storms ; and if you join
A band of brothers in a virtuous cause,
Indissolubly bound, the wildest wave
Of life's tempestuous sea shall not prevail
Against you, nor divert your onward course
From that delightful shore, that fruitful land
Of promise to the honest, upright heart,
As it doth glide to final happiness.

SCENE II.—MANCUNIAM.—POET—*Mephistopheles above in the distance.*

Now that I have returned to air municipal,
And left salubrious scenes and rural cots,
The mind is wandering yet without the will ;
A figure of a dark and princely form
Shadow'd imperfectly before mine eyes
Is moving towards me, in the dim perspective :
Now, the bold outline becomes perfect work.
Accustom'd unto visions passing strange,
And with a conscience void of guilty taint—
Why should I tremble and fall prostrate now ?
Perchance, 'tis but a dreamy, waking sight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art return'd ; and ere tomorrow's sun
Dasheth the darksome clouds of night away,
I would amuse thee with a pleasant word :
I am, forsooth, no enemy of poets,
Whate'er the preacher say : come up here ;
Take hold of the external part of that dark robe
Which doth encompass the dread form
Of Mephistopheles, and thy weak eyes
Shall strengthen and behold strange things.

POET.

I cannot, dare not, will not, must not come ;
 I have no faith in phantoms. Art thou some
 Aeronaut ascending or descending ?
 Let me remain on *terra firma*, still.
 I hear, from time to time, unreal sounds ;
 I see, from time to time, unreal things ;
 This world, and others, which the restless sage
 Discovers with his scientific tube ;
 The innumerable, glowing balls of light ;
 The planets, and the stars in the bright milky way,
 The atoms insignificant of life
 And matter which for ever me surround,
 Appear to vision a continuous
 And shadowy dream. I have no faith in phantoms ;
 But if thou be'st the Prince of Air, then drag
 Me up to thy dread presence ; and mine eyes
 Shall close not soon, whatever thou may'st shew.

Mephistopheles assists him upward.

SCENE III.—*An Aerial Chamber.*—MEPHISTOPHELES—POET.

POET.

What's this ? Where's this ? I seem to tread on air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And thou may'st now behold the phantom-spirit,
 Who holds within his grasp thy mortal form.

POET.

Come, gently then ; and with a courteous
 And Princely hand conduct me quietly ;
 Is this a vision or a waking dream ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am no figment of a poet's brain :
 So rest yourself contentedly awhile.
 If 'twere a dream there would be some confusion
 In every chamber of your mental mansion ;
 And the contraction and dilation too,
 Of your weak heart, would play a quicker game :
 The stakes ! ——— perchance, not life—not even reason—
 But then I should disturb you in your slumbers ;
 And you the sound sleep of the innocent.

POET.

O ! I have been in company good, bad,
 Indifferent ; and learned, and unlearned ;
 Gentle and ungentle ; virtuous and vicious ;
 But never yet imagin'd I should shake
 The devil's hand at last. I am uncomfortable here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet you do not seem so much alarm'd.

POET.

Much more than my beseeching. Let me go
Down, where I was before. The crowd is gone.
In my green youth I often read of thee;
For our own Marlowe, and the German Goethe,
Have thrown their brilliant intellectual fire,
On thy syllabical, and princely name,
Seeming to mingle with the terrible
Elements of thy infernal nature:
It is enough for me to know thou art
The enemy of man: thy knowledge leads
For ever on to infelicity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"*Knowledge is Power.*" Who taught Old Verulam,
Two hundred years ago, those winged words?

POET.

Not thou: if taught by more than Nature's power,
A greater, and a purer spirit than thine:
The ineffable—the indescribable—
The Great Eternal Fiat, ruling all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How boldly, yet, how calmly thou speak'st now:
Is that thy mode below, with men, thine equals?
Your mere conventional and legitimate
Superiors, your very tone and manner
Must certainly offend. A little timid
Modesty, though but in the way of form,
So that you nicely keep within due bounds,
Apparent speciousness being hardly known
Unto the scarce discerning few,—
Is the best, the most insidious and sure
Course of ingratiating with the world.
Pray, take the hint: you would succeed, no doubt.

POET.

O! I bow—I kneel to truth and justice;
And not to mortal man, nor to a spirit
Imbued for ever with man's worsè part.
If I should bow, or kneel in mild humility,
Should it not be to Him, who sends the sun
All gloriously to light this lower world
And vivify all sentient creatures, from
Our human biped to the centipede?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! truth and justice, figments of your mind!
 What is the truth you worship? Ah! the truth!
 Search for the truth within that infinite
 • And endless well, where through the lapse of time,
 The superannuated epochs past,
 Supposititious dates of history,
 The cycles, upon epicycles lost,
 Mid centuries of centuries of ages,—
 A philosophic pearl it ever lies
 Conceal'd. Did Socrates, the wise and good,
 Find aught at last, but the black hemlock-draught?
 The great Geometrist, Pythagoras;
 Or, Euclid, or a greater still, wise Newton,
 Who gathered pebbles on the distant shore
 Of the vast Ocean, truth, a school-boy's task?
 What is the truth you worship, and before
 Whose undiscover'd altar you would kneel?
 Come, do not quail; fear not to answer me;
 I promise thee, a safe and quick return
 To that low dwelling, where thyself and thine,
 May once more sleep a sweet restoring sleep:
 Thou shalt resume thy usual avocations;
 No worse I hope for coming into contact
 With Mephistopheles.

POET.

I am not well:
 And have no spirit now to give an answer;
 But jesting Pilate ask'd the question once,
 Then sneer'd and would not stay to hear
 The truth from Him, who suffered for its sake.
 If I say what is truth, I shall be treated with,
 In quick rejoinder, a most polish'd jest;
 And the poor lover of the truth must then go down.
 The facts agreeing with the records man
 Has given, and must always testify,
 Is our own human truth; but there are those,
 Who wilfully are blind; and seek to be
 Corrupted; and love darkness more than light,—
 Their first, and latest act, being but an evil,
 Hugging their loathsome vices to the last:
 While the great Sun with glorious light shall beam
 And dissipate the ebon clouds of night;
 So shall the independent mind of man—
 The incorruptible, strong human heart—
 The charitable law, which regulates
 His actions, sweetening his most bitter blood,
 Be fix'd within his own immortal nature;
 And like that awful globe of warmth and light,
 Take an unerring and an endless course;
 And shame to night's obscurity the face
 Of all, who will not listen to the truth,
 Nor let its light and beauty bless the world.
 There is a spirit in the truth of things,
 Which maketh oft its certain revolutions,

And comes at last to the lone home of him,
 Who suffers patiently the wrath of man,
 Like to angel-spirit, and exalts,
 And bears him up again from his low state,
 With manna-laden wings! O! glorious hope!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! this is what you dreamt of in your youth,
 The world of poets, never to be realized,
 But when the furnace of their ardent minds,
 Is heated into feverish romance,
 With their own morbid longings :
 Climbing the Mount Parnassus, though ye starve,
 Ye sing the same old song blind Homer sung :
 Ye think to lead, and ye *mislead* the world,
 Pointing man's views unto the distant clouds,
 When ye yourselves, should cultivate the clod.
 You have been drinking the old wine of poesy :
 It is a most intoxicating draught.
 Even the every-day and plodding man
 Can see the wild abstraction of your eyes,
 Bent on the past, or looking to futurity,
 Profoundly lost to all the present world.
 A book of figures, or a studious course
 Of mathematical deductions might
 Reclaim your errant fancy, and recall
 To practical exactitude the mind,
 Wandering on spendthrift wing ungovernable,—
 To all the calm utilities of life ;
 So that the numerals in every page
 Of the rich merchants' ledger would not seem
 All in a mist of undecipherable
 Characters, darker than the Sybil's books.
 You might then win the wealth and present honors
 Of that reality before the eye :
 The past is nothing—and the future is
 The same, even to the shadow of a shade—
 A fathomless, obscure profundity.
 Make use of that which *is*, and dream no more ;
 And envy not the peasant of his sleep :
 But, I would not deprive you of your hope ;
 Take care you lose it not by self-neglect :
 A word is quite sufficient to the wise.

POET.

I can perceive the star upon your breast,
 And hear the sarcasm of a polished tongue ;
 I could admire the seeming suavity,
 And ornamental outline of a noble
 And true Corinthian order, did I not
 Also perceive the horse's foot upon
 The earth, that throws the gross material
 In your own face and mine to soil and darken
 Both the discoursers and the whole discourse.
 I cleanse with loving heart, my darken'd eyes—
 I purge with sympathy pervading all
 The various tribes of man and creeds of old,
 Error or truth, my earth-encrusted soul,

From all that's mere sublunary earthiness.
 The light of nature, and a purer light
 Irradiates my mind with sacred visions ;
 This mortal shall become immortal life ;
 Whatever clouds surround or evils darken,
 Changing within the twinkling of an eye,
 Into a spirit bright and pure as glory
 Beaming around the brow of Jesus Christ.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no end perceiv'd, nor purpose plain,
 In all your devious circumlocation ;
 You may exhaust yourself but not the subject :
 A thousand tongues are chattering even now,
 Under the Arctic and Antarctic stars,
 Enthusiastic missionaries in each zone,
 With frantic zeal are voicing forth such words ;
 But all in vain—the many still are blind :
 Indulge your hopes and see to what they lead.

POET.

Your last advice is good, whatever be the motive ;
 But, as your course is ever serpentine,
 I must be cautious of a gilded pill
 And chemically test each separate
 Ingredient before I take the whole :
 You, then would not deprive me of my hope.
 Hope is inherent in the mind while sane,
 Wedded to every human heart till broken,
 Glowing with visual ray, a light divine :
 And should the earth become again immers'd
 In elemental waters, or a dread
 Conflagration seize the universe,
 In one destructible pyreneum,
 The hope, the faith, the ever living spirit,
 Ascending from the perishable ashes,
 Would seek its vested heritage in heaven.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You, should have been a priest and liv'd upon
 The fat of the land ; an humble minstrel oft
 Hath sorry fare ; and the poor follower
 Of the God Apollo, cannot live like him
 On nectar and ambrosia. You might
 Have uttered as much verbiage as any
 Magniloquent preacher of the French,
 The German, or the British schools :
 You then could ne'er have doubted for a moment ;
 But just within the ratio of your stipend,
 You might have been a happy, true believer.
 The wild enthusiast, in his dreams of glory,
 Imagines himself safe ; but these soon fade ;
 A sad re-action intervenes, a change,
 A dread reverse o'ertakes his troubled soul ;
 And no physician of the mind or body,
 Can ever cure the immedicable taint—

The earthly finite ever longing for
 The heavenly unattainable infinite—
 A worm that's punish'd with a parching thirst—
 A gnawing appetite to be a god—
 A creature of the dust, now soaring onward ;
 Excelling eagle-pennons in his flight ;
 And, then immediately a prostrate body—
 A mere cold lump of clay to decompose,
 And to return and mingle with the old,
 The primal elements of life and matter,
 The natural germs and principles of things,
 Eternal, increate, and indestructible :
 But let not me deprive your ardent mind
 Of the bewildering faithfulness of hope :
 Nor even weaken it the more if I
 Should find it drooping with a sigh or tear,
 Shed over human vanity and frailty,
 Come I will change the scene if you dare follow.

POET.

I hope to take no harm : enough of evil
 Have I seen already : 'tis not thy nature
 To shew me aught beside.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not to catch cold
 In the raw air, wrap well your coat around
 Your mortal body ; and have faith in me ;
 Have confidence I mean in *Mephistopheles*.

POET.

What ! faith in thee ! the demon of despair !
 Constant companion of the hopeless wicked !
 But yet I may not rail ; though sweetest blood
 Sometimes will momentarily turn bitter :
 Not confidence, nor even faith in thee.
 What faith or confidence can e'er I hold ?
 Faith is the evidence of things unseen ;
 But, from some temporary mystery,
 Thou art exposed unto my mortal eyes :
 Give me no faith in thee, but confidence
 In my own nature and a purer spirit
 May not forsake me in my latest hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Certainly not, when fancy holds her reign—
 And when the crimson tide of life is flowing
 And re-flowing wildly, and the fluids
 Of your sanguineous, and nervous system,
 Are in an irritable state of motion,
 And last, subsiding agitation ; then
 Opens to your ken imagination's strange
 And boundless world—then incoherent words
 Seem link'd with more than logic reason's chains,
 And preternatural excitement seems

THE TEMPTATION.

Illumination from a heavenly torch ;
 And those about your death-couch may invent
 A tale of mystery divine—a legend fit
 For grave and reverend sages to expound.

POET.

You need not so pursue the jest : the world
 Hath set me often a hard task,
 And also taught me many a grievous lesson :
 Even a piercing sarcasm I can bear :
 If you persist in too much wicked wit,
 I must retire and leave you to yourself,
 In solitude, " a wild beast or a god ; "
 And loudly sound the talismanic words
 Of him who wore a cowl in his humility,
 And whene'er tempted cried—Satan Avaunt !
 Satan Avaunt !—get thee behind me Satan !
 APPAGE SATHANOS ! those charming sounds
 From ancient learning in her monkish cell—
 Those spiritual words, and heavenly aspirations,
 Demoniac power, nor weird charm, nor death,
 Nor hell, nor thou upon thy fiery throne,
 Can ever hush to silence ; they resound
 In holy assonance, when serpent folds
 Untwine, and laxly leave their cruel grasp,
 And the dark face of evil waxeth pale.
 Let me retire : too long I stay with thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A word and then—and then I'll say farewell !
 Some other time to have another scene
 Remote from this old Roman station,
 And in a purer region of the air ;
 Some woodland, forest, or high mountain-land.
 Yes, for awhile, thou shalt again be free
 From all the sad adversity that's fallen
 Upon thee, in thy utmost need :—thy mind
 Shall soar on eagle-pennons to congenial spheres
 When thou shalt forth with me revelling thy fill
 With witches around ancient Pendle Hill,
 And woodland weirds, and ignis fatui rangers,
 Bewildering lights, that to and fro can pass
 O'er glen and forest, river and morass ;
 Wild wizard-spirits, who are ever strangers
 To all thine own unhappy human fears,
 To all thy weaknesses and all thy tears,
 Once more within my region thou shalt come,
 To something richer than thy crumbs at home.
 Farewell !—I leave thee to thy pleasant song.

Vanishes suddenly.

POET.—SOLUS.

What dreams disturb the brain of all mankind.
 I seem awaking from a sleep profound,
 And images are fitting now athwart
 My homeward path—let reason rule and guide.

Exit.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

We have been favoured with copies of the *Trinidad Spectator*, of March 20th, and April 3rd, 1847, and we are gratified to learn from its columns, that Odd Fellowship is not unlikely to make its way in the West Indian Islands, "where for a time the well-wishers of human progress despaired to make an impression." The writer expresses a hope that now the point of improvement has entered the solid block of ignorance and prejudice with which the Island has been overladen, the onward movement will not stop until the inhabitants become equally intelligent and placed upon an equality with the mother country. Our hopes go along with the writer, and we humbly trust that the Order may be the means of working a social regeneration amongst people who so much need the benefits of precepts and example. Knowing the sterling good which it has effected in many of the remote and comparatively uncivilised portions of our own country, we can scarcely entertain a doubt of its success in regions where its benefits are so much more needed.

We give the observations of the writer below, as we think they do him infinite credit, and shew that he possesses a proper knowledge and appreciation of the subject on which he treats. His communication is dated "St. Ann's," and he signs himself "A Brother of the I. O. O. M. U."

Upon enquiry I find there is but one society in the town, in which a man of limited means can lay up a store for illness or old age. I allude to the Masonic Lodge. In this few can enter, or I should rather say, feel an inclination to enter, as its members keep themselves aloof from the general run of mankind—they are exclusive—desire to be respectable as it is called, and thus shut out the very men who most need to belong to such societies. In England, most towns have their Lodges of Odd Fellows, Druids, Forresters, or Old Friends, or have benefit societies of some kind. Whilst here, where life is more uncertain, most are strangers to each other, and therefore, when accidents do happen, cannot feel that sympathy for the unfortunate which is requisite to alleviate their sufferings, and where, I am sorry to say, there is greater recklessness of life and money. In such a place, how necessary is it that provision should be made for the future, that we should not have to depend upon the charity of the public, and be thrown into the hospital,—the sympathy of the benevolent, and be forced to accept kindness from strangers, or become a burden to our relations and friends, who are compelled, in order to administer to our necessities, to make sacrifices, that if long continued necessarily become painful and burthensome both to the receiver as well as the donor. A Lodge of Odd Fellows once established here, if conducted as they are in England, will enable every man to lay up a fund for the future which will make him independent in youth and old age, in health and sickness, and will accustom him gradually to habits of carefulness, sobriety and self control.

In addition, Lodges of this Order generally conduct their business in such a regular manner, at stated times and according to rules laid down on such an excellent plan, that the higher offices necessarily must be filled by efficient men, as all who aspire to fill any office must begin at the lowest and gradually ascend to the higher. In these societies there is no aristocracy of birth or pocket—the persevering, honest and intelligent man will always become one of the executive, and fully capable to perform its duties. As a brother of the Order for some few years, and knowing its advantages, I would most gladly explain all these advantages, its rules and even its secrets—but it is forbidden me to enter minutely into these several matters. I will however, hint a few of its advantages, at the same time state that the *secrets*, if published would be of no service to mankind generally—they are only ordered to be strictly kept to keep the society from being cheated by imposters and false brethren.

There is an Assurance Office about to be, or is commenced here and in other parts of the West Indies in connection with England. In this company a man may by paying a small sum annually, entitle his wife or children to receive at his death a large sum, and thus can lay up provision for future contingencies. It is not my business to explain the nature of those companies in detail, or I could expatiate upon advantages

till I should weary your readers. It will suffice my purpose to say, that what these companies do for the rich, Lodges of Odd Fellows can do for the tradesman, mechanic and laborer, in fact, the very richest would be benefitted in joining one. Each brother, when he enters, will have to pay an entrance fee, in proportion to his age of £1 1s. to £5 5s. or 5 to 26 dollars and a weekly subscription of 3d. to 1s. or 6d. to 25 cents. For this trifling amount a brother will receive, should he meet with an accident or become ill, a weekly sum of 10s. to £1 10s. (2 50 to 7 20,) a medical man to attend him and his medicine gratis, besides the constant attention of his fellow members, whose duty and interest it will be to provide him with every requisite in order that he may recover and become less burdensome. Should a brother unfortunately die, he will be provided with a decent funeral, attended to his last home by his fellow members, and his widow and orphans provided for by a fixed pension. There is one advantage that these societies have over most others, that they allow their members to remove from the town in which they have been made members to any other in England or North America, or wherever a Lodge is established, without an extra expense, or if any but very trifling. The whole of the Lodges of the Independent Order, that are in connexion, are governed by the same laws, and all their members are considered brothers of one large body and not members of any lodge in any particular locality. It matters not therefore where a brother removes so there is a lodge, and he carries with him the usual credentials, he can become immediately a fellow member of any one of them, entitled to the same privileges as if he had belonged to the lodge from its commencement, the only expense being a trifling fee for the entering of his name.

I will not now enter into several other advantages that members of such societies enjoy, or I should occupy too much of your space. I would merely observe that the members after the usual business is transacted betake themselves to some mode of enjoyment. In connexion with some Lodges there are to be found Harmonic Meetings, and in others are Reading Rooms and classes, formed for mutual instruction—in others again both are to be seen. I need not expatiate upon the necessity of such meetings taking place, and the advantages to the young that would accrue. In this town, the general cry is “there is no society”—“no convivial meetings”—“friendly conversations”—“no debating societies”—in fact, no means of amusement or instruction. This is to be lamented, but let us hope that the Literary Society recently commenced will supply one part, whilst the establishment of this Lodge will fill up the other void. There is no lack of ability in the town—it wants concentration—let every one therefore try by all means in his power to bring the stray talent together, and the consequence must be beneficial to all classes.

In connection with the Order is a fund subscribed and laid aside for the Widow and Orphan especially.

By paying a small sum weekly, (say a bit), which most men can do without subtracting from their comforts, and which, is not missed, the amount being so trifling, yet by being added to the trifles subscribed by others, accumulates, in a few years, to a large sum of money, and can be made available for a very useful and benevolent purpose. I will illustrate how this may be effected, by quoting from one of Chamber's Tracts on Life Assurance. “Life Assurance is, in its fundamental principle, like a * Benefit Society. A certain number of persons club payments, that those who die within a certain time may receive, or rather that their heirs may receive the aggregate amongst them. Here every one takes his chance. Each pays a small sum, that, in the event of his death the large sum would have been realized.—The non-receivers are, therefore, no losers, while the heirs of the deceased, I may say are enriched. Life Assurance, then, depends upon, what is, comparatively, a modern discovery amongst mankind; namely, that life, while proverbially *uncertain* in the individual, is *determined* with respect to a multitude; being governed like every thing else in nature by fixed laws. It is found that out of any large number of persons at a particular age, the deaths during the ensuing year, will be a certain number. Suppose we take ten thousand Englishmen of the age of 52, we are as sure as we are of the

* Or more similar to an Oddfellows' Lodge.

eclipses, and the rising of the sun and moon, that the deaths amongst them in the next year will be just about 150. This is learned from experience; that is, by keeping tables of mortality. The number is liable to be different in different countries and in different ages. Of course, amongst ten thousand younger persons, the deaths would be fewer; and of older persons, more. Every age has, in short, its proportion."

"Supposing that ten thousand persons, at the age of 52, were disposed to associate for the purpose of making sure that the heirs of all who died within a year should have £1000. It would only be necessary, in that case, for each person to contribute as much to a common fund as would make up the sum of £150,000, or a thousand times 150; that is to say, each of the ten thousand persons would require to pay £15. With a small additional allowance for the expense of transacting the business, the resulting sum of £150,000 would serve to give the representatives of each deceased party the sum desired, £1000."

In our Lodge, the principle upon which our calculations are based, is the same; but instead of the representative receiving a fixed sum and no more at once, we allow a certain amount weekly to the Widow, in proportion to the number of her children, so long as she remains unmarried; and afterwards to the children, until they arrive at an age to be placed out to some trade or occupation, in order to acquire the means of self-support when they arrive at manhood. At this period the supervision of the Lodge ceases.

By joining such an Order, where provision is made, for the time of sickness, for old age, and for the support of the Widow and Orphan, a man makes himself truly independent, he discharges a moral obligation to himself and a duty to those dependent on his exertions. How easily can such a man's life pass down the stream of time towards eternity. No care or anxiety for the future, as in sickness and old age he will be attended and surrounded by Brothers, whose duty and interest it will be to see him properly attended; his wife and family certain of support and succour so long as they need either. He may innocently enjoy, amuse and instruct himself, without fear of robbing his wife or children of one atom of that which would contribute to their support hereafter. All to be effected by a small modicum of his own industry—by the savings of his own hard earnings. How independent must such a man feel, possessing one spark of generosity for mankind, or the slightest love for his offspring.

KEEPING MAY-DAY.

It is now about 200 years since May-day was observed with all due formalities; and the people of England do not now, as they did then, think it necessary to shew their joy and thankfulness for the return of warm weather, after suffering all the variations and severities of winter. How many May-poles are now erected on the village green? in how many places are the games played that were played of yore on this joyous day? Alas, few, very few; our attention seems altogether taken up with ourselves; we are too much thinking of how to put money into our pockets, to return thanks for that of which we may already be possessed. Too many of us pass the Spring, Summer, and Autumn, without more thought, than as to how much we shall gain by the fruit of these seasons; we dream too little of Him who gives us those fruits and the seasons to grow them.

But I must not trouble my reader with the dark side of my picture, but will at once proceed to lay before him the occasion which called forth the preceding reflections, and this, I have no doubt he will at once guess was "keeping May-day."

In a country parish I have a friend, who is the schoolmaster of a number of the labourers' children. The school was built by the gentleman possessing all the land for miles round his own residence, and is on the edge of his own park. It is the wish of

this gentleman that the children on his estate should have the chance of a good education; at the same time, however, that he strives to enlighten their ignorance, he wishes to keep up all the old English games and sports; he wishes to improve the minds of his labourers, but he wishes also not to raise their minds above their station. From the old fashioned custom of the Squire and his Lady joining in the village games, he hopes to shew his labourers his own interest in their happiness, and that in reason he will take his own share in their enjoyments. My friend the schoolmaster, kindly sent me an invitation to go and join in this new attempt at old things; and I must say I accepted the invitation with great pleasure. As early as half-past six o'clock in the morning, I saw the school children with their laughing faces and Sunday clothes, making the best of their way to Ivy-Green, where their school and master were ready waiting their approach. The houses on the green were decorated with evergreens and what bloom could be found, besides an innumerable quantity of May-flowers lavishly scattered over the cottage fronts; the school too, which occupied another side of the green, had its share of the gay covering. Of course each child brought as many flowers as he could carry, wild flowers and garden flowers; and as each arrived at the green, the boys set to work making wands of May-flowers, (that is tying many flowers on a short stick); and the girls tied the garden flowers into small nosegays, for the female portion.

By nine o'clock all was prepared and for a time laid on one side, so that the children could attend prayers, which they did, marching to chapel in regular order; and their demure looks, were a great contrast to the laughing and joking faces that five minutes before had been running from place to place. Surely, this attendance at England's Church, was not an improper commencement of England's sports? this teaching children to pray for safety both in soul and body, was surely not wrong, when the day was observed to shew our thankfulness for the fruitful season now about commencing!

The morn was lovely—the sun was shining with great warmth, and not a cloud was to be seen, which might darken the face of the sky; the rooks were cawing, the lark—the thrush—the blackbird—and last though not least, the cuckoo were all giving forth their heart cheering melodies; and when I looked around upon the grass now sprouting with its velvet coat—and then upon the trees, now bursting at once into life; with all these beauties of Nature spread before me, and the joyful songs of the birds sounding in my ear, I could not but think the sound of the chapel bell a lovely and an appropriate sound; and I am sure it must have had the same effect upon the hearts of the children that it had on mine, and that was to fill me with deep joy and a warm feeling of love and thankfulness to that God in whose service we were about to be engaged.

By half-past ten o'clock the youngsters were again at the green surrounding the master, and then began the real business on the green; the first thing was to crown the girl who was to be queen of May! this girl of course was a favourite in the school, and for that reason had been chosen queen. The ceremony of crowning over, the children arranged in order, and with flowers in caps—flowers in coats—and flowers on sticks—they made a nice and pleasing appearance; and with the shouting of this, screaming of that, whistling of a third, and laughing of another, they made rather a noisy but certainly a merry party. On their arrival at Ivy Hall they were joined by the Squire and his Lady, the clergyman, and many other gentlemen and ladies, besides a number of farmer's daughters, sons, &c.—and (the most important) by the May-pole! This pole was of course bought for the purpose, and is twenty yards long from the level of the ground; it is painted various colours. The order of procession from the Hall to the Green was another merry affair, being increased by young gentlemen and ladies carrying streamers and garlands; the two flags belonging to the school were now unfurled, and carried by two lads who rode on the machine used to assist in bearing the pole. The pole was reared, having been previously decorated with streamers and garlands, amidst the shouts of the assembled party; some good ale was distributed to those who had assisted in the erection, &c. We then joined hands, and formed two large circles, and danced and sung, and laughed, and shouted like—our forefathers! I here give the reader two verses with the chorus of one song.

" We have been told in olden day,
Our grandsires kept a merrie May;
A merrie May! and why should we
Less merrie than our fathers be?

Come choose we now a May-day queen,
The pole is rear'd on Ivy Green;
Its wonted mirth to May restore,
And keep the day as kept of yore.

CHORUS.

From rise of sun 'till daylight's done,
Round about merrily every one,
And Robin Hood, and Little John
Shall dance with the queen of the May-day!"

The above song was composed by the squire and set to a familiar tune by the school-master. Oh! but we did enjoy the song, the tune, and the dance round! and our noise bid fair to rival the whole rookery. After dinner we had various sports; we had country dances—we had thread the needle—wheel-barrow races—jumping—laughing—and shouting—every body was playing, or at the least seemed to be doing so, and every body enjoyed themselves. In the afternoon the children and visitors were regaled with new milk and buns at the expense of the Squire's Lady; after which till sun-down the sports continued when the children joined in singing

" Good night, good night,
May heavenly peace, and sweet repose
Dwell in each heart, each eyelid close.
Good night, good night!"

So we separated, and I think none who joined in the erection of Ivy Green May-pole, will regret the commencement, continuation and conclusion of a May-day observed in the same manner their fathers observed it.

C.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MATHEMATICS NO MYSTERY; OR THE BEAUTIES AND USES OF EUCLID.

BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

Author of Practical Grammar, &c. &c.

THIS Work the Author tells us in his Preface "Was prepared at the request of a society which took great interest in popular education." He assumes as his motto the well known maxim that "*What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well*;" how he has succeeded in illustrating his text, may be partly judged by the demands of the public for a second edition.

It may perhaps be objected to his title that in Mathematics there is no mystery; for whatever can be accomplished by well founded rules, ceases at once to be mysterious: his aim has certainly been to render Mathematical Science easier of attainment, and more interesting to the student; and, taking the First Book of Euclid's Elements

as a theme, to familiarise him to the method of Geometrical demonstrations. For this purpose he divides his work into three principal parts; the first being an *introduction to Mathematics*; the second, *the First Book of Euclid*; and the third, *the Uses of his Elements*.

The introduction consists of nine chapters; the titles of which will convey the best possible idea of the nature of the work.

Chap. 1.—Discouraging Influence of a certain popular Maxim over the Pursuit of Learning in general, and Mathematics in particular.

Chap. 2.—Important Distinctions pertaining to Mathematics.

Chap. 3.—History of the Rise and Progress of the Mathematics.

Chap. 4.—Utility of Mathematics as a means of extending our knowledge of the physical world.

Chap. 5.—Mathematics as a means of Mental Discipline.

Chap. 6.—The Logic of Euclid.

Chap. 7.—Natural Geometry.

Chap. 8.—Practice and Theory, or the Distinction between Practical Geometry and Pure Mathematics.

Chap. 9.—Exordial Address to the Student.

The second part contains Definitions, Postulates, Axioms, &c. &c., and Supplementary Illustrations of Geometrical Logic.

The third, or Uses of Euclid, consists of three chapters, as follow:—

Chap. 1.—The Practical Uses of the Definitions.

Chap. 2.—Miscellaneous Definitions, introductory to the Uses of the Propositions.

Chap. 3.—Uses of the Problems and Theorems of Euclid.

In this part are brought forward many applications of Geometry, which have utility, if not novelty to recommend them, and which cannot fail of being particularly interesting to the Tyro, or of awakening in his mind a desire to be acquainted with the remaining Books of the Elements of the ancient Egyptian Geometer.

The Diagrams, which are neatly drawn, are upon separate plates, and referred to in the text. This must be considered an oversight of the author's, and we would recommend to him in any future editions, to have them printed with the letter-press, as they would then be always under the eye of the reader, and the trouble of turning over the leaves to follow the demonstration of any proposition would be completely avoided.

The title page, though perhaps rather too fanciful for so grave a subject, is not only ingenious but useful; as each letter in the word Euclid, contains the demonstrations of some one useful proposition, with a reference to the number and book where it is to be found: that in the letter C being a very neat illustration of the famous Theorem of Pythagoras, which has from his time to the present day been considered as "the key-stone of the edifice of Geometry."

To speak in the technia of publishers, the book is very neatly got up, and from its portability and the moderation of its price, will no doubt become the pocket companion of many a young mathematician.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GO AND COME.—A gentleman had land which was worth two hundred pounds per annum, and which he himself cultivated; but as his income arising from it, was not equal to his expenditure, he was necessitated to sell one half to pay his debts, and let the other to a farmer for a term of twenty-one years.

Before that term was expired, the farmer one day bringing his rent asked him if he would sell the land. "Why," said he, "would you buy it?" "If it so please you," said the farmer,—"How?" said he,—"that is strange, tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much land, being my own; and you upon

one half of it, though you have paid the rent, are able to buy it?" "Oh," said the farmer, "two words only make all the difference, you said go; I said come."—"What is the meaning of that," said the gentleman. "You lie in bed," said the farmer, "or take your pleasure and send others about your business;—I rise early, and see my business done myself. You said to the men,—Go and do the work! I say come and do it; so that I have my eye upon them, and even afford them assistance."

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.—Early one fine morning, as Terrence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who, he perceived, had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's bud, Terry, man, what would you be after doing there wid them praties, au' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin goin' to take place? Come along, my bouchal, sure the praties will wait."

"Och, no," says Terry, "I must dig the ridge for the children's breakfast, and thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who houlds a station beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin'," says Mick, "sure that could wait too."

But Terrence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin; and Terrence having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went over to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to await his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the children "had it at home with the praties."

"Murder alive," says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it, and it would be a rare thrate for Judy and the garsoons at home, to say nothing ov myself, who hasn't tasted the likes for this many a day."

Terry looked at it again, and then turned away saying—

"I won't take it: why should I, an' it's not mine, but the priest's? and I'll have the sin of it, shure. I won't take it, an' it's nothin but the old boy himself that's temptin me. But sure it's no harm to feel it any way," said he taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och, it's a beauty; and why would I carry it home to Judy and the childer? an sure it won't be a sin after I confess it."

Well, into the great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so when the maid came into the kitchen and told him that it was his turn to go to confession.

"Murder alive—I'm kilt and ruined, horse and foot; now joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary at all, at all?" By gaunies, I must thry and make the best of it, any how," says he to himself, and in he went to the priest.

He knelt to him, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och, stop—stop Father O'Higgins, dear, for goodness sake stop. I have one great big sin to tell yet; only sir, I'm frightened to tell it, in regard of niver having done the like afore, sir, niver."

"Come," said Father O'Higgins "you must tell it to me."

"Why, thin, your riverence, I will tell it; but, sure, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh, never mind, tell it," said the priest,

"Why, thin, your riverence, I went one day to a gentleman's house, upon a little bit of business; and he being engaged, I was shown into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin in the chimney. I looked at it, your riverence, and my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was sur, but I suppose the devil tempted me, for I put it into my pocket; but if you plaze sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me," said the priest. "No, certainly not, give it back to the owner."

"Why, thin, your riverence, sir, I offered it him, and he wouldn't take it."

"Oh, he wouldn't, wouldn't, he?" said the priest—"Then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverence, kindly" says Terrence, "an I'll do that same immediately, plaze God: but first and foremost, I'll have the absolushun if you plaze."

Terrence received absolution, and went home rejicing he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THE CONQUEROR'S TREASURES.—In this port (Pevensey), where for the first time he had set foot in England, the conqueror distributed presents of every kind to those of his soldiers who again crossed the sea, in order, says a Norman author, that no one on his return might say that he had not gained by the conquest. William, if we may believe the same author, his chaplain and biographer, brought more gold and silver to Normandy than was contained in all Gaul. The whole population of the town and country districts from the sea to Rouen, hastened to meet him, and saluted him with cries of enthusiasm. The monasteries and secular clergy rivalled each other in their zealous efforts to entertain the conqueror of the English, and neither monks nor priests remained unrecompensed. William gave them gold in money, sacred vessels, and bullion, with stuffs richly embroidered, which they displayed in the churches where they excited the admiration of travellers. It would appear that embroidery in gold and silver was an art in which the English women excelled; the commerce of that country already very extended, brought there also many precious things, unknown in the north of Gaul. A relation of the King of France, named Raoul, came with a numerous suite to the court held by King William during Easter. The French, equally with the Normans, viewed with curiosity and amazement the chased gold and silver plate, and the drinking cups of the Saxons, made of large horns adorned with metal at the two extremities. They were astonished at the beauty and long hair of the young English hostages or captives of the Norman king. "They remarked," says the contemporary narrator, "these things and many others equally new to them, that they might relate them in their country."—*History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, by Augustin Thierry.*

ADVICE TO TRADESMEN.—Printing is one of the most important arts ever invented for labour-saving economy, and despatch of business. Few are aware of the full extent of its importance in this particular; but those who best understand it, and avail themselves most of its advantages (all other things being equal), are invariably found to be the leading parties in success of business. We doubt if a single exception to this rule can be found. Think of the difference between waiting for customers to learn accidentally probably, if they ever learn, what and where your business is, and when they call, if ever they do, spending a half hour or an hour in giving to each one separately a description of that which may be for sale, its quality, price, &c., and on the other hand spending the half hour or hour to write an advertisement, equally descriptive, for the newspaper, by which tens of thousands may read at the same time, and be informed of all the particulars it is desirable to convey.—*Jonathan.*

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, since so openly and meritoriously advocated, was in 1792-3 held by the Pitt administration highly seditious. In those years, Holt of Newark, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for printing the Duke of Richmond's letter on reform; Phillips, of Leicester, to eighteen months, for vending another work on the same subject; and Winterbotham, a dissenting minister of Plymouth, for two years, for reflecting on the corruptions of parliament in a sermon; Gilbert Wakefield for two years, for a pamphlet on the same doctrines. Vaughan, master of the grammar school at Leicester, was prosecuted to destruction, even to death, by the close corporation of that place, for reprinting Cooper on Loyalty, and Porteous on War. The Dean of St. Asaph also for a dialogue on parliamentary reform. Muir, Palmer, Gerald, Margat, and Skirving, were at Edinburgh transported for fourteen years, as mere advocates of this very reform; and even the famous high treason of Hardy, Tooke, Thelwell, &c., had no other object but parliamentary reform, which the constructive law of a venal judge thought to make treason! Prosecutions and punishments made, however, no converts, and changed no opinions; but on the contrary, they proved the weakness of the cause which they professed to support by irrational means, and by re-acting produced the results which we have witnessed.

GOOD NATURE.—Give us good natured cheerfulness and a sunny face, and you are welcome to the miser's gold. Some persons look as if they always had a vinegar cruet in their mouths, and a pepper-box under their noses. Though spring is smiling around them—birds singing above them, and flowers blooming sweetly in their paths, they cannot, or rather will not soften down the raspy countenance and partake of the general joy of nature. Shame on them. We would not live in the society of such for one twelvemonth for half the wealth of the world.

Presentations.

The Redemption Lodge of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity, Marsden, near Huddersfield, celebrated their twentieth anniversary on Easter Monday; and the occasion proved both interesting and important. At eleven o'clock a considerable body of the members attended divine service, at Marsden church. The prayers being ministered by the incumbent, who is an honorary member, and the sermon preached by the Rev. J. Richardson, incumbent of Milns Bridge. The Rev. Gentleman chose for his text part of the 14th verse of the II. chap. of the epistle to Titus:—"A peculiar people, zealous of good works." The discourse was a sound exposition of Christian doctrine and practice, and was applied in a manner which could not fail to instruct and encourage the hearers in the discharge of their duties, both as Christians and Odd Fellows. In the course of the afternoon the preacher received the unanimous thanks of the Lodge for his kind and valuable services. After service the members proceeded to the Lodge-room to dinner, and were favoured with the company of their neighbour, who had occupied the pulpit. On the cloth being drawn, P. P. G. M. Robert Taylor, was called to the chair, who began his duties by proposing the health of the Queen, which was responded to by the company rising and singing a part of the National Anthem. The next business was to present the Rev. J. M. Maxfield with a beautiful emblem of the Order, framed in Rosewood, as an acknowledgment of the interest which he had taken in promoting the prosperity of the Lodge. In accepting the testimonial, and replying to the address of the chairman who presented it, the receiver took occasion to refer to the character of the working classes generally; their importance and worth in a national point of view, and their qualifications when properly met, treated, and educated, for discharging the duties of citizen, Christian, and friend. He also took a summary view of the course which he had pursued with regard to them, during the period of the ten years that he had spent amongst them, expressing himself much gratified by the kind treatment which he had uniformly received at their hands, and by the sense of gratitude which he had often observed them to manifest for attention and services of trifling import. He then thanked the Lodge heartily, for the valuable present which they had that day made to him—a memento of their kindness and confidence, which should become an heir-loom in his family—and concluded by an earnest appeal to the members, to adorn and recommend the Rules of their Order, by habits of sobriety, truth, honesty, and benevolence, at all times, and in all places. During the past year the funds of the Lodge have had to meet an extraordinary demand, on account of increased sickness and mortality in the district. Nevertheless, its finances are in a healthy state, and an accession of twenty-four new members has marked its onward progress. The expenditure for the year in cases of sickness has been £92, and for district funerals £30, leaving after all a gain on the year of £75. It further appears from the balance-sheet, that the funds and property belonging to the Lodge amount to the handsome sum of £825 18s. 11d. How much better for this sum to be thus stored and reserved by the contributors against the time of sickness and death, than to have been squandered away in folly and dissipation.—On Wednesday, the 3rd March, a Gold Watch, with appendages, of the value of £22—was presented to Mr. B. Baker, the Corresponding Secretary of the Newport District of Odd Fellows, for the gratuitous services rendered by him to the Order during several years past. The supper on the occasion was laid by Host Jenkins, in a manner pleasing at once to both eye and taste, and highly creditable to the *cuisine* of the Crown Hotel. The edibles having been amply discussed, the cloths were removed, and G. M. Stockwell called to the chair, and P. P. D. G. M. Wells to the vice, both being well supported by past and present Officers of the District. The usual loyal toasts were enthusiastically received, after which, the more immediate business of the evening commenced. The Chairman addressed the company—(consisting of about forty brothers)—at considerable length—and the presentation then took place, amidst great cheering.—Mr. Baker responded with much eloquence and effect, and displayed considerable emotion and warm feeling in the course of his speech. The watch was procured through Mr. Whitehall, jeweller and watch maker, Commercial-street, and on being handed round the room, excited much admiration. It was a gold three-gr. plate lever, with gold dial, and jewelled in six holes; and the gold guard was of the curb pattern. The interior part of the case of the watch bore the following inscription: "Presented by the Newport District of the I.O. of M.U., to Prov. C.S. Baker, as a token of esteem, and for his valuable services to the District, during a period of three years. March 3rd, 1847." During the remainder of the evening, several toasts were proposed, including those belonging to the Order—the Hon. Member for the Borough, R. J. Blewitt, Esq., (a worthy brother)—the Members for the County—E. Dowling, Esq., proprietor of the *Mælin*, and the other honorary Members of the Order—the worthy surgeons of the District, and the health of many of the gentlemen present, not forgetting the worthy hostess and host. Songs appropriate to the Order were sung by several of the Brothers, and one written for the occasion, adapted to the air of "The Ivy Green,"—a copy of which we subjoin,—was sung by Mr. Baker very effectively. The company separated at an early hour, much pleased with the proceedings.

LOVE FOR OUR FELLOW MAN.

There's a plant grows in the human heart,
 Too often unheeded and lone,
 Yet whose leaves can the dearest of blessings impart,
 Were it only more cherished and known:
 It hath healed many sorrows—dried up many tears,
 Since the doom of our race began;
 That plant!—oh, it's one that delights and endears—
 'Tis the love of our fellow man!
 Cherish it warmly while yet you can—
 Oh, brothers, have love for your fellow man.

In the darkened ages that long have fled,
 This plant was a slighted seed:
 And in after-days when it lifted its head,
 It seemed but a worthless weed,
 And then it looked upwards and first assumed
 The beauty that now it wears,
 But like the aloe, it only bloomed
 Once in a hundred years.
 Cherish it kindly, while yet you can—
 Oh, brothers, have love for your fellow man.

How the plant hath thriven, and flourishes well
 In each bosom around this room,
 Beaming eyes and glad voices—they plainly tell:
 — Oh, the plant hath a healing perfume!
 Scorn and anger are banished—fifty hearts throb as one;
 The past!—'tis a dream that is o'er;
 Joy! brothers, the hate and the passion are gone—
 Let love triumph now evermore:
 Cherish it warmly while yet you can—
 Oh, brothers, have love for your fellow man!

We will hold out the hand to the feeble and weak,
 We will dry the lone widow's tears;
 To the brother in sorrow all kindly speak,
 And gladden the deathbed fears;
 And thus heaven-guided, and feeling the glow
 Of the plant that is blooming within,
 We shall know we're fulfilling our duty below,
 And by love our reward we may win:
 Cherish it warmly, while yet you can—
 Oh, brothers! have love for your fellow man!

J. M. SCOTT, V. G.

Temple of Peace Lodge.

At a Special Committee of the Loyal Terra Firma Lodge, Wolverhampton District, held at Host John Icke's, Old King's Head, Duceley-street, Wolverhampton, the Members presented a valuable Silver Snuff Box to their worthy and respected Secretary, H. W. Harley, the founder of the Lodge—it was a beautiful specimen of manufacture being chastely carved, and had upon the dial the following inscription: "Presented to H. W. Harley, the Secretary and founder of the Terra Firma Lodge, by the Members, as a mark of their esteem, December, 1846."

Marriages.

FEBRUARY 22nd, 1847, at Horton Church, Staffordshire, Brother Joseph Whitehurst, to Miss Harriett Hopkin, of Biddulph.—MARCH 31st, 1847, at Horton Church, Brother Thomas Lockit, to Miss Judah Brough, of Biddulph, both of the Loyal Knyperaley Lodge, Bradley Green, Pottery and Newcastle District.—FEBRUARY 14th, 1847, P. Pr. G. M., Joseph Marling to Jane youngest daughter of Mr. Michael Bonfrey, Farmer, at the Parish Church, Keyingham, by the Rev. Jackson Porter, M. A.—MAY 26th, 1847, at the Parish Church, Blackburn, Brother Thomas Cowburn, of the Greenbank Lodge, Blackburn District, to Miss Rebecca Nelson.

Deaths.

AUGUST 9th, 1846, much lamented, Brother William Barker, the late C. S. of the Keyingham District, and one of the most active Members in the District.—ON the 4th of May 1847, Elizabeth, the Wife of John Crabtree, P. G., of the Aaron's Budding Rod Lodge, of the Halifax District.—PAST Secretary, James Wilkinson, 30th January, 1847.—PAST Vice Grand, Alfred Hattersley, March 14th, 1847.—Both of the Victoria Lodge, Knaresborough District.

MARK WARDLE, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

OCTOBER.

[AMICITIA, AMOR, ET VERITAS.]

1847.

LEGALIZATION OF THE ORDER.

THE question of Legalization is now the subject which engrosses the attention of all members of the Unity, who have taken an active part in their respective Lodges and Districts. The Oxford A. M. C., decided by a majority of 18, that application should be made to the imperial Parliament, praying for a Legalization of the Order; and the G. M., and Board of Directors at their meeting in August, agreed to a petition that should be circulated to all Lodges in the Order for signatures. The petition sets forth the grievances of the Order; its numerical strength; its wealth, and annual receipts and expenditure; its tendency to improve and benefit society at large, and calls upon the legislature "to extend to it that legal security and encouragement which other Benefit Societies enjoy; by either granting to it a Special Act of Parliament, applicable to itself; or to extend and modify the provisions of the present Benefit Societies Act, as will give to it that common legal protection which other Benefit Societies possess." There is no doubt upon our mind but that Parliament will comply with the prayer of the petition, if the application be earnestly made. If the members will do their duty to themselves, and render to the executive that assistance and support, which they are in duty bound to do, we have no fear of our application being rejected. As a society, what have we done that the legislature will refuse to legalize us? We have done no wrong; we have violated no law; we have been guilty of no inhumanity; we have injured

VOL.—9. No. 8—B.

no one's property ; we have endangered no one's peace. We have sympathised with the unfortunate ; we have assisted the distressed ; we have nourished the weak and assisted the sick : to a great extent we have soothed the widow's grief, and dried the orphan's cheek ; we have destroyed sectarian selfishness and national exclusion ; and have given evidence to the world that we are ever ready to stretch out the hand of fellowship and goodwill to all mankind irrespective of country, colour, sect or creed. Thirty or forty years have we been upon this land endeavouring to do good. There is scarcely a local official in any city, borough, or town, in Great Britain or Ireland, who would not speak of us in the most flattering and complimentary manner, and bear testimony to the good that we have done in his individual locality. The heads of the state, the church, and the bar ; the principals of agriculture ; manufacture and commerce, all come forward to render us their countenance and aid. Lord Campbell speaks of us as being a " very loyal, moral, useful and praiseworthy institution ;" and Sir Frederick Pollock, the Lord Chief Baron says, that " the society ought to render its meetings and proceedings legal ; either by a personal Act of Parliament relating to itself, or by obtaining a repeal of those public acts which render it illegal." There is no reason why Parliament will refuse to legalize us, but a thousand reasons why they will. Our illegality is a consequence of our own idleness. We have been complaining of the insecurity of our investments, and asking the directors for advice in cases of refractory trustees ; but we have never made any attempt to remedy the evil which we complain of. It is by our own exertions alone that we shall succeed. Men should not expect to find every thing as easy as their slipper shoes. Few things that are valuable to society have been obtained without hard work, study and determination ; and if the members of the Order, will avail themselves of the present opportunity of laying their grievances and wants before the legislature of their country, we feel confident that the object will be gained. The question of legalization is not one of trifling importance ; but one upon which depend the prosperity and continuance, or decay and cessation of the Order at large. The Order cannot exist without legalization, and to attempt to do so will bring about its ruin. Our doctrine is that no individual member of the Order shall be allowed to possess power which is not enjoyed by his members ; and no individual shall have the power of setting at defiance and trampling under foot the resolutions of his fellow men. Without legalization, power is held by persons. We want legalization, so that individuals will lose power, and the Order obtain it. If we were legalized, we should have power to

carry out our own laws ; to give effect to our own resolutions ; to guarantee that the members' contributions should be appropriated to those purposes for which they were contributed ; to invest our funds in a more profitable manner ; and thereby insure the permanency and stability of the Order. All individual authority should be pulled down and destroyed, and power distributed over the whole surface of the Order. History furnishes us with abundant facts that irresponsible power was never possessed by any body of men without being abused and wielded for the exclusive benefit of those who possessed it. We have often wondered how it is that the members of so large a society as our own, and based upon such democratic principles would allow individuals to possess such unbounded influence over their government and funds. Irresponsible power is a direct violation of all democratical or representative government. Democracy demands that all power shall be placed in the hands, and at the disposal of the people, and that no individual shall hold more power than has been given to him by a vote of his fellow-members. But that is not the position of the Manchester Unity. At the present time we have democracy in theory, and despotism in practice. In democratical governments, individuals are governed by society ; in our government society is governed by men. Despotism acts according to its own whim and caprice. The heads of the Manchester Unity *have power* to act how they like, and do what they choose. The heads of a democratical government act according to the wishes of the people who elect them, and this is the kind of government that we are anxious to obtain for the Unity. There must be no power independent of, and superior to a resolution passed by a majority of the members, and all individual opinions, obstinacy, and whims must be compelled to submit to such resolution. We must have a government and institution where all will have equal power and equal privileges ; where all will have equal opportunities of introducing new laws or abrogating old ones, and where the minority will be compelled to submit to those resolutions and laws which have been legally passed by a majority of their fellow-members. We can possess a government and constitution like this only by becoming legalized, because we want the assistance of the government of the country to give effect to any resolution that the majority may come to, and without this assistance we can have no power to check any obstinacy or tyranny that any officer may think fit to practise upon us. Parliament has given itself much trouble in enacting Acts for the government and protection of Benefit Societies. The legislature have introduced all kinds of privileges and benefits into such Acts for the encouragement of Benefit

Societies and the security of their funds. They have allowed them a higher rate of interest for their surplus funds than they will allow to any one else. They have allowed them to settle all their disputes by a Court of Arbitration, and which arbitrators are elected by the members of the society. They have compelled the Court of Exchequer, or the Registrar of Friendly Societies, to transfer to such other person as the society may appoint, any sum of money that may be invested in the name of any trustee who may become bankrupt, insolvent, stupid, or dishonest, and such transfer is to be made without any fee or reward. They have provided that if any trustee should become bankrupt or insolvent, and at the time of such bankruptcy he should hold any cash belonging to the society; that the whole of such money shall be paid in full before any creditor can touch any of his effects. And above all they have provided, that in all cases of dispute the decisions come to by the arbitrators shall be final and binding upon all parties concerned, without any appeal to law or equity. The present Benefit Societies' Act is not applicable to the wants and necessities of our Unity; because it provides that Benefit Societies shall not be allowed to establish in other parts of the country similar societies. This is the clause then that we require modified or abolished; and we therefore pray, that a special Act applicable to ourselves may be passed, or the present Act so modified and amended that we may come under its provisions. If the members will do their duty in getting up the petitions, and make the M. P's. of their respective localities acquainted with their wishes, we feel confident that the day is not far distant, when our funds will be secured and protected by legislative enactment.

W. B. S.

THE UNLUCKY MAN.

BY GEORGE HURST.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. DUNN having recovered from her hystericks, suggested to Mr. Brown that immediate pursuit might enable them to overtake the fugitives; this intimation acted as a motive power to that gentleman, who immediately went to procure a post-chaise. His hat, which he had taken off on entering the house was entirely forgotten. If he had been denuded of his coat, waistcoat, or any other of his garments, it is not likely he would have waited for adorning his person with them, so intent was he upon the object of his pursuit. How different was the behaviour of Mrs. Dunn. No person could have felt more acutely the light, or as she expressed it, the imprudent, wicked, conduct of her daughter,—but even in her deepest sorrows she always preserved a propriety of deportment. In fainting or hystericks, she always observed the proper attitude as carefully as Cæsar is stated to have done, when adjusting himself to die, after his body had been transfixed with a score or two of daggers. If she wept, the tear

passed down her beautiful cheek, as the rain drop on the rose, pellucid though colourless, but adding to its loveliness. In our progress through this life, affliction,—deep affliction, must frequently pass in sad array before us ; but to excite our sympathies there must be propriety in its display. We turn away displeased and disgusted with the deepest sorrow when we perceive the furrows that the tears have ploughed through the soil that has accumulated on the unwashed countenance. A brook running over a gravelly bottom, with the beautiful wild flowers hanging over its margin, and as it were kissing the gently flowing waters, is beautiful, and we may wander by its side indulging in sweet, though melancholy contemplations : but, the stream washing its way along a dirty channel, and between muddy banks, we recoil from as something in its nature repulsive. While Mr. Brown was absent procuring a chaise, Mrs. Dunn employed the time in arranging her cap, bonnet, shawl, and other articles of dress in the most correct manner. She also packed a suitable number of band boxes, and made the most ladylike preparations for her journey, whatever might be its duration. The chaise being brought, they were soon seated, and set off at a full gallop in pursuit of the fugitives. Miss Dunn and the Captain had certainly every chance of eluding their pursuers, had they taken proper advantage of the time they had in advance ; but the young lady had gone but a very short distance when she began to entertain some slight doubts as to the propriety of her conduct. When their carriage passed Mr. Brown as he was walking towards her maternal residence, she saw him, and really thought that dressed for the wedding, he looked magnificent. She then felt almost certain of having acted very wrong, in this opinion she was quite confirmed as she looked at the Captain,—who out of his regimentals, seemed a decidedly insignificant personage. It is doubtful whether she ever had any liking for the Captain, and it was believed that she was warmly attached to Mr. Brown. Then it may be asked, how in the name of wonder, can her extraordinary conduct be explained. To forsake the man she esteems, and elope with one for whom she is perfectly indifferent !—the thing seems too absurd.—Gently, most worthy and respected reader, for such indeed thou art, and deservest to be, for thy good taste displayed, in reading this interesting and faithful narrative. Dost thou think that human actions are influenced solely by the affections, or motives conceived by prudence ?—Hast thou not imagined how much is impelled by vanity, caprice, and a desire “ to astonish the Browns ? ” Thou must have a most marvellous lack of penetration, not to see that the young lady’s chief object was to create a sensation. She unquestionably expected to be pursued, and quickly overtaken ;—then after a due proportion of sighing, sobbing, screaming and fainting, to be reconciled to her disconsolate friends, and then that all would be forgiven. She might further have expected the gratification of seeing her dear Captain kicked for his base conduct ; or she might have intended Mr. Brown to have had a lesson that might enlighten him on the necessity of being more careful for the future in forming his friendships. Having travelled a few miles, she began to show symptoms of an interesting state of agitation ;—this gradually increased, when after going a couple of stages, she could not possibly bear the rapid motion of the chaise. The Captain was perfectly deaf to her entreaties for travelling more slowly, until by dint of a little screaming and fainting, he was compelled to comply with her wishes. He had a horrible dread of being overtaken, but looked fiercely and swore in a bold military manner. The lady suggested that should they be overtaken, and attempts be made to bear him from her, his valour would be brought into brilliant activity, and that courage and true love would triumph over a host of opposers. This did not quite accord with the gallant Captain’s notions, who thought all this very pretty in theory, and very well to talk about ; when there was neither difficulty nor danger ;—but particularly unpleasant to carry out in actual practice.

At the end of the third stage, Miss Dunn declared herself so ill as to render proceeding further impossible. At this the Captain would have been in despair, but from the reflection, that money will enable us to surmount the greatest obstacles, and the ill luck of poor Brown the night previously had considerably improved his finances.

Alas, poor Brown ! misfortune indeed was thy portion, not only being deprived of her on whom thou hadst placed thy sole expectation of happiness,—her that was dearer to thee than thy own existence ;—yet thyself unwittingly supplied the means of her elopement. If she had been thy wife, a jury of thy countrymen would have awarded handsome compensation for the loss thou hadst sustained, which might have

inspired thee with fortitude, and have afforded thee resignation ; but in thy case, there was no mitigating circumstance, no source of consolation.

As Miss Dunn positively refused proceeding on their journey, hoping to be overtaken, and fancying the joke had been carried far enough, the Captain feeling himself in a dilemma, had some thoughts of quietly decamping, and leaving the lady to settle the bill at the inn. But on re-considering the matter, he resolved upon bribing the servants, should any body enquire for them, to keep their being at the inn a secret, and to send the enquirers off in a wrong direction. This plan succeeded to admiration, for shortly after Mr. Brown and Mrs. Dunn drove up, and were quickly sent off again exactly as the Captain wished ; and without even the young lady's slightest suspicion of their arrival. Miss Dunn continued in a state of frightful agitation until the evening, when with a thorough determination of repairing the error she had committed, she insisted upon a chaise being called and being driven back. Upon this the Captain felt rather uncomfortable ; but as he thought that with the lady he had a claim to a very large fortune, he determined not to relinquish it without a struggle. He therefore pretended to comply with her wishes, and said a great deal about pure and disinterested affection, and displayed that extraordinary amiability so frequently shown by young men before marriage, although the serpent's skin is quickly cast afterwards, and the realities of the connubial state become apparent. The chaise was quickly brought, the post-boys quietly bribed ; and the amiable couple were dashing along, if not exactly on the wings of love, certainly as fast as four horses could take them. After proceeding about forty miles, the poor young lady discovered that instead of going towards her home, the deceitful wretch had taken her that distance further on the road to Gretna. She knew that having come so great a distance, it would be utterly impossible to return that night, so she looked thoroughly dissatisfied, annoyed, and sullen, and the gallant Captain had the entire conversation to himself until she retired to her bed-chamber ; where in quiet she gave full vent to her feelings ; at length exhausted nature coming to her relief she sunk into a profound slumber.

On the following morning she still preserved her determination of returning home ; but this resolution became ultimately shaken on the Captain recounting a number of inventions, in which the character of poor Brown was most unmercifully blackened, and instancing as a want of affection, the circumstance of their *not having been pursued*. The Captain lastly enforced that unless they returned married, they having been away together for two or three days, her reputation would be entirely sacrificed. This argument settled the business, and the lady giving an unwilling and tearful consent, they proceeded direct for Scotland, where the chains of matrimony were firmly rivetted by the celebrated and reverend Gretna Blacksmith.

To return to poor Brown and Mrs. Dunn, they travelled at a rapid rate for several stages before they were entirely deprived of the expectations of overtaking the fugitives. When convinced they had lost all clew, poor Brown became a perfect image of despair. While in motion his mind was somewhat diverted from his misfortune and he was sustained partly by hope,—but now he had no resource. He threw himself upon the floor in a paroxysm of bitter anguish. His feelings at length found vent in a fearful kind of howl.—It was a sort of noise that may be conceived, but a correct notion of it not easily conveyed by description or simile. The lamentation of a cow that has lost her calf, may be something like ; but that is not the thing,—perhaps a sound, something between the bellowing of a Bull and a Buffalo may be nearer, but conveys not the exact idea. It was a sound, piercing, sad, and of extreme misery ; yet not just the kind fully to engage our sympathies.

In this world where sincerity is so greatly lauded, but so little practised, a proper and effective exhibition of grief should form a part of a regular scholastic education, with the other accomplishments. We should not then witness such whimsical and grotesque displays of sorrow, that provoke laughter, rather than draw forth the tear of compassion.

However, poor fellow, he was deeply afflicted, and returned in such a state of depression, that a serious illness followed, and for nearly a fortnight it was doubtful, whether his disorder would not terminate fatally. During his illness the kindness of Mrs. Dunn was remarkable. If he had been her own child, she could not have shewn him more assiduous or more affectionate attention. It is even thought she had some notion of retrieving her daughter's misconduct, by becoming herself the partner of his future fortunes.—Happy indeed, would it have been for the subject of our narra-

rative if this had been carried into effect. Her experience and sound understanding might have saved him from a multitude of trouble; but being ignorant of the ways of the world, he did not comprehend the sweet, amiable, and delicate little manoeuvres that ladies fair, employ to inform the wretches of the other sex, that a chance is offered them of escaping from a life of solitary wretchedness, to one of united felicity. He was a plain simple minded young man, entirely free from any sophistication, and when Mrs. Dunn rejoicing that his health had somewhat improved, impressed a kiss upon his cheek, he did not observe the flurry, hesitation, and warmth with which it was given, but believed it to be nothing beyond an amiable proof of maternal regard.

Long before Mr. Brown's recovery, the Captain and his lady having expended all their ready money, returned from their excursion. They called and sought forgiveness from mamma. That prudent lady received them coldly but civilly. She said, her daughter was old enough to judge for herself, and had adopted a course that might prove judicious, or it might result otherwise,—that for herself she wished them happy; but “as they had made their bed so they must lie upon it.” As the Captain found that his honoured mamma did not express herself angrily, though in a lofty, freezing manner, he ventured to mention something about his lovely partner's fortune. Mrs. Dunn replied—

“Why sir, as to fortune, your wife sir, beyond her clothes and a piano, which was a present from myself, has not a shilling. My poor, dear, excellent, departed husband, always considering that leaving children property at their own command, was only giving them encouragement to act disobediently, left to me every farthing he possessed. His will, sir, is deposited at Doctors' Commons, where by paying a shilling you may gratify yourself by its perusal; but then it would be paying a shilling to satisfy yourself that you have not even that amount of interest in his effects.”

“The d——l, madam,” said the Captain, “do you mean to say that the late Mr. Dunn, possessed as he was of such handsome property, did not leave any provision for his only child;—and that she really is entitled to nothing?”

The lady replied, “it is precisely as I have told you. To be sure, I did intend to have made a very handsome settlement upon my daughter, if she had acted in a proper and dutiful manner; but any thing from me now, of course will not be expected.” “I presume,” continued the lady, “yours is purely a marriage of affection, and therefore, if you have a few difficulties and privations to encounter, you will bear them with all the fortitude that a pure and *disinterested* attachment will always inspire.”

The Captain finding he had no other chance, resorted to a very plentiful infusion of flattery, made powerful appeals to the lady's maternal feelings, and adopted every means in his power for softening her; but in reply she said;—

“Why as for that, sir, my child shall never want a home, so long as I am in a condition for affording one, she may be spurned by the world, *deserted by her husband*, but in the affections of a mother she shall always find a refuge; as for money, I assure you sir, I do not feel disposed to part with a farthing; indeed I could not do so consistently, as being deprived of my child,—my only companion,—for whom I would have made any sacrifice”—Here she shed a few tears,—and then continued,—“I cannot live in a state of loneliness, and when I get again settled,—it is impossible to calculate what my family may require.”

The Captain went home chagrined in the extreme, muttering various condemnations of his wife's, Mrs. Dunn's, and his own eyes and limbs to a remarkably warm climate. He was so far impartial in his imprecations that he was very fierce in his abuse of his own folly, and said, “If he had but have inspected the stupid old brute's will previously to getting married, he might have made a good speck, by taking the old lady, (whom he designated by a term implying that she was of the canine genus,) instead of the daughter.

Mrs. Johnson was truly grieved for the misery she had brought upon poor Brown. She visited him several times, while his recovery was slowly progressing; and cheered him greatly with her pleasant and vivacious conversation; and having acquired a taste for adventures, she very clearly indicated, a willingness to make a onement for the past, by another elopement, in which she would readily make him the companion. But all was lost upon poor Brown, who had no comprehension of hints and innuendos;

being perfectly straight forward in his own conduct, he could understand nothing, unless conveyed in a plain and perfectly intelligible proposition.

The disappointment of fortune, and his wife's visits of condolence to the much injured Mr. Brown, did not at all accord with Captain Johnson's notions. It led to many serious quarrels between them. The Captain swore ferociously, and what was even worse, called her many ugly names, which we would hardly stain the purity of our pages by recording. His affectionate partner replied in the quiet, ladylike, but awfully aggravating manner, that ladies alone can perfectly accomplish. She in this way, on one occasion, worked the valiant soldier into such a towering rage, that he actually struck her. In recounting this, disgust! horror! indignation! imparts even to the ink with which we are writing a darker hue. That a man; and that man a soldier,—should raise his hand against a lovely and defenceless woman,—and that woman his own wife, and the most amiable of her sex. Gladly would we throw a veil over this sad event; but truth is imperative, and without a faithful record of this very incident, much of the subsequent portion of our narrative might scarcely seem consistent. Alas! that such things are, is too true; which must make us blush for the degradation of humanity. It is a certain law of nature that offences invariably meet with condign punishment. Of all truths that have arisen in brightness from that well where so much is hidden to illumine the world, none more than this has greater clearness; and soon its verity was exemplified upon the unhappy wretch, who had committed so monstrous a breach of propriety. The lady was immediately roused from her usual quiet and placid demeanour, and she stood forth displaying a fierce, determined, amazonian, deportment. She gave him payment with most usurious interest; and the astonished hero was quickly at her feet bruised and prostrate. From this time all kinds of disagreements came into full operation, and the only alternation from quarrelling was in the Captain's absence, which would frequently be for weeks together. In this very agreeable manner three long years were passed, at the expiration of which time the Captain introduced to his house the wealthy and accomplished Mr. Thompson. Between these gentlemen a most inseparable kind of friendship was soon established. The Captain never seemed easy unless his house was honoured with the presence of Mr. Thompson; and he frequently when under the necessity of being absent himself, insisted upon his "*fidus achates*" remaining until his return.

Mr. Thompson was a man of mild and gentle manners, agreeable person, and possessing all the shewy accomplishments. Then it must seem a singular circumstance, that a man of Captain Johnson's knowledge of the world, should insist upon such a man being a frequent inmate of his house, and particularly during his own absence, having in that house a wife of exceeding loveliness, and with whom he could not be said to live on the most amicable terms. Perhaps he wished to shew the confidence he had in his wife's prudence; or it might have been that he wished to shew an almost Cato like kind of hospitality to a friend wealthy enough to compensate for any kindness he received, or repair any injury he might perpetrate;—or it might have been to shew kindness where he knew nothing of the kind was needed, as people who have a good dinner at home, can have plenty of invitations of dining out. But whatever might have been the Captain's motive, it resulted in Mrs. Johnson's favourite amusement of an elopement. The Captain had left home, with the intention of not returning for some days, and his exemplary lady and Mr. Thompson thinking this a good opportunity, took a very early breakfast, and set out for an excursion themselves. The Captain on his return, exhibited the usual quantity of distress on finding his house deserted by the wife of his bosom, and that the friend in whom he had confided, had inflicted upon him the worst and most irreparable of injuries. We live in a civilized country! We have laws to protect us; and may hope for redress when injured by parties who have ample means of payment. The Captain felt this; and said, although his peace of mind was for ever sacrificed, yet he would appeal to the laws, not for his own sake,—not for the pecuniary compensation that might be awarded; but for the sake of example, for the furtherance of public justice, and to shew that in this enlightened country, the morals and demeanour of society were not to be outraged with impunity.

Worthy man! even in thy heart broken state, when thy nearest ties, thy dearest affections, had been ruthlessly torn asunder, even then wast thou actuated by no selfish motive; influenced by no private consideration, but thy every movement was intended for the good advantage of thy fellow creatures.

The trial of Johnson, *v.* Thompson, created, as our readers will recollect, a vivid interest throughout the country. It will be unnecessary to recount here the full particulars of that interesting affair, the whole having been repeatedly published, and so generally circulated, that most readers of the periodical literature are in possession of all the circumstances. The speech of the learned Counsellor Fusbos will be long remembered, as one of the most eloquent and successful of the forensic displays of that distinguished advocate. But we will confine ourselves, by merely quoting a few sentences from that part, in which he alluded especially to the sorrowing husband, so that the jury might fairly estimate the value of such a man's sufferings. "Yes, gentlemen," said Counsellor Fusbos, "however we may shrink with disgust from the heartless perpetrator of this ruin,—there is one for whom we must feel the deepest commiseration,—one whose wretched state is only increased from the consciousness of his own guiltlessness. For him we may mourn, a man innocent himself, suffering for other's delinquencies. O! how can I pourtray the afflicted husband. If ever there was a worthy and excellent specimen of humanity it was that man. Amiable in all the relations of life. After the anxieties of arduous professional duties his thoughts were ever directed to home, and the lovely partner of its comforts. His fondness as a husband was without parallel. Though in the military profession his joys, his thoughts, his ambition was to preserve his domestic happiness.—A smile from his wife was at once sufficient to dispel all recollection of toil and anxiety. Now that his home is bereft of the lovely being that was the enchantress of the scene, nothing remains for him but gloom and despondency; and he may linger out the remainder of his days in this wilderness of woe, uncheered by a single ray of hope!—for with him, gentlemen, grief has acquired an immortality."

All this and a great deal more was proved by "competent false witnesses;" and the jury vindicated their abhorrence of outraged morality, by giving a verdict for the plaintiff, with twelve hundred and fifty pounds damages. By coming to this conclusion, the Captain thought they had acted very handsomely.

CHAPTER IV.

LONG after Mr. Brown had recovered from his illness he appeared sad, and broken spirited. His friend Mr. Templeton shewed considerable anxiety for restoring him to his original serenity of mind. For this purpose he proposed a tour, believing that change of scenery, and the various amusements that different parts of the country would offer might be very beneficial.—Home having lost much of its charms, and the surrounding objects frequently giving rise to painful recollections, poor Brown easily agreed to the suggestion, and the more readily as his friend consented to be his companion in the excursion. The obliged person, of course paying all the expenses, which seemed a thing reasonable in itself, and was agreeable to all parties, especially to Mr. Templeton, whose convenience it suited admirably.

The particulars of this journey we shall not recount, although many interesting incidents occurred during its progress,—such as being occasionally robbed, frequently cheated, overthrown by gentlemanly coachmen, kicked out of sundry gigs, receiving many bruises, and having some of his bones broken, all sufficient to prove the unlucky influence by which he was continually persecuted. When he became tired of wandering, Mr. Templeton recommended a short residence in the neighbourhood of London, and obtained him lodgings at a quiet sort of house, kept by a widow lady at ———. In this house lodged also a very interesting young lady whom the landlady very kindly introduced to Mr. Brown, and of whom she had previously given a long and detailed account. The substance of which was, that Miss Bunter, for that was the young lady's name, was the daughter of highly respectable parents somewhere in Devonshire; but who after all manner of misfortunes, died within a short interval of each other. Her only brother died also shortly after the parents, leaving two delightful female children as a legacy to the aunt, who having but a small annuity to depend upon, supported herself and them by close application to needle-work. Had she not taken upon herself the responsibility of a parent, the two lovely orphans would have been left entirely destitute.

This young lady and Mr. Brown soon became very intimate. Her conversation

was sensible, feeling, and rendered more interesting by a slight infusion of melancholy, which gave the impression, that being very young, sorrow had induced a thoughtfulness beyond what is usual at her period of life. He found in her conversation that comfort and consolation that he had vainly sought in his wanderings. Hers was a mind congenial with his own. He could deeply sympathize with her misfortunes, and for his griefs she in return dropped the tear of pity and infused into his wounded spirit the balm of resignation. They were happy in each other's society. Is it wonderful that they passed much of their time together, that he sought with her that mental quietude which he deemed elsewhere unattainable? Is it surprising, feeling that her society had become indispensable, he might hope they might become inseparable? There is nothing surprising in it, nor that after a fortnight's courtship he made her an offer of his hand; was accepted, and by way of dispatching business they were married in a week afterwards. At this change he did not appear greatly elated, but he laid his account in living quietly, happily, and that the torch of affection burning steadily, as time rolled on, would increase in brightness. Unlike those marriages which result from an outrageously ardent attachment, love blazes away at the commencement like a conflagration, but becomes quickly exhausted, and is succeeded by the chill of indifference. Well, but people were considerably surprised, when after an absence of not more than three months, he returned home with his lovely bride, and a great many ugly things were said about bellowing cows forgetting their calves, and other remarks concerning them were abundant, equally polite, polished, and good natured. But whatever the world might say or think signified but little, they being happy themselves as a pure affection could render them. His melancholy gradually wearing away, although hers seemed of a more durable character. Something seemed to weigh heavily upon her mind, to lighten which time seemed ineffectual. It was singular, that although she was mainly indebted to Mr. T. for her fortunate marriage, she continually persuaded her husband to avoid his company, and by all means not to encourage his visits at their house. When Mr. Templeton called, she would by no means allow him to remain in the same room with her alone for a moment. All this at length became clearly understood, for that gentleman and Captain Johnson having vainly endeavoured to regain Mr. Brown's confidence, and induce him to return to the gaming table, as a grateful return for former kindnesses began to ridicule and traduce him in every society where they had access. By the persuasion of his wife, all intimacy between Mr. Brown and these worthy gentlemen was quickly reduced to a mere formal bow of recognition. After this coolness had for some time existed, chance brought them together at a courting dinner. During the evening, Captain Johnson half intoxicated, gave vent to his spleen, by proposing in a bantering manner the health of Mr. Brown, and in a coarse vein of ridicule, complimented him upon his marriage, and upon the fortunate circumstance of becoming at once the happy husband of a lovely and virtuous wife, and the affectionate father of two delightful children. All this was received by the company with roars of laughter, and to carry on the joke, Mr. Templeton, said it was bad of Mr. Brown to deprive him, an affectionate parent, of his two lovely daughters; that he might have waited until he had a family of his own, without playing the kidnapper, by taking the children of other people. This served to open Mr. Brown's eyes as to the unfortunate connection into which he had been entrapped, but he felt it due to himself, that no person should use freedom of discourse with regard to his wife with impunity, whatever might have been her faults or misfortunes; and the ribaldry had been carried so far that his resentment had become completely roused. He left the room, and requested a friend who sat next him at table to retire also, wishing to have with him a little private conversation. This friend was the very Mr. Thompson, who afterwards became so intimate with the Captain, and figured so conspicuously in the affair with Mrs. Johnson. When they had retired, Mr. Brown said,—“You may easily imagine sir, why I wished to speak with you privately, you must have noticed how grossly I have been injured, and insulted by those two persons.—Insults that no gentleman,—that no man could quietly endure. I therefore, must confide in your friendship the task of waiting upon each of them after their retirement from this house, to demand that satisfaction to which I am clearly entitled Mr. Thompson fully concurred in the propriety of this proceeding, and cheerfully undertook the mission. He called first upon the Captain, who when the purport of the visit had been explained became perfectly sobered. The jest and the banter had taken a very serious aspect. The Captain displayed an evident dislike to the business

He however, began to talk largely, about the impossibility of him, being a military man, meeting a person like Mr. Brown. Not that there was anything in this objection; but he was willing to raise any question, that might have the chance of settling the affair in a peaceable manner. For to do him justice, the valiant soldier had upon principle a most insuperable objection to fighting. He also added a good deal about staining his laurels, which all must admit would have been a great pity. Mr. Thompson was a man of the world, and not likely to be shuffled off in this manner, so after listening quietly to all that was advanced, he merely remarked, that nonsense of that kind was quite foreign to the purpose. That the Captain having grossly insulted a gentleman in a public company, the only alternative was a hostile meeting, or an ample apology. At this hint the Captain immediately replied, that as a soldier he had never hesitated meeting his man, when honour required it, this his conduct would testify in various encounters; but as a man of honour, he also conceived it to be his duty when he was deemed the aggressor in any quarrel, to make every acknowledgment and reparation in his power. From this it is easy to understand that the affair was soon adjusted. Mr. Thompson dictated and the Captain wrote a very humble apology.

With Mr. Templeton things took a very different turn. He readily consented to a meeting the following morning at five o'clock. The place was agreed upon, and he promised with a friend to be punctual at the hour. Before Mr. Brown had reached his own house, swift winged fame had conveyed sufficient intelligence of the disclosures at the inn to inform Mrs. Brown, that the secret by which she had been so long oppressed had been discovered. One of the waiters who heard the conversation, communicated the intelligence to his sweet-heart, she gave the information to her mother, which was very proper, as young ladies ought to have no secrets separate from their mamma's. The mother told it to a next door neighbour, the wife of a barber; who again told it to her husband, with some slight variations. From the barber's shop it spread like wild fire, until it threw the whole village into a state of fermentation. A light heeled mercury, in the person of a heavy wash-woman, brought the tale greatly embellished and improved to Mrs. Brown's servant. That virtuous young person, who had frequently cast sundry languishing and loving glances at her master, felt a strong moral indignation at the wickedness and deception existent in the world, and feeling certain that her mistress would be turned out of the house, she neglected her work in dressing herself to the best advantage, so that she might appear as fascinating as possible in the eyes of her master. On being gently reproved by her mistress for neglect, she replied tauntingly,—“As for neglecting, there's no pleasing some people if you work the very flesh off your bone,—but I defy any body to say I neglect my duty, or to say that I ever conduct myself otherwise than as decent, prudent person. At all events if I should happen ever to have any children, I hope it will be in a proper time after marriage, and that they won't be put off upon any person to keep except their own father.” From this poor Mrs. Brown well knew that her misfortunes had become public. She had indeed committed wrong; but like many poor creatures against whom the finger of scorn is pointed, her frailties could scarcely be said to have resulted from her own depravity. Her parents had been respectable, and had given her a good education—but dying when she was but eighteen years of age, left her friendless and with very slight means of living. Mr. Templeton was attracted by her beauty, was most assiduous in his attentions, professed a honourable attachment and promised her marriage. A subsequent pregnancy compelled her to leave the neighbourhood where she was known, to rely upon him for protection. He continued his expressions of affection and constancy until after she had given birth to a second child; he then getting tired of the connection, treated her with gross ill-usage and neglect, until he contrived to make for her (as he termed it,) an ample provision by palming her upon Mr. Brown. Since she had been married, she had conducted herself in a most exemplary manner. After the sufferings she had endured, the kindnesses of her husband were fully appreciated, and her attachment to him was one of daily increasing devotion; therefore, she greatly dreaded this exposure; believing it would have the effect of estranging his affections. On his return home, his feelings had been wrought up to their utmost pitch of endurance, and he would probably have relieved himself by reproaching her fiercely and bitterly; but seeing her extreme anguish of mind,—he relented,—he took her to his arms,—and from her own mouth listened patiently to a correct narrative of her misfortunes. He felt that he had been

deceived, greatly deceived ; but knowing his engagement for the next morning, knowing that a very few hours might probably plunge him into eternity, he wished to free his mind of all animosity, and he forgave her sincerely as he looked forward himself with the hope of forgiveness. On the following morning, he and his friend were at the place of rendezvous at the time appointed, but after waiting an hour, he was greatly enraged that his adversary had not made his appearance. On their return home, just as they had reached Mr. Brown's house, they met Mr. Templeton with two other gentlemen, looking completely wretched from their previous night's debauchery. This rencounter was a great easement to Mr. Brown's mind ; as Mr. Templeton had not kept his appointment, he inflicted upon that gentleman a most sound and exemplary horse-whipping. Mr. Templeton cried out, " This sir, is a most brutal and violent assault, and I wish you to understand sir, that there are magistrates, that there are laws in the country, sir."

Brown concluded by giving him a few hearty kicks ; but it was remarkable, that no legal or magisterial proceedings were instituted by Mr. Templeton, who doubtlessly thought that it would be quite as well not to give increased publicity to the affair.

From this time Mr. Brown and his wife lived together most amicably ; he seemed to have entirely forgotten the past unpleasant circumstances, and the two little girls he treated with the same fondness as though they were his own children. He considered himself as a family man, and was anxious to discharge the duties of his station in a fitting manner. He thought it wrong to continue in a state of inactivity, but that it was due to himself, to his family, and to society, that he should devote his energies to some active occupation. He had read several works on agriculture, from which he concluded, that the science, by the generality of farmers, was but imperfectly understood. That wonders in the way of improvement of cultivation might be effected, and that it required only knowledge, skill and management, to bring the very poorest soils into the highest state of productiveness, and above all he fancied, that he was the very man to carry this into effect. From these considerations, he took a farm, sufficiently cold, barren, and out of cultivation, to give the most earnest improver plenty of occupation. However he was quite confident that with the knowledge he could bring to *bear* upon it,—he should induce the land to *bear* immense crops of corn. He entered at rather an unfortunate period, as prices were very high, so that the valuation of the meagre crops on the land, and the stock he had to purchase, came to a very large sum of money. This was a bad beginning, and in spite of his knowledge, and judgment, every thing afterwards took a very unlucky turn. It was very strange that although his corn always remained bad, and stunted, or became blighted, or mildewed, far beyond that of his neighbours, the weeds grew most luxuriantly. He got up early in the morning, worked hard all day, and by so doing set a good example to his labourers, believing that

" He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

But this did not quite answer the purpose, for his men wisely considered, that while he was hard at work himself, he could not be making observations on their industry. Also, while he did so much, there was but little necessity for any extra exertion on their parts. He was particularly unlucky with respect to his live stock, for his horses and cows became mangy, his pigs gargeted, and the rot made sad havoc with his sheep. After about five years, finding that his losses had reached to an alarming amount, and believing it useless to contend against such an accumulation, and continuation of ill luck, in which there seemed to be a kind of fatality, he gave up farming ; but had a most woeful GOING OUT, for agriculture was at that time exceedingly depressed, and at his sale, the property might be said, almost to have been given away, such wretched low prices were realized.

Still believing he was not destined to remain inactive, and having also a most perfect confidence in his own knowledge and judgment, he employed himself by embarking in various speculations ; but ill luck still seemed to pursue him. Yet he never engaged in any matter without weighing, (that is to say in the scale of his own judgment,) every circumstance connected with it ; and every probability particularly of success, shewing clearly and plausibly there was every prospect of its proving advantageous. But alas, what is the use of contending against ill luck. How many people do we find in the world that do precisely the same, that pass through life striving, sweating and

bustling,—all to no purpose, but as they come into the world naked, would have nothing to carry out, even if it were permitted us to convey our accumulations into another sphere. If he bought any article when there seemed to be a certainty of a continued advance, some unaccountable circumstance would arise, and most unexpectedly, that would cause an immediate depression in the markets. Every thing he touched seemed to sink, fall away, and become dreadfully reduced. When it was decided the duties on teas should be changed from an *ad valorem* to a fixed charge of 2s. 1d. per lb. he bought very extensively, seeing clearly a certain profit, as he purchased at less money than the amount of the original cost in China, added to the new duty. But here again he was unfortunate, for speculation in anticipation of the alteration caused such an influx of the article, that the price of the low tea became reduced considerably below the amount of the new tax; and to avoid paying the duty, it was stated, that ship loads were actually emptied into the sea. At this unexpected blow, Mr. Brown lost his usual buoyancy of spirits, and in a fit of despondency he sold his entire stock at an alarming sacrifice; although if he had waited a few months, the price must have righted, and he would have realized a handsome profit.

For some years after this, we have no account that can be relied upon, of his proceedings, but we have certain information, that by the year 1845, after leading a life of exemplary frugality and industry, scarcely anything remained of his once ample fortune, with the exception of the amount settled upon his wife.

That was the great year of the Railway Epidemic, and Mr. Brown could scarcely be expected to escape so general a disorder. The projectors of the great Swindleton Line, applied to him that he should be one of the Provisional Committee; he readily consented, seeing clearly in these projects such a mine of wealth as must certainly retrieve his fortunes. Being upon this Committee, of course he was solicited to join the various branch companies, and his name was always at their service; and thus brought prominently before the speculating community, he had applications for joining every variety of scheme, from the Groundsel and Chickweed Company, to the Universal Railway Company for establishing locomotive communication over the entire world, with a plan for extending its objects, when this should be completed. Mr. Brown became a Provisional Committee man in all, and would have taken shares in all, but he was minus the wherewithal, for paying the deposits. He had numberless shares allotted him, and actually thought his fortune made, when the panic came, and dashed down the cup that imagination had so brightly gilded. Well, poor Brown had never attended a Railway Meeting, from travelling being more expensive than suited his convenience, nor had he participated in the slightest degree with Railway proceedings, with the exception of allowing his name to be published as a Provisional Committee man. He therefore fancied himself for once fortunate, as although he was not a gainer, he was gratified to think that his prudence, or as we should express it his want of money, had saved him from any sacrifice; but in this he was sadly mistaken, for one morning sipping his coffee very complacently, and thinking how many of his infatuated friends had been entrapped and swindled, he received a very peremptory letter from that *notedly scrupulous* firm Messrs. Bulley and Draw, demanding fifty pounds for his share in winding up the affairs of the Diddlemdo Company, his name having been on the Provisional Committee. In this case his name was only published upon one edition of the prospectus, having been immediately withdrawn. In fact the projectors thought proper to exclude his continuing in the Company. But Bulley and Draw fancying they might extort something, in a few days after this cool demand was made, accommodated him with the copy of a writ, being sure of their charges out of somebody; for they had more than a hundred writs issued for the same debt against different persons. He was especially alarmed at this proceeding, and went immediately to London to try and accommodate matters with these amiable and conscientious solicitors. He was by them turned over to a clerk named Doallson, a man of remarkable tact in conducting any nefarious transactions. By this person he was tortured by threats, and various other arguments until he consented to pay the demand, rather a difficult thing for him at that time, with the addition of two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence for the costs. Bulley and Draw made a good thing of this company, in the winding up of which they displayed consummate skill. The persons who paid were chiefly those who had incurred no legal responsibility, but sacrificed each their fifty pounds rather than be involved in legal proceedings. Some few were allowed to escape, on the condition of acting as decoy-ducks, and persuading others to compro-

misc. The projectors and directors of the bubble who had done every thing, incurred all the expenses, and were the really responsible persons, not only escaped themselves, but shared in the plunder obtained from others.

Scarcely had this affair been settled, than Mr. Brown had similar applications from more than twenty other companies, for sums varying from fifty, to three hundred pounds. The missiles flying about in this awful manner, made him begin to fancy the place getting too hot for endurance, so he adopted the wisest course for a man so situated; that of selling of all his furniture, and travelling with his wife and the two young ladies far from his native country, in hopes of finding a land "where lawyers cease from troubling."

WE now take our leave, having briefly detailed the misfortunes of Mr. Brown up to the present time, who having had so full a share, we hope, although we fear it may not be, that his future career may have more of prosperity; and the author in conclusion, asks not for indulgence, but fairness on the part of the *reader*; and that none should presume to condemn this delectable narrative, excepting such as have given it a fair perusal; can read words of three syllables without spelling; and have not had their tempers soured by being the authors of *rejected articles*, however earnest they may be in their convictions that "superior contributions must be procured."

VICTORIA'S HIGHLAND WELCOME.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

From glen and strath, and corrie,
There soundeth forth rejoice!
And linn and mountain torrent,
Have gladness in their voice.
The deep tarn in the valley,
With sudden brightness glows,
And the rude hills of the heather
Salute the English Rose!

The grey mist from the mountain,
Lifts up its shadowy veil;
A PRESENCE comes to brighten,
The wild land of the Gael!—
High swells her "gathering" music
On every wind that blows
Victoria's Highland Welcome!
The Thistle greets the Rose!

With plaid, and plume, and claymore,
Her loyal clans arise,
To meet the "bright and bonnie,"
The beautiful and wise!—
Her heart warms to the tartan
Braid, Scotland blythely knows,
Sae here's a Highland Welcome
To Britain's Royal Rose!

WHY IS THERE NO PORTRAIT IN THE MAGAZINE ?

THE above question will undoubtedly be asked by hundreds who are, and probably by hundreds who are not, members of the Manchester Unity, when they have opened the *last* part of our periodical. And that such a question should be asked, with some anxiety to have it answered, is not to be wondered at, as the Magazine without the Portrait and its accompanying Memoir shows a most striking, and double deficiency. For it must be admitted by every candid individual,—by every one unprompted by some personal pique, petty prejudice, or puerile pride, that while the former gave a warmth, and striking character to the work, the latter was frequently highly interesting, if not often very instructing. The deficiency is therefore sure to force itself upon the notice of all those who have been in the habit of perusing the Magazine. But this is neither answering, or attempting to answer the question,—“Why is there no Portrait in the Magazine?” The superficial causes as put forth by those who have been instrumental in depriving the Magazine of its previous embellishment are specious in pretence, but it is to be feared that they are neither sound in reason, nor genuine in intention. First and most plausible is that of expense. It is contended by the rigid economists of the present day, that to expend *one quarter of a farthing per member per year*, (this being about the cost to the Unity for the four portraits, &c.) is unwise and unjust, although it has been shown over and over again, that instead of its costing the Unity anything, the publishing of the portraits so far enhanced the value of the Magazine as really to be the means of creating a large profit for the Widow and Orphans’ Fund. But let us suppose that the money expended in getting up the portraits, &c., comes entirely from the members themselves, and that no return is given them except a portrait every quarter. Is Odd-Fellowship so fallen in its desire to cherish an honest emulative pride,—is it so dead to those reciprocal and kindred sympathies which prompt mankind to take an interest in the well-being of his fellow, as to begrudge the expending of the *fourth part of a farthing annually per member*, for the purpose of seeing, may be partially delineated, the features, and reading a brief account of the lives of four brothers, who have by their indefatigable exertions in behalf of the principles of our Order, obtained this slight mark of distinction. There can be no doubt but that could the whole of the members reasonably be called upon to decide the question, they would by an overwhelming majority, show that they still respect in a high degree those men who so materially contribute to the well-being and prosperity of the Order. Another cause adduced is, “that the parties most worthy are not always selected for the honour of having their portrait, &c. But this like the former is a most miserable cause to put forth, for despoiling our Magazine of one of its most interesting subjects. The worthiness of men can only be decided upon by some general principle of approbation, and although a majority may, on some occasions, be obtained to decide inconsistently to the principles of justice and truth, yet it is the only mode of *fair* decision at present provided or practised among all civilized societies. But even here again the objection is more imaginary than real, for were it possible for any one fully to examine the real worthiness of those who have been honoured for their services to the Order, it would be found that nearly the whole, to a man, at the time the honour was conferred were worthy of it, as far as a mere man can be worthy of any mark of approbation or distinction. Another cause brought forward for discontinuing the portrait, &c. is that favouritism, and party feeling have been made use of in the selection of the persons to have their portraits taken. To this, it is but necessary to remark, that there never was, and in all probability never will be, a possibility of any popular assembly, conferring honours or favours, where the whole, or nearly the whole of the members considered themselves claimants to such honours and favours, and where but a small number can be gratified, avoiding the charge of favouritism.—Nay, there is no necessity to avoid the charge of favouritism, for as the majority decides, it most certainly selects those that are the greatest favourites *with the assembly* as a whole. But though the above are the specious pretences brought forward by the parties who have made use of them in argument, yet they are by no means the

408 WHY IS THERE NO PORTRAIT IN THE MAGAZINE?

real causes "Why there is no Portrait in the Magazine." No, there are other causes acting far more cogently in the breasts of the objectors than the superficial and specious pretences adduced.—There is such a thing as disappointed ambition, and the peculiar manner in which it displays, and exerts itself, is truly striking in a large assembly like our A. M. C.; where certain honours and slight emoluments are conferred, it is not wonderful to find such a feeling generating itself, and using its influence to destroy or annihilate that, which it sees is likely to fall to the lot of another, because it cannot grasp it for itself. Parties thus actuated, put forth in a most plausible manner the plea of expense—unworthiness of occasional selection, and favouritism, and thus have drawn over a majority to deprive the Magazine of one of its principle characteristics. But the most striking and probably the most powerful means made use of, by parties labouring under disappointed ambition, is their assumed and much paraded self-devotedness. They affect to have an unutterable degree of contempt for all honours and distinctions. They cannot conceive how it is, that men cannot do good without receiving some kind of honour, distinction, or emolument in return.—They profess to cherish one cold equalizing system of democracy, and declare that they scout the very idea of even having their portrait sent forth to the world. That they could not bring their minds to submit to such an indignity being practised upon them with their approbation.—These specious pretences too often weigh with a certain class of hearers. The apparent *self* sacrifice appears to have great influence; and men of humble minds imagine that that for which such declaimers can have such disgust, must in reality be truly worthless. But a slight acquaintanceship with mankind in general, would enable persons thus deceived to see things in a different light. Did they understand the history of human nature as to the past, and would they endeavour closely to scan its working at the present, they could not help being convinced of the fallacy and folly of destroying those comparatively harmless stimulants to good exertions—honorary distinctions. History bears testimony to the fact—for we have many examples where in the heat of democratic phrenzy every thing of an honorary kind have been swept away; and to be distinguished among men was to be marked for persecution, imprisonment, exile, or death. But no sooner has the phrenzy subsided—reason again assumed her sway, and mankind being allowed to think and act according to the dictates of their own feelings, than they have almost immediately adopted these marks of distinction and honour, which had so recklessly and ruthlessly been destroyed during the equalizing and affected liberty-loving period of democratic ascendancy. But we need not refer to history in general for proof of the beneficial results of conferring marks of distinction. Our own institution proves beyond a doubt their stimulating tendency. We know that one of the most active agents in stirring up the latent talent of our members, and bringing forth their useful capabilities in the service of the Order, has been the truly pardonable ambition of obtaining the marks of distinction which the Society bestows on those who acquit themselves creditably in the performance of the duties of the various offices they accept. It therefore becomes a question of some importance to the Order, as to whether those instruments which have been so serviceable to our society shall be discontinued and laid aside. Let it be remembered that to destroy one mark of distinction is to make an inroad on the whole, and that if the capricious wishes of all in our Order, who may have been *unsuccessful* in their ambitious desires, be gratified, every stimulant of an honorary kind, which excites, to a certain extent, our brethren to exert themselves, and throws a warmth of feeling into the economy of our institution, may be swept away. The good sense of the Society, has certainly made rapid advances in laying aside the expensive and gewgaw trappings which formerly were made use of. But while we prune away the excrescent and useless branches of the Order, let us take good heed, that we do not cut away those also which render aid and respectability to our institution. That the publishing of Portraits in Magazines is both general in practice, and also adds a degree of respectability to the work so embellished cannot be denied. At the present day it has become a peculiar feature in many very respectable publications. Then let *not* the Magazine of the MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD FELLOWS, for the sake of gratifying the capricious ambition of a small section of its members, or the paltry sum of the *fourth* of a *farthing* per member per year, be deprived of its Portrait and Memoir.

ROBERT GLASS.

St. John's Lodge, Burslem, Potteries.

H A R V E S T H O M E .

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

"Your hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped;
 Your barns will be full, and your hovels heaped;
 Come, my boys, come,
 Come, my boys, come,
 And merrily roar out harvest home."—DRYDEN.

Harvest Home! What a pleasant vision do the words conjure up! What thoughts of hopes fulfilled, of expectations realized—of full barns, and well-stocked granaries—of joyous rustics, and happy farmers! Let us wander forth whilst the fresh breezes of morning are abroad, and saunter through the meadow-paths, and the unfrequented lanes. The hedges shew tokens of the season, which the loaded waggons have left tangled in their thorny embraces, and the ground is sprinkled with similar testimonies. Swarms of insects are buzzing about, and now, like a winged flower, a butterfly comes, fluttering by, pursued by a truant school-boy. His hat is in his hand, and his features are flushed with heat and excitement—the prize is within his reach, and he rushes forward to secure it—he utters a loud cry of exultation—it is within his grasp, but, even in the very act of seizing it, his treasure is destroyed, and he holds in his hand a crushed and lifeless mass; reminding me that a similar termination too often awaits the pursuits of a maturer age. What melody is that which now greets my ear?—it is the song of a bird—a solitary warbler. I look around and above me, but the musician is beyond my ken—the song is a soft, a gentle, almost a melancholy one, yet it harmonizes well with the season of the year. Far up in the calm air is the little songster circling, though its notes are clearly and distinctly heard—it is the woodlark. In the freshness of spring its song is scarcely audible amid the louder tones of its fellow-minstrels, but now it is alone, and its sweet and plaintive melody is heard and appreciated. Now another sound salutes me—it can scarcely be called a song—it is the voice of the yellow-hammer, a beautiful little bird, not much larger than the sparrow, which loves to nestle in low bushes near the corn fields. The young rustics call it a Bread-and-cheese bird, for its notes, they say, express the words, "A very little bit of bread, and no cheese." The open fields burst upon my view, and disclose the nut-brown harvesters busy at their employment. The waving grain falls as they advance—joy lights up their features, and the merry song and the jocund laugh beguile their toils, which are fast drawing to a close.

The labours of the harvest field are thus depicted by Thomson :—

"Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick."

VOL. 9—No. 8—C.

Now the last waggon is loaded, and departs amidst the shouts of the reapers, whilst the poor gleaners follow in its track, to collect its scatterings. The labourer wipes the sweat from his brow, and surveys, with a gratified eye and a swelling heart, the fields in which his powers have been displayed; and he boasts to his comrades of the exertions which he has made, and of the thousands that have fallen beneath the strokes of his bloodless blade. He thinks of the jolly harvest-supper, and the quips and cranks which are its attendants, and he hastens away to join in the festivities which he knows are awaiting him. The shades of evening gather around me. The hedges are now peopled with glow-worms, whose "ineffectual fires" are streaming out from the green glooms, thick as the starry clusters above them. The moon has a full and bright light, and the youthful peasant and the rosy-cheeked maiden are winding their way up the lone and tortuous lanes. The timid swain lounges along, now near, and now a yard or two distant from his partner, entirely at a loss what to say, or how to deport himself, and whittling a stick, by way of employing his hands. The bolder and more accomplished wooer—the village Lothario—steals his arm round his fair one's waist, whispers insinuating words into her ear, which are met by professions of incredulity and an occasional titter, the whole terminating with that peculiar and unmistakeable sound which is caused by the contact of those portions of the human countenance usually called into request on such occasions. But what noise is that which swells upon the air, and makes the lovers scamper off in its direction, like soldiers hurrying away at the call of the arousing drum? It is the cry of "largess!" and away go the rustics, to partake of the sports and feasts of which that cry is the harbinger.

The time of harvest varies in different districts, according to the situation of the corn lands. It is two or three weeks later in the mountainous parts of Derbyshire than in Cheshire; but late and early sowing, and good and bad farming, will, of course, make a great difference. The chief time for its commencement is the beginning of August, but in the midland and southern parts of England it is often commenced in July, while in the north nothing material can be done until the first or second weeks of September. The method of getting in the corn varies as much as the times for commencing the harvest. Some reap it with a sickle, and bind it into sheaves; others cut it in a peculiar way with the scythe, and either leave it without binding up, or make it into bundles. In most parts of the kingdom rye and wheat crops are cut with the sickle or reaping-hook, an instrument which appears to have been used for the purpose from the earliest periods of the art of husbandry. In some cases a sickle is used, toothed like a saw, whilst by others one with a keen cutting edge is employed. With respect to height and other circumstances, reaping is performed differently, according to the custom of the district. In the midland counties, and many of those on the south-east coast, it is usual to cut the wheat at the height of twelve or fifteen and sometimes eighteen inches from the earth, whilst in other countries it is reaped close to the ground.

When the moon is at full, she rises, during the season of harvest, sooner after sunset than she does at any other time of the year. This is called the Harvest Moon, and its light is of the greatest benefit to those engaged in getting in the harvest. Kirke White thus apostrophizes it:—

" Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove;
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way."

Many curious ceremonies were formerly observed, in different parts of England, during the time of harvest, and at its conclusion. Some of the customs are still

in existence. From time immemorial it has been customary for the parish-clerk of Driffield to ring what is termed the "harvest-bell." This is done by giving the principal bell of the church a merry swing for several minutes, at five o'clock in the morning, and at seven in the evening, to give notice to the harvesters when to begin and end their labours. This custom would be very serviceable before clocks and watches came to be generally used. The reward of the clerk, for the performance of this duty, was formerly a small portion of corn from each crop, but he now receives an equivalent in money. Images made of straw or stubble used to be carried from the harvest field, followed by a piper, or a drummer, and the men and women danced and sung around them. The figures were called *Kern-babies*. In the western islands of Scotland the reapers unite in chanting a harvest-song, by which the strokes of their sickles are regulated. Thus their labours are lightened, and their occupations converted into hours of joy and festivity. Lammas Day, or the first of August, was anciently the nominal day for commencing the harvest in England.* Lammas Day is most probably derived from an old Saxon term, signifying Loaf-Mass; as it was the custom of the Saxons to offer an oblation of loaves made of new wheat, on this day, as the first-fruits of their new corn. Paul Hentzner thus describes the manner of celebrating-harvest home in Queen Elizabeth's time:—"As we were returning to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating harvest-home: their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which, perhaps, they would signify *Ceres*; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn." In Northumberland, when their labours were finished, the reapers used to raise a great shout, and cry out—

"Corn is all shorn!
Blessed be the day Jesus Christ was born!
Kern! a Kern! a hoo!"

In Suffolk, the man who goes foremost through the harvest is dignified with the title of "Lord," and at the horkey, or harvest-home feasts, collects what he can, for himself and fellow labourers, from the farmers and their guests, to make a frolic afterwards, called the "largess spending." After the collection they leave the house, and loudly cry out "largess," shouting according to the number of sums that have been given, and so as to be heard by the inhabitants of the neighbouring farm-houses. They then proceed to make merry, and spend the night in mirth and feasting. In Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, similar customs are in existence, and the following lines are used to celebrate harvest-home in the latter country:—

"The last load is pitched, decked with many a bough,
And we lead it away to the homestead and mow;
Hawkey, Hawkey, we cry, every man, woman, boy,
And join heart and voice in the full harvest joy;
Hawkey, Hawkey, we cry, and our glad voices raise;
To the giver of all be all thanks and all praise!"

* By an act, called the *Statute of Labourers*, 25th Edward III., in 1351, it is provided, "that no carter, ploughman, day or other servants, shall take in the time of scarcling, or hay-making, but a penny the day; and mowers of meadows for the acre fivepence, or by the day fivepence, and reapers of corn in the first week of August, twopence, and the second threepence, and so on till the end of August; and less in the country, where less was wont to be given, without meat or drink or other courtesy; and that all workmen bring openly in their hands to the market-towns their instruments, and these shall be hired in a common place, and not privy. And that no servant go out of the town where he dwelleth in the winter to serve in the summer, if he can get service in the same town, taking as before is said; saving that the people of the counties of Stafford, Lancaster, and Derby, and people of Craven, and of the marches of Wales and Scotland, and other places, may come in time of August, and labour in other counties, and safely return, as they were wont to do before this time."

B A B Y M A Y .

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
 Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness—round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise—
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadnesses—
 Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
 Lights and shadows swifter born
 Than on windswept Autumn corn,
 Ever some new tiny notion,
 Making every limb all motion,
 Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
 Twining feet whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever new surprisings,
 Hands all wants and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under,
 Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning,
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
 Graspings small at all that passes,
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table,
 Silences—small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing,
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking,
 Wealth for which we know no measure,
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

Greenwich.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN ON SOCIETY.

It is surprising in this age of enlightenment, and civilization, that so very few of our intelligent writers have devoted themselves to this subject, and shown the importance of woman in the scale of society. It is strange that her attention has not been more directed to the influence she exercises over the rising generation, the power she is invested with, in the formation of man's character, and the beneficial or pernicious influence she has over mankind. When woman has the duty pointed out to her, and is shown the mighty part she plays in the arena of the world, when she sees that to her care is committed the moulding of the minds of monarchs, princes, statesmen, warriors, and divines, and that it is she who imparts religion and morality to them, and makes them either an ornament to beautify and adorn society, or a pest, spreading its contagion to their utter ruin and destruction, it cannot but have a tendency to stimulate her to be most careful what she impresses on the young mind. The most powerful of all moral influences is that imparted by a mother. On the maternal character depends in a great measure, the virtues and vices of nations. Is woman's influence then not important? Only examine the relation between mother and child. With what care has she formed the sympathies that unite them—loveliness, beauty, grace, gaiety, and kindness, and the close affections of the heart. The curiosity which she satisfies by patience, the peevishness she puts down with mildness—are proofs of her superiority over the child. The love of the marvellous, the power of being occupied by trifles, seem destined to unite the two more closely.

It appears that some of the greatest men have not been insensible of woman's influence on the morals of society. Napoleon observed one day to Madame Campan, that the old systems of instruction were worth nothing. He inquired what was wanting, in order that the youth of France should be well educated. "Mothers," replied Madame Campan. This reply struck the Emperor. "Here," said he, "is a system of education in one word."

When a child begins to comprehend, see the sweet and innocent glances he gives his mother, and the soft and gentle caresses he receives in return, knit them together with the golden links of tenderness. If an instructor can without effort, form a religious heart, a man of integrity, he has done all that is required of him, but in all this what is there that a woman is incompetent to do? He moralizes, she inspires, he counsels, and she engraves, and it is her, and her only that makes known to him the immortality of his soul. "The fate of a child is the work of his mother." So said Napoleon, and this wonder of the world took great pleasure in repeating, that it was the training he received in his infancy from his mother to which he owed his present elevation. The moral training which a child receives from his mother usually grows with him to manhood, and should he have been a religious character, when he launched out into the world, but after mixing with the contaminating vices of society heedlessly pursue the road to ruin, will he not at times recall some pious thought which has been instilled into him by his mother, and blush with shame for violating her commands?

Many who have paid no attention to the influence of woman on society, are inclined to believe that her influence is very limited, and that society is indebted almost solely to the power of man; but I ask who has been the original cause of that power: who when he was the puny, and unruly child governed and appeased him, and thereby sowed in his youthful breast the fruits which society are enjoying? It signifies not whatever may be the customs and laws, woman always give the tone to morals. Take the French revolution as an example. See the licentious influence of the ladies, of the court of Louis the fifteenth and Louis the sixteenth, and how the same descended down and took its seat amongst the noblesse, afterwards to the people, and how that indirect agent caused that bloody and sanguinary revolution.

Society ought to be guarded against the power which was the cause of so much bloodshed, and the education of woman ought to be particularly attended to, as they

make men what they are. It seems as though nature had made man dependant on their dignity, and his happiness dependant on their virtue. If the moral condition in a country is enquired into, the enquiry generally extends to what rank women hold in it. The influence of woman embraces the whole of life. Their's is the reign of love, because the empire is their affections,—a kind and loving mother, and a gentle wife, distribute happiness to all around. A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother, and long after her existence has terminated the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

The world's history proves that man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot elevate himself without elevating her. Look to the West Indies and South Africa, and there you will find them both in slavery, their station in life equal, both submitting to each other's fate; but as soon as the shackles of slavery are loosed, and woman becomes free, see the mighty change that takes place, even in society in its rude state. A convincing proof is exhibited, since the emancipation of the slaves belonging to the British in the West Indies. Morality and intelligence have succeeded ignorance and barbarism, and the present population there are fast improving in civilization. It is an incontrovertible fact that where women have been treated with disrespect, society has either been in an ignorant or degraded state, for women, if they have not power to authorize or command, if they cannot physically subdue man's passions, exercise an undefined and irresistible influence which has no doubt been given to them by nature to guide and direct erring humanity.

Many who are admirers of the feminine character, would admit them publicly into the political discussions of our country, but I consider this an unwise and injudicious step, though by no means would I exclude them any way but publicly, as their foresight into affairs is much quicker than man's; they, however, render society more advantage by remaining at home, training and instilling into their offspring their duty to God, and man. During the time woman is teaching her children on her domestic hearth, she inquires of her husband the different states of society, she discusses them with him, and from the susceptibility of her nature perhaps points out to him many errors which exist there, and thus from the household of the citizen issues forth lessons and benefits which govern the world.

Previous to the age of chivalry woman's rank in society was little better than that of the slave's. Morals were of low and inferior order; science and intelligence had scarcely dawned, and the adaptation of the earth to man's wants was not known. The immortal part of man was covered with the dark mantle of ignorance and superstition, and woman was looked upon as created solely to gratify his sensual desires; but when the glorious reign of chivalry burst forth and woman's freedom was proclaimed, her intellect was found to have been buried, not destroyed; it rose like wild flowers on a dilapidated edifice. They civilized warriors who despised their weakness, and the brute and selfish passions of men were subdued by their means. At this era the influence of woman was decidedly beneficial, and romance and song paid due homage to her. The superiority she held over man, and his reverence to virtue and beauty, were illustrative of the high station nature has fitted her for in society.

After the age of chivalry had passed away its successor brought the revival of letters, and the virtuous influence which woman had exercised over man during the chivalric age was in a great measure destroyed; for immediately on the revival of letters men found other paths to glory than the display of valour. The most advantageous results would have accrued to society, if men would have advised with, and consulted women when literature occupied their attention, but instead of admitting them into these newly discovered regions, they treated them with contempt; their wisdom never predicted how much they would gain by woman's enlightenment.

Woman's influence at this period was not dormant; it was extending itself in a great degree; but it was of a debasing and degrading character. It gained admittance into society, but it convulsed and shattered it. Instead of being the object of devotion, it was gaudy and fantastic; instead of being pure and virtuous, it became a hideous tool of the imagination, and its gratification was in exciting men's sensual passions. A striking proof of the low importance of woman in the scale of society may be found in

the literature of the age. Romance heroines were no longer pure and spotless virgins, but unchaste and reckless voluptuaries. These were the noble beings whose deeds filled the pages which delighted the wise and fair during the reign of Charles II.

I think I have adduced sufficient evidence to show, that as woman has been degraded, so has man, and that it is impossible to raise one without the other.

A change of opinions and social arrangements has long been operating; and since woman was allowed her station in society, great alterations and benefits have been effected. Look at the present, and you will find the morals of the people greatly improving, especially where the education of woman has been strictly watched. What a surprising change will be effected in society, and what an inestimable blessing it will be, when the trainers of the rising generation shall see that from them, and almost from them alone, springs misery or happiness. Some people argue that woman's influence over man is very pernicious, and that man ought to endeavour to avoid it by all possible means. In justification of their argument they will quote our first parents, who in the garden of Eden ate of the forbidden fruit; and there it was where woman's influence was the curse of mankind. But in adducing this, the important fact is omitted, that there is no rule but what some exception may be found to it; and if the influence of woman was so powerful an agent as to cause humanity to sin, does it not retain its potency, and may it not be the instrument of mankind being regenerated?

If woman, after she was created and placed in paradise with the first man, was the weaker vessel, and Satan with his wiliness and cunning found that to be the fact, and therefore tempted her, and she did eat, and gave unto her husband and he did likewise, this shows that the devil could gain greater ascendancy over woman than he could over man, or he would have tempted Adam the first. At the same time it fully demonstrates the powerful influence of woman; for we see when the all-powerful Creator called forth the world from a dark chaos, and placed within it innumerable living creatures, for the comfort and happiness of the two he had made in his own image and after his own likeness; and when neither habit nor custom had formed the mind of man so as to make him acknowledge woman greater in wisdom than himself; yet she, the mother of mankind, used no stratagem to induce her husband to partake of the forbidden fruit; she simply and openly partook of it, and gave some to him and he did eat. After thus disobeying the Almighty commands, and the curse being pronounced upon them, the Lord immediately proceeded to tell the woman that though it was through her influence humanity had sinned, yet he did not prevent her from exercising it, neither did he take it from her, but he considered her a far superior being to man. Had he not, after they were driven out of paradise, he most assuredly would have punished her; yet, instead of that, he promised her, though she was the cause of the disobedience, nevertheless her seed should trample upon the tempter and chain him, and redeem erring humanity. This promise has been fulfilled, and if woman obeyed the tempter, and man the woman, and innocence and purity were replaced by sin and wickedness, they were reinstated in their original places by Jesus, the conceived of woman, and this woman was foretold from the beginning.

The noble qualities which characterise woman are unselfishness and unworldliness. These virtues are not so predominant in man; and if proper means were adopted to educate woman, the inspirations she would breathe into the rising generation, and the happy influence she would disseminate, would unite with the sympathies of man, and cause virtue, like a stupendous mountain, to rear its head of purity, and always be looked upon as the monument of woman's influence.

The formation of man's character, as I have before stated, is entirely dependant on his mother. The character of the mother influences the children, more than that of the father, in consequence of its being generally exposed to their daily observation. It is difficult for them to see the principles which regulate the father's conduct, as he most probably is engaged from home during the day; but they can see the moral principles of the mother, in the management of themselves, the treatment of the domestics, and many other things which transpire at home. These principles, whether mild or stringent, high or low, are impressed on their young minds, and, I may say, almost instinctively

become their principles; these are carried out with them into the world, and frequently guide their conduct through life.

How desirable is it, then, that woman, whose task is the education of the young, should be well educated herself, that she may impart a healthy influence to those committed to her charge, and that the principles she instils may be pure and virtuous.

The affection of woman is firm and lasting; it is not composed of the same materials (if I may be allowed the expression) as man's; his is short and evanescent, and frequently inclined to change the once darling object of its desires; but woman's is unchangeable; vexation and troubles never shake its foundation; ingratitude, yes, black ingratitude of either the husband or children never dissolves it. It seems to be a component part of the Almighty, invested in woman to show his kindness and goodness, and to exhibit to man a part of that glorious whole he is composed of. What a loving and beneficent thing, then, must be a Christian woman, endowed with part of that goodness which forms her Maker! What a blessed influence must that be which she exercises! The power it has over man is unbounded. How many times is it observed in the case of the prodigal, when the extravagant spendthrift has wallowed in luxury, recklessness, and debauchery, and when he, who once had the bloom of health on his cheeks and virtuous principles in his bosom, has appeared before his parents the ragged and tattered beggar. The eye which would have dazzled the diamond has become dull and dead; the fair proportions of the features, which a mother gazed upon with admiration and delight, have now become pallid and ghastly; the father's rage, on the first appearance of his son, is strong and vehement, and, instead of finding his once happy home an asylum to alleviate his troubles, he is denied admittance and spurned from it. But where is his mother—where is she who doted on him who is now without father? She is using her influence with his father to forgive him, and her affection is the same which Jesus was imbued with when he gave his life as a ransom for his children.

Woman's influence on the throne of England has been marked by historians as being highly beneficial to society than man's, with the exception of Mary. The queens Elizabeth and Anne were ever desirous to confer on merit its just reward; they were more acute in their perception than the male monarchs, and it was their chief wish to bring mankind to a more elevated condition. This they showed by encouraging literature; and I believe I can state, without fear of contradiction, that their exertions in that behalf were more effectual than those of all the monarchs (with the exception of Edward) who have either preceded or succeeded them. May Queen Victoria (God bless her) exert her sovereign power to elevate her fellow-creatures, and let the world see that woman's influence is capable of regenerating man, and that, as by her means he was expelled from one elysium, so by her he may be fitted for another and more happy one.

DEATH IN LIFE:

The principal incident in the anecdote I am about to relate is so startling and singular, that I must, at the outset, assure the reader of its absolute truth. As the persons concerned are still living, I have, for obvious reasons, adopted a form in which the real circumstances are disguised, and only the important experience is preserved. The story was told me at dinner by one of the medical men engaged in the affair.

"We live surrounded with mystery and horror," said Captain Hurst, "and, by George! the more we strive to explain the mystery, the more does its dim ghastliness reveal itself."

“What reference has that magnificent aphorism, so magniloquently expressed, to mesmerism?” I asked.

“Little enough. Mesmerism brings one of the mysteries of our being into evidence, viz., the power of inducing a complete insulation of one part of our organization from the other; so that the mesmerized patient shall be absolutely insensible to pain, and yet not insensible to other sensations.”

“And the mystery?”

“The mystery is how, in an organization so marvellously complex as ours, wherein the parts are so interdependent, there should be a violent interruption of one portion of the organic action, without a corresponding interruption of the other. Men have stupidly talked of the vital mechanism, as if the frame of man were like the works of a watch. But you cannot so interrupt the action of a watch.”

“Well, captain, I grant that you have made out a mystery; but what of it? Is not every thing about us a mystery? And wherein lies the peculiar horror of which you spoke?”

“Did I never tell you my famous story of Death in Life?” he inquired.

“No. But let us have it now.”

“Ay, let’s have it!” exclaimed the other guest.

And we drew closer round the fire as Captain Hurst, filling his glass and placing it on the mantelpiece, passed the claret round.

“Our conversation about mesmerism,” he began, “recalled to me one of my early experiences, and was so horrible that I seldom think of it without some prosy reflection, such as I favoured you with just now. In the mesmeric state—as in that induced by the inhalation of ether—the sensations of pain are wholly deadened. I have experienced the reverse. I once had paralysis of the nerves of motion *only*. Every nerve of sensation was uninfluenced; but every nerve of muscular action was completely deadened.

“I was with my regiment at the time. The attack was so sudden, that, seated on the sofa, I fell back as one asleep. I tried to call for assistance, but it was in vain. I could not stir; I could not move my arm; I could not even open my eyes. I heard the sounds of merriment above me; I heard every footstep on the stairs; but I was as if perfectly lifeless, except as to my sense of hearing. It was most horrible! I might perish there, if no one came unasked, without a chance of getting assistance. The sense of imprisonment was absolutely overwhelming!

“How long I lay thus I know not. Time was ‘leaden-footed’ indeed to me. Every footstep I heard was interpreted into a lucky omen of speedy assistance. But not a soul came into my room. The footsteps all passed my door with a cruel indifference. After many a ‘hope deferred,’ I heard at last, to my infinite satisfaction, the noisy ascent of my cousin Charles and a brother officer named Thresher. They, at least, were coming to me! Yes—the lock was turned—and the two came boisterously into the room.

“Now then, Harry!” exclaimed my cousin, “up with you! Ullo! pretending to be asleep—won’t do!”

“‘Trim his moustache!’ exclaimed Thresher.

“They shook me. Of course I gave no signs of waking. They pulled my hair: I was immovable. They ran pins into me; I should have winced if I could, but I was fixed in immovability. They began at length to suspect that something was the matter with me. But I was warm. Could I be shamming? After many ineffectual attempts to rouse me, they sent for the army surgeon. He came, examined me, and, to my horror, I heard him say,—

“‘It’s very extraordinary. I’m afraid he’s no more.’

“Then I should be buried alive! Conceive my feelings at such a thought; conceive my struggles to tell them I was not dead—that I heard all they were saying—these struggles being totally ineffectual, because I could not move a muscle!

“All sorts of remedies were applied, but I remained as insensible as before. A second surgeon was called in, who thought that I had, possibly, only an attack of paralysis. I had hopes again!

"Vainly should I endeavour to convey to you any idea of the moral and physical torture to which I was subjected. The surgeons thought it necessary to stimulate my nerves, and restore them to their sensibility, *but their sensibility was frightfully acute*! and the pain I suffered in the attempts to restore my sensation was indescribable. And then to hear them consulting! One proposing a mustard bath; another saying, 'Oh! that will not be half strong enough!' and I unable even by wincing to express that their remedies were not only already too violent, but absolutely applied to an imaginary evil. It was the nerves of muscular action which needed stimulating. But they could not know it.

"For two whole days—they seemed years—did I remain in this insensible-sensible state. I despaired of being rescued. I knew not how my medical men were to discover their mistake and my malady; and the fear of being given over and buried alive still haunted me.

"A still more ghastly thought pursued me. I began to ask myself, 'Is this death? Am I really alive? Do the dead hear and feel?'

"I then thought of the imperishable nature of my soul. It, of course, preserves itself through all bodily decay. Is it imprisoned in the body as long as the body holds together? and shall I be liberated only on the utter falling away of these fleshy walls that encompass me? Am I to be buried, sensible of all that is going on around me? And this soul which survives, how long is it to remain on earth? Is the grave its purgatory?

"Such was the nature of the thoughts which harassed me. Neither sleep nor cessation of my fears had I. The weary hours slowly rolled on; but to me they brought no repose; one incessant rush of horrible ideas tormented me, at those times when I was not suffering agonies from the attempts to restore my sensibility.

"Suddenly I opened my eyes.

"My rapture was so great, that, fearing it might be some illusion, and anxious not to dispel it, I continued for some moments to look steadily, and with intense pleasure, at the furniture of the bed, and the bottles on the mantelpiece. I then moved my hand. It obeyed me, although feebly. I moved my head. I opened my lips. I spoke!

"The astonishment of the nurse, the astonishment of every one, except the surgeon, who with professional coolness took my recovery quite as an expected occurrence, was unbounded. And the surgeon also deigned to be surprised when I repeated to him certain things I had heard him say to his colleague respecting my state!

"I recovered. My illness interested the 'faculty' very much; because it was to them a novel case. But, as usual, they pretended to see no mystery in it. They *explained* it by saying that the nerves of motion had been paralysed, and the nerves of sensation had been untouched. Yet that is surely no *explanation*. It is simply a technical expression of the fact. But men always fancy when they have named any thing they have explained it. Like a friend of mine, who, on his child asking him how it was that crystal, which was heavier than wood, could be seen through, while wood never could be seen through? exclaimed, somewhat patronisingly, 'Why, my dear boy, you can see through the crystal because it is a *transparent substance*.' Of this sort seems the explanation of my case."

Captain Hurst finished his story with an anecdote, like an accomplished narrator who is unwilling to leave a painful effect on the minds of his audience.

We laughed at his anecdote, and the laugh certainly took away some of the unpleasant effect of his story. But we all remained silent and thoughtful for some minutes.

I broke silence at last by saying, "Doubtless the many instances of persons being buried alive, which we read of, especially in Italian anecdotes, are to be mostly explained as the fate of persons affected as you were, captain. The horror of the unfortunates, aware of what was coming, must have been terrific. Conceive also the feelings of a man in that state overhearing the undisguised sentiments of those who, while he was alive, treated him with such hypocritical tenderness! How he would curse his inability to awake and confound them!"

"I don't put much faith in those cases," observed my right-hand neighbour. "People *have* been on the point of being buried alive, we know; but authenticated cases are few."

"But remember," said I, "that of all those who have been buried alive, none have come back to tell the tale!"

"Yes, in *some* cases, they have escaped. In the *Observatore Fiorentino* there is a tale told of a lady who was buried, and who awoke in the vault and escaped. Leigh Hunt dramatised the story in his *Legend of Florence*.

"There's a good anecdote," said the captain, "in *Tallemant des Réaux*, of a man whose wife was supposed to be dead, but who was brought to life again by the shock of the bier against a house, the bearers having stumbled in turning a corner. Some time afterwards she died in earnest. As the funeral procession was about to set forth, the disconsolate husband approached the priest, and between his sobs said, '*Be careful in turning the corners, will you!*'"

"To return to your own case, captain. It suggests unpleasant reflections. It absolutely throws a doubt upon that which hitherto has been acknowledged as indisputable, namely, that the dead feel no pain. But do they not? I am not at all sure of that. How are we to prove they do not? The mere absence of any of the signs which, in a normal condition of the body, indicate pain, is no proof; because death is abnormal. In your case, there was a concomitance of keen sensibility, with a complete absence of all outward indications thereof. How am I to know that the dead man whom I am dissecting does not feel every incision of the knife, though he be utterly unable to give any indication thereof. And what a fearful thought is even the suspicion of such a thing!"

"We must alter our definition of death!" said my neighbour. "We must call death that state of the body wherein it is no longer able to obey the volitions."

"Then paralysis is death!"

"A paralysed limb is a dead limb, so long as it remains paralysed. When the whole frame is paralysed, the man is dead!"

"Let us," interposed the captain, "compare the two opposite conditions of a mesmerised patient, and a patient affected as I was affected. In the one case paralysis of the nerves of sensation——"

"Nay, captain, not exactly—only of those nerves which minister to the sensation of pain; the senses are not affected; the patient hears, sees, and smells."

"Well, then, I will be more precise, and say that, in the mesmeric state, the nerves which minister to the sensation of the pain are paralysed, while the nerves which minister to muscular action are in full play. In the other case, the nerves of motion are paralysed, and the nerves of sensation are in full play. In which case would you call the man a dead man?"

"In either case," exclaimed one of the guests.

"Why not in the latter?"

"Because only the motory nerves are dead; all that is essentially human lives."

"How is that to be ascertained?"

"Why—you just now assumed it."

"I did. But inasmuch as each patient can only know his own case, and cannot make it known to others, my assumption falls to the ground."

"I don't understand you?"

"If your motory nerves are paralysed, how am I to know that your sensory nerves are not likewise paralysed? You give me no clue. To a spectator there is absolutely no indication of the sensory nerves being in a normal condition. How then is it to be known?"

I hereby interposed, and called attention to the singular effects of galvanism upon the dead body.

"If," said I, "we accept the hypothesis of some modern physiologist, and regard the brain as a voltaic battery, and all muscular movement as the effect of an electrical current upon the nerves, our views of life and death will be wondrously altered."

"How so?"

"Why, you must all admit that sensation and thought are not electrical phenomena; you cannot suppose them other than vital phenomena; that is to say, a peculiar class of phenomena quite apart from all others."

"Well; conclude."

"But it is by no means necessary to suppose that muscular *motion* is anything more than galvanism, or something analogous. Indeed, we know the effects of contractility can be produced in a most arbitrary manner, and even upon things not endowed with muscular fibre. Therefore I say, if we accept life, *i.e.*, sensation and thought, as *immaterial*, as *sui generis*, and all other muscular action, which is the most obvious indication of life as material—as belonging to a class of phenomena similar to those of galvanism, then we are led, by the captain's strange revelation, to new views of death. Life is indestructible; death is the cessation of muscular action. And then comes the ghastly reflection alluded to, that life may be imprisoned in a corpse, and a painful consciousness may attend the total paralysis of muscular action we call death."

"But this is all mere supposition."

"Pardon me. The captain's experience is a warrant for regarding it as something more. Let me also call to your recollection the experiments made upon the corpse of Clydesdale, the murderer, some years ago. He was executed, and remained hanging for nearly an hour. He was then brought to the anatomical theatre, when the present Dr. Ure experimented upon him.

"A large incision was first made in the nape of his neck below the occiput. The vertebrae were laid open, and the spinal marrow brought into view. At the same time another large incision was made in the left hip, to lay bare the sciatic nerve. The pointed rod connected with one end of the battery was now placed in contact with the spinal marrow, while the other rod was applied to the sciatic nerve. Every muscle of the body was instantly agitated with horrible convulsions. Among the experiments there was one to make the diaphragm move, which succeeded admirably: laborious breathing was thus induced! A breathing corpse—fancy that!

"But more horrible still, the supraorbital nerve was laid bare, and the most extraordinary grimaces were produced; every muscle of his countenance was simultaneously thrown into fearful action; rage, horror, despair, anguish, and ghastly smiles alternated on the murderer's face. The spectators were terribly agitated—some were ill—others left the room.

"Suppose—and the supposition is not altogether gratuitous—the murderer really felt every incision of the knife, every shock of the battery, and that those fearful expressions were only the too feeble indications of his sufferings—indications permitted, owing to the momentary power over muscular motion which galvanism gave him! I know of nothing more horrible."

There was a long pause.

My neighbour broke it by saying, "Have you been inventing these horrors by way of disturbing our digestion?"

"Not I," replied the captain; "I have given you my simple and veritable experience."

"And Dr. Ure's 'Dictionary of Chemistry,'" I rejoined, "is the authority for what I have mentioned."

"I prefer not believing it."

"Believing what?"

"That the dead feel."

"Can you prove the contrary?"

"No. But I ask you to define what death really is."

"I cannot."

"Then you confess we know nothing about it?"

"I confess it. *Death is a name we give to the Unknown. We name it, and fancy we have explained it.*"

Fraser's Magazine.

THE DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM ROWLINSON.

Warriors with flowing plume,
 And golden helm, were there ;
 And their eyes of light, and cheeks of bloom,
 Wore looks of sullen care.

The sound of mailed tread
 Broke heavily and slow,
 And the ensigns dark, of death and dread,
 Waved with a mournful flow.

The bravest of the land
 Around in order stood,
 For there had come a warrior band,
 To see a woman's blood.

There stood the lovely one,
 With placid cheek and brow,
 The fire of youth from her eye was gone,
 Yet it had a woman's glow.

With calmness in her eye,
 And boldness in her tread,
 She raised her holy glance on high,
 Though round death's signs were spread.

Beneath her silken vest
 Her heart beat deep and slow,
 And the heaving throb of that glowing breast
 Told of deep grief below.

She gazed upon the sun,
 Then shining brightly down ;
 It was the last she must gaze upon,
 Yet her brow wore not a frown.

She had been at festival,
 With plumed and gallant knight,
 And when she was in the lighted hall,
 Her smile was not more bright.

She bowed her beauteous head,
 For the headsman's deadly blow,
 And the flashing stroke like lightning sped,
 And that once loved form lay low.

Many had been her woes,
 And her heart was darkly riven ;
 But her noble spirit now boldly rose
 To a haven of rest in heaven.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the village of Pont-de-Vaux, in the then Province of Bresse, now the Department of Ain, lived Jean Cape, an industrious, money-getting tile-maker.

In the same Department lived, also, M. Julien Gaufridy, whom the King had honoured successively with the offices of Notary, Commissioner, Receiver, Procureur Fiscal, and I do not know how many besides. The lovers of abstract merit (there are not many) respected his uprightness; the loaf and fish seekers, who opened their mouths for the fragments of office like the gaping of a dry oyster, had the utmost regard for his rank; while the poor devils, whom circumstances or propensities rendered unbelievers in the excellence of that canon which forbids men to do evil that good may come, feared his power.

M. Gaufridy proposed to purchase Jean Cape's kiln; but a trifling difference of opinion presented a difficulty; the patrician offered too little, and the citizen asked too much; so the one kept his money, and the other his tiles.

In the winter of 17—, John Sevos, a townsman of Pont-de-Vaux, returning from one of the manufacturing towns, entered the village in the dusk of the evening. In the morning the usual inquiries were made for him by his friends, when it was found that his family were ignorant even of his return. They became alarmed for his safety—the disordered bustle of a search began; and his mysterious disappearance furnished an excellent and prolific theme for comment, wonder, and suspicion. The last originated in the general impression that he had money; and as every little town is blessed with some people who know every thing, it was intimated with many ocular noddings and shakings of the head, which meant more than I have leisure to explain, that the *life* had been taken to prevent any unpleasant inquiries about the *booty*.

But the honest anxiety of the few was not to be entirely disappointed, nor the praiseworthy curiosity of the many disobligingly baffled by an obstinate secret; for, at a short distance from the place where he was last seen, appeared evidence of his fate confirming the worst of conjectures. The ground, much trodden, as if by men engaged in a mortal struggle, had, in spots, assumed that fatal colour of which robbers and murderers have such legitimate dread. Near the scene of conflict was found a hedge-bill, partially covered with earth, upon the blade of which some hairs were sticking, matted with dirt. It was evident the murderer had not immediately accomplished his work, for the victim seemed to have partly staggered, partly dragged himself a few feet further, when loss of blood, by which his progress was indicated, and the violence of the injury, had probably compelled him to lie down and die. There wanted not the agency of Solomon to resolve the disappearance of the body. The property of the hedge-bill, the only visible means of detection, and which, for once, presented no charms to the spirit of avarice, could not be established; every body either had their own hedge-bill, or they never had any at all; and the affair passed over, as do all others of a similar character, where, however strong may be the presumptions of suspicion, (that commodity whereof, upon such occasions, a liberal and gratuitous supply is never lacked,) there is wanting that moral conviction, founded on proof, without which there is no payment of the penalty of crime.

Six months had elapsed since the enactment of the foregoing tragedy, and its record was supposed to be registered nowhere but in the tablets of oblivion, when, one day, the brigade of the Marshalship of De Boung drew up before the door of Jean Cape. In the next moment, the house was surrounded, and an officer entered with a party of *gens d'armes*. The terrified inmates, except Cape, attempted to escape, but the bristling of a dozen bayonets at every door, evinced a decided objection in the officer to any such precipitate movements.

"Is your name Jean Cape?" said he to his unwilling host—"What right have you to ask?" answered he of the tiles; "and what is the meaning of this intrusion?"—"Bah!" said his interrogator, interrupting him, "I did not come here to answer questions, or to be tired to death with a long story: I ask you if your name is Jean Cape?"—"And I,"—said Cape—"Now what the devil! who wants to be en-

tertained with your conversation?" continued the catechist, again cutting him short, and interrupting himself at the same moment; "can't you answer in one word, yes or no? Silence gives consent," he added, waiting but an instant for what, from the very judicious and reasonable method he adopted to arrive at his object, he seemed likely never to get. "Guards, seize your prisoner!"—This was soon done with a man who had not even the use of his tongue left wherewith to defend himself from violence; and the unfortunate tilemaker was instantly pinioned. "Madam," continued this hater of long stories, "your husband has confessed his name; you have not denied you are his wife, and these children, too, are, no doubt, yours; I am commanded to arrest the whole: gens d'armes conduct them to the street!"—In an hour the house had been abandoned to the plunder of a riotous soldiery, and the ponderous door of the dungeons of Pont-de-Vaux had closed upon Jean Cape and his family.

The second day, being the 29th of August, he was brought out heavily ironed, and placed in the criminal box of the Court of Pont-de-Vaux. Antoine De Lorme, a discharged or deserted soldier from the regiment of La Sarre, lately returned from Brest, presented himself as the accuser, charging Cape with the murder of John Sevos.

M. Ravet, the Judge, directed the proceedings to commence.

The 19th of February, De Lorme said, he was in the kiln or over-room of Jean Cape, when the deceased stopped there as he was passing. In reply to some bantering from Cape, on the success of his expedition, he exposed a handful of half-crowns, boasting that his pockets were so stuffed as to incommode him, and congratulating the other upon his better fortune in being able to travel without such an incumbrance. He added something the witness heard indistinctly, but understood the purport of it to be, that the hardest way to coin money was to broil it out of a man's face. It might be, that the taunt about coining money contained some significant allusions, comprehended only by the prisoner and the deceased; or it might be, that the sudden and excessive displeasure of the former was caused by the ostentatious display of wealth, and his invidious comparisons; for there was something inexplicable to the witness in the rage with which Cape instantly turned upon the deceased, and bade him carry his unseasonable jeers and unnecessary company somewhere else.—He went off laughing, complimenting the prisoner upon his amiable temper and winning manners, which he protested were perfectly irresistible. Cape, after a moment, followed him, and at a corner of the road witness lost sight of them both.

"This," said he, touching the hedge bill, "I once borrowed of the prisoner. I know it by a particular mark, and he pointed to a small cross, cut in the handle, so filled up with dirt as to be hardly perceptible. That night he enlisted in the regiment of La Sarre, and left the country early next morning. Six days since, he returned, and unable, from what he had heard, to divest himself of the belief that the unhappy Sevos had been the victim of a sorry jest, he had been at some pains to unravel the mystery, of which, he said, he then held in his hand the thread.

He concluded by desiring that Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudon might be put upon the stand.

The latter, the forester of M. Varambon, testified that, on the evening of the alleged murder, he observed a man approaching hastily in a direction, from the street where Sevos had disappeared, towards Cape's house. He seemed perturbed; his dress was disordered, and his whole appearance indicated great anxiety. He had very much the manner of a man eluding pursuit, for he was looking back every instant. As they met, the prisoner (for it was him) started, and asking some confused question, without any attention to the answer, passed on abruptly. The forester thought his conduct strange, but, as some people were very full of whims, he made it a rule never to fatigue his brains with trying to account for them. His suspicions, he acknowledged, became excited the next morning; but, wanting the importance they would have derived from being better supported, their expression would only have brought him into trouble—a thing, he observed, of which having enough at home, he always carefully eschewed. He was induced to reveal them to Antoine de Lorme, from hearing the latter express some indirect opinion about the disappearance of Sevos, and his probable fate. This was all he knew.

The last witness, Claude Maurice, was called. As he stood upon the stand, he turned partly round, and fixed his eyes for a moment, with peculiar meaning, on the prisoner. The latter, as he encountered their significant expression, was observed to turn very pale, and a slight, though visible tremour, passed over his face. "For the love of mercy, if not for the fear of God," he said, in a voice quivering with such excess of emotion as to betray a conscious presage of the nature of the yet unuttered testimony, "destroy not an innocent man and his unfortunate family; let not the soul perish, that a diabolical passion may triumph!" "Silence!" said the Judge, whose notions of decorum were shocked at the impropriety of this appeal; "be you in such terror of justice that you call upon the sympathies of your accusers?"

"If I am bartering my soul as the price of vengeance," said Claude, calmly, laying a slight emphasis on the last word. "that is my business not yours."

"Go on, go on," exclaimed M. Ravet, impatiently. "Do you think I sit here to listen to your dialogues?"

A little after night-fall, on the 19th of February, Maurice observed—he was in the kiln-room, where he usually worked, when his master, the prisoner, came hurriedly in. He seemed restless and disturbed, but supposing the excitement against Sevos had not yet subsided, witness was retiring, when he was struck with the unusual disorder in his master's dress. Looking at him more attentively, he saw spots of blood upon his clothes. The prisoner seemed uneasy under his scrutiny, for he asked me harshly, said Maurice, if I had never seen him before? Witness left the room immediately for that in which he slept, but the unpleasant impression produced by the singular conduct of the prisoner, together with a vague and undefinable apprehension, kept him awake. It was after midnight when he thought he heard a step in the kiln-room, and, rising softly, looked through the crack in the door, where he saw a sight that fixed him to the spot with horror. A man had laid upon the ground a dead body, for it neither stirred nor could he hear it breathe, and then came cautiously to the door of Claude's room. The latter was hidden behind it, and his master pushed it half-way open, when, after appearing to listen attentively an instant, he retired, apparently satisfied with his examination. The kiln was burning preparatory to putting in the plates. The prisoner took up the dead body, and, with some effort, thrust it into the blazing furnace.

"An exclamation of horror escaped me," said Claude, "and in an instant, before I had time to fly, or even to think, the prisoner held a long bladed knife, or poniard, for in my fright I could not tell which, close to my breast. "Execrable spy!" he said "you have pried into the last secret, except one, you shall ever know. If you have a prayer, say it quickly, for you shall bear yonder miserable fool company, whose fate you have taken such pains to witness!"

The witness fell upon his knees, begging his life, protesting the secret should never pass his lips; and forgetting his prudence in the very desperation of his terror, he claimed a return of the favour he had done Cape, when the latter was examined after the death of Antoine Duplex, in concealing himself, that his master should not be prejudiced by his testimony. If he persisted in his purpose, he would be made accountable, for he was already suspected.

Whether he relented from motives of compassion or policy, or from the compunctious horror of a double murder, witness did not know. The prisoner told him to rise, and compelling him to take the most horrid and unnatural oaths to secure his silence, left him with a menace, that if he knew how to pardon, he knew also how to avenge.

"The weight of this horrible secret, my Lord," continued Claude, "became an intolerable burden. I started at my own shadow. I was wasting away with feverish anxiety, and had half resolved to make confession to a magistrate, when Antoine De Lorme came a few days since to the kiln, and by his questions relative to the unaccountable fate of Sevos, determined me in my better resolutions."

He had nothing to add, save, that during the former examination of the prisoner, he heard a man say that he knew enough to hang Cape, but had conscientious scruples about volunteering his testimony. Casting another look upon Cape, which he seemed to sustain with difficulty, the witness left the stand.

The prisoner was remanded to his dungeon, to be brought out in the morning to hear his sentence.

The next day the hall of justice was thronged with an indignant and enraged populace, the furious rabble loading the miserable victim with every epithet of opprobrium and execration as he passed along; and when the Judge rose to speak, so eager were the spectators, that the hall was instantly hushed into deep and unnatural silence.

"Jean Cape," said he, permitting his words to fall slowly and distinctly upon the ear of the criminal, "the hours you shall remain upon earth are fast diminishing. Time would be wasted in indulging any longer a doubt of your guilt, and the forfeit of your miserable life will be a just, however poor atonement for your revolting crime. You will die no common or easy death, and however mercy may sicken, or the compassionate weakness of human nature may shudder at its circumstances of seeming cruelty, yet the avenger of blood is on your footsteps, and there is for you no city of refuge. The forgiveness of Heaven you may supplicate, for its mercies are unlimited; but the pity of man you dare not ask, and need not hope. I ask you for the sake of form, and not because I believe there will be found virtue or help to you, in the indulgence, if you have any thing to say which may extenuate your guilt, or hold but a hope of human deliverance?"

"My Lord," said the prisoner, rising slowly, with a face colourless as the vestments of the grave, but speaking with the self-possession of settled despair, "I know not wherefore it is that Heaven has been pleased, in its inscrutable wisdom, to visit me with this desolating judgment. Certainly, it must have been for some deadly and unexpiated sin, of which in its displeasure, it has caused me to lose the memory. I can say nothing, my Lord, which shall avail me anything in this extremity. But I trust in the righteous dispensation of a just providence, that the plot of this fatal tragedy will one day be developed—that the blood of an innocent man shall not be shed like water, to dry up as quickly. Surely, there is a retributive justice, dilatory though it sometimes be; and when the time shall come in which the dark mystery, whereof, I am this day made the unhappy sufferer, shall become a plain tale, the repentant testimony of those who have charged their souls with the murder of an unoffending man, will not be wanting, to the truth of the last words I shall ever utter.

"I protest before God, to whose presence I am hastening so rapidly, the unborn child is not more guiltless than I, of the foul crime for which I am wearing these bonds. I pronounce the whole history of Claude Maurice, who has this day sworn away my life, false and wicked as the heart that forged it. In the forgetfulness of passion I struck him. He swore to be revenged, and bitterly am I discharging his vow. Save this, I knew not that I had done harm to any living creature; and wherein I could have excited the enmity of the other witnesses, they know better than I. This much I have to say, my Lord, that my honest though unambitious name might not go down to a dishonoured grave, covered with unmerited obloquy, without one effort to rescue it from mingling with those of felons. I am hampered in the toils and must submit. Help in my calamity, other than human, I am too sinful a man to implore or expect, and of that, the last faint hope that yet lingered in my bosom is now utterly extinguished."

"Jean 'Cape,'" said the Judge, as he placed on his head the fatal cap, "the measure of your depravity is full. You have consummated a course of crime, already of disgusting enormity, by making the last act of your life one of impotent malice. Get yourself ready to meet your fate!"

"This is a pretty good play, so far," said a harsh voice, "but it needs one more actor!" and a sullen looking man, whose face was half hid by the folds of a shawl in the form of a huge neckcloth, his forehead as low as the eyes covered by a blue handkerchief, tied round the head, with a little triangular tail sticking out behind, being a French peasant's substitute for a hat, stood out from the crowd.

"My Lord," said he "my testimony is yet wanting, without which some in this presence will not receive their full measure of that justice you are here to administer impartially."

M. Rayet, scandalized at this disorderly interruption of the proceedings in which the dignity of office was treated with so little ceremony; and yet unwilling, in a matter of such grave moment, to act with undue precipitation, and perhaps it would not be uncharitable to add, partially, influenced by his modicum of the inheritance from the first woman, reluctantly permitted him to proceed; intimating, however, that if the importance of his disclosure did not justify his rude and indecorous interference, a place would be found him, in which he could cool his Quixotic ambition at his leisure.

A slight bustle was heard in the farther end of the hall, and a man was led out whom they said was taken suddenly ill.

Waiting impatiently for the last word of the permission to issue from M. Rave's mouth, and unheeding, if he heard, the import of his friendly remark about the possibly careful attention he might experience—"There," said the stranger, pointing to De Lorme, and speaking in tones of high excitement, "stands the robber and assassin of John Sevos. I charge Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudan with wilful perjury; and I denounce Julien Gaufridy as the suborner of the false witnesses, and the contriver of the horrible plot whose enactment was on the eve of its accomplishment. It was he, the covetous, the vindictive, the merciless oppressor, who, when John Sevos had fallen to the ground from exhaustion and loss of blood, carried the body to his house, and made its disappearance the groundwork of wicked contrivances. It was he who by excessive bribes, enticed Vaudan to his perdition; who added fuel to the rancorous hatred of Maurice, whose evil passions were already sufficiently inflamed against his master; who procured the enlistment of De Lorme in the Regiment of La Sarre; and who has stood here till now, watching, with a detestable malice, of which none but he could be capable, the progress of his work of desolation. Here is the widow of Antoine Duplex," said he, pointing to a woman who stood a little in advance of the crowd "whose husband died of a pleurisy, and with whose conscience Gaufridy has twice tampered, to induce her to inform against Cape as his poisoner. I am John Sevos!" he added, pulling off his cumbrous neckcloth, and exposing, as he pushed off the handkerchief from his head, a deep, unhealed gash, "who am here ready to establish my identity!"

On the 31st of August, Jean Cape, his losses amply indemnified from the overgrown wealth of his oppressor, was working at the tile-kiln.

The first day of September saw Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudan chained, side by side, to the oars of a galley; in the mid-day sun, lay, baking, the crushed and mangled form of Antoine de Lorme, who had expired on the wheel; and the dews of heaven, as they ascended the next morning, carried up with them the smoke of the sacrifice of Julien Gaufridy, whose blood had been drunk by the sawdust of a scaffold.

* * * * *

Gentle reader! would you know how all this came about? You must ask the grandfathers of Pont-de-Vaux, who heard the story when they were little boys.

ELYMAS THE SORCERER.

Vice is a monster of such hateful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with the face,
We first admire, then pity, then embrace.

POPE.

In the village of Dissipation there lives a strange and mysterious person, whom I shall introduce to the acquaintance of my readers by the name of Elymas the Sorcerer. He is a person of considerable note, so much so, that I deem it not amiss to give some account of his life and character. I do not expect, however, to benefit any body by enumerating the victories of Elymas, for, alas! he has none which are worth a place in history. If any good is to result from my undertaking, it must proceed from a faithful exposure of his many detestable vices.

Elymas (or, as he is sometimes called, Alcohol) was born, as tradition certifies, in the eighth century, though he has never made much of a figure in the world till these modern days. Who his father was I am not now prepared to state, though smoe affirm that he was an Arabian chemist. However, from his malicious, deceitful, fiery

disposition, and his everlasting propensity to do mischief, one would rather suppose that he was very near akin to Beelzebub. Certain it is he is not that Elymas whom Paul is said to have rebuked so sharply, for there is no account of his ever having risen from the dead, to practise again his sorceries on the earth; but the same rebuke would very properly apply to the subject of this narrative. He is, indeed; full of all subtilty and mischief, the child of the devil, an enemy to all righteousness, and never ceases to pervert the right ways of the Lord. There can be no doubt of his being a real sorcerer, and that he is one of Satan's prime ministers in the awful business of destroying men's bodies and souls. He is extremely old, and yet wholly exempt from infirmities of years. In fact, for these thirty years past he has been more violent, crafty, and industrious than ever. He has a most wonderful art of winding himself into the esteem of mankind, even those who at first are most suspicious of his character, and most afraid of his company. He assumes almost an infinite number of dresses; shapes, complexions, and humours, that he may accommodate himself the more successfully to persons of every taste, disposition, and circumstance. Amongst the more wealthy and fashionable he frequently makes his appearance in the red costume, and is known by the name of Mr. Brandy. To others he presents himself in a more vulgar style, and then he is called Mr. Whiskey. Sometimes he introduces himself as the famous Mr. Gin, from Holland; or, Mr. Rum, from St. Croix or Jamaica; and incredible to think, he at other times works himself into a most mild, sweet, and insinuating gentleman, and then, who is he but the elegant, the genteel Mr. Tim Toddy? The sweet ladies, folks of weak stomachs, and delicate nerves, and most persons on their first acquaintance with Mr. Elymas, seem generally to prefer him in this character. And yet, in whatever form he disguises himself, he is old Elymas, the sorcerer, still. Seldom does he assail a person very rudely at first. He makes great use of the most deceitful, crafty, and serpent-like cunning, by which he is enabled to creep into a man's good graces by small imperceptible degrees. Before one is conscious of it, he becomes fond of his society, drinks deep into his spirit and feelings, converses frequently and unceasingly, pays great deference to his suggestions, and finally, conceives such a strong attachment for the monster that he is never at ease when he is deprived of his company. When matters have come to this, the sorcerer can manage his victims as he pleases. They are now within the sphere of his fatal magic, and he soon becomes very bold and impudent in his schemes of villany. He makes them feel the power of his strong enchantment, drives them into strange fits of frenzy, turns their wits upside down, makes them brutish in their habits and dispositions, urges them into every species of meanness, vice, and outrage, until, at length, he works out their utter ruin. All this, and more, if possible, has the sorcerer effected in the village of Dissipation.

Unhappy village! How changed from thy former state of comfort and prosperity! I well remember the time when this place was as industrious, happy, and flourishing a little village as the sun ever shone upon: then it might have been called, with the greatest propriety, the village of Temperance. There was never to be observed in the place any confusion, brawling, fighting, or carousals; every thing was orderly and quiet. The houses were all kept in good repair, the streets were clean, the gardens and adjoining fields were so neatly fenced and cultivated, that every passing traveller was charmed with their delightful appearance. Every workshop resounded, from morning to night, with a busy industrious noise; the cellars and storehouses of the inhabitants were replenished at all times with the substantials of good living. So much order, neatness, industry, and good fare, made the villagers (as might be well supposed) remarkably healthy and robust, and filled their dwellings with a large share of solid peace and comfort. But, alas! the wicked sorcerer came.

At first, however, his visits to the place were not frequent. The good sense and industrious habits of the people were not to be vanquished in a moment. They had heard of the wicked devices of the sorcerers in other places, and they were fully resolved to brace themselves against his stratagems, and oppose every ruinous measure which he might recommend to their notice: but he plied his arts with so much success, that he prevailed on them at length to receive his occasional visits. They seemed to forget that by giving him occasional entertainment they were, to all intents and

purposes, answering his wishes, and making his way sure to final success. By little and little he gains upon their esteem; by his fair pretences, and lively exhilarating conversation, he convinces them that he is not that mischief-making rogue which they imagine him to be. Even some of the pious villagers (for there were formerly a few persons of this description in this place) would speak of him in terms of considerable respect, and at times go so far as to invite him to their houses, and entertain him with great kindness and familiarity. The parson himself was not a little pleased with Elymas. These things gave the sorcerer great encouragement; for having, in a measure, secured the respect of the more serious, he found it no difficult matter to bring the more carnal and worldly-minded ones to his measures. If the preacher and his good brethren would caress him, why should other people treat him with rudeness?

Things now waxed worse and worse. The sorcerer's influence was daily increasing among the people. They at last began to think that they were not fit for the duties and labours of the day, without the advice and assistance of this grand deceiver. In a little while, some poor wretch (Mr. Retailer I think was his name) took it into his head to erect a house for the sorcerer, and invited him to come and make the village the place of his permanent abode. He came, took possession of his new abode, appointed his friend steward, and promised to reward him liberally. Now Elymas was well pleased; indeed this was the very thing he had long been aiming at. From this moment every thing in the village took a fresh start in the downhill road to ruin. Elymas soon becomes the presiding deity of the place. Numbers flock to his dwelling every day to enjoy his company, imbibe his poisonous sentiments, and submit to his bewitching spells. They even compel him to visit their own houses, introduce him to their children, servants, friends, and visitors, listen implicitly to his advice, and make themselves his willing and obsequious slaves.

What now is the appearance of this once lovely village? I blush, I weep, as I record its melancholy fate! By following the directions of Elymas, the people have become indolent, poor, noisy, and quarrelsome. The streets, houses, and fields have assumed a neglected and filthy appearance. Fighting, gambling, cursing, and almost every abomination, have become the common practice of the place. Diseases and deaths are greatly multiplied. Many that were once blooming and robust, have been converted by the sorcerer's spells into bloated, palsied, puking carcases. Every where misery stares you in the face. The meeting house is tumbled down, the school is neglected, business is abandoned, the children are in rags, wives and mothers in despair, the whole village in ruin! Oh, thou wicked sorcerer, what hast thou done! And yet, strange as it may seem, the people still continue to follow after him, thinking him to be some great one; and the more they caress him the more he abuses them, and the more he abuses them the more they caress him.

On some particular occasions he is more bold, busy, and successful than at other times, and seems, indeed, to put forth all his strength. During the Christmas holidays he is remarkably industrious; and, in short at all public gatherings in or near the village, he moves about furiously through the crowd, practising all manner of mischief. He makes them heady, simple, and talkative; compels them to sing foolish songs, make foolish bargains, bet, curse, gamble; and, finally, to wind up the scene, he gets them together by the ears, and urges them to cut one another's throats, break one another's skulls; and to all such works of darkness and confusion.

I ought to have stated before that Elymas is a notorious thief. He is constantly running away with people's money. He will soon snatch away the few pence which are necessary to keep a family from distress and starvation. And what is almost incredible, this robbery is carried on with the knowledge and consent of the people. They take no measures to stop his depredations; he has so completely turned their heads that they even cast their substance in his way to purchase the wretched privilege of being bewitched and ruined. One would suppose that nothing more were necessary to be said to arouse the indignation of all reflecting persons against this arch demon, and to excite our astonishment at the folly of those who, in spite of all the motives of honour, interest, respectability, and usefulness,—in spite of all the warnings and threatenings of God's holy word, suffer themselves to be disgraced and destroyed by his devices.

E P I C E D I U M .

(Occasioned by the untimely death of a beloved child, Biron Bion Ridings,—who was accidentally burned.)

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

(Author of the "*Village Muse*.")

Its voice is unforgotten melody—it comes,
Like notes of breeze-woke harp, upon mine ear,
And as a golden mist, its silken hair,
And radiant eyes sail 'twixt me and the sun.

ROGERSON'S "*Voice from the Town*."

A paradise was lost, and then regained—
Lost through the Serpent, and redeem'd through Christ.
What have I lost in thee, a transient blessing,
Sent for a few brief years to be my joy,
And then snatch'd from me by an awful death:
But I have lost thee, I would fondly hope,
Only in time, to meet thee in eternity,
And find a close re-union for ever.

Thy body's garments I have safely stored—
Thy book—thy playthings—each endearing tie,
Or precious trifle is a relic prized,
Invaluably cherish'd with a sweet
Remembrance of thee, the well-beloved.

At morn—at noon—at eventide—at night—
Thou wert my comforter unto the last,
Brief, flitting period of mortal time,
A joyous shadow of my happiness,
While sitting in my chair in pleasant thought
Thou playd'st thine arch and inoffensive pranks,
Before my fond, admiring eyes adroitly,
And the next moment almost, I beheld
A piteous, prostrate, lifeless mould of thee.

Snatch'd from a happy, sympathising home,
They took thee to a strange, repulsive place;
And men, with searching, uncongenial looks,
Vainly attempted to administer
Their impotent assistance unto thee,
While genial friends and parents, driven away,
Were left in indescribable emotion;
And in their stead, which nothing could supply,
Women, with all their cold official mien—
Aught but maternal in their sympathy—
Were hired to nurse thee in thine agony:
This tribute of a reckless servitude
Neglected, none e'er saw thine eye-lids close,
Nor heard thy sigh of death in old Mancunium,
Under the eye of the meridian sun.
Yes; not one human hand could even aid,
And not one human eye could even look,
Upon my fire-scathed and expiring boy.

Ah! I had shadowed thee in many a dream,
 An honourable life, and glorious death;
 Like mariner upon the ocean wave,
 Or soldier on his country's battle field,
 Or groomsman in pursuit of peaceful laurels,
 Or poet climbing the Parnassian mount,
 Thirsting and panting for immortal fame;
 And now the ruddy apple of thy beauty,
 Is instantaneously turned to dust;
 And, laden with mortality, my hearth,
 My home, my household gods are ashes.

Each crust of bread that's given to the poor—
 Except in quiet, private charity—
 Mingled with ashes, but accelerates death.
 Why take poor, little children from their home,
 And leave them to the negligence of hirelings?
 As well detach a rose-bud from its stem,
 And throw it on the earth to blossom there;
 As well dislodge a shell-fish from its shell,
 And leave it on the bleak and barren sands;
 Or unfledged bird from 'neath the parent wing,
 And, placing it on the insensate stones,
 Bid it to seek for food and shelter there;
 There left to die; and there, and then, forsaken.

Alas! the minutes are prolonged to hours!
 Alas! the hours seem days; and days seem weeks;
 And weeks dim, waning, and protracted moons;
 And moons long, lingering and undying years;
 And every moment now thy countenance
 Is smiling on me still; and thou dost follow,
 Wheresoe'er I go, attendant ever,
 Like to my shadow guided by the sun,
 With which I may not, cannot, must not part.

If I should hope from what wise men have said;
 If I should ground my faith on what is written;
 If Socrates and Plato were not fools,
 Or Jesus Christ the image of a dream;
 If Science, Learning, Virtue, and Religion,
 And every page of the great Book of Nature,
 Be not one vain and never-ending lie—
 There is a God in Heaven, and thou art there—
 There ever happy in thy last, long home.

My loss in thee is thine assured gain;
 My paradise is lost but thine is found.
 Of all man's selfishness, and woe, and crime,
 The horrible deformities of vice,
 Ever presented to the watchful eye,
 Thou hast escaped the painful recognition;
 Before aught evil could be known to thee,
 Thou wert recall'd from its contamination,
 Unto the bosom of thy Father—God.

Ah! let me not indulge myself in cares,
 And be transfix'd as marble unto grief,
 Nor bind my heart to a disconsolate state—
 Wedded to irremediable woe.

Manfully striving for thine own sweet sake,
 And for those dear ones, like to me bereft
 Of thy delectable companionship,
 My own weak word should never thee recall:
 My will is powerless, and I calm once more.
 Betimes I muse and cannot help but think,
 Had I the power controlling human fate—
 Still buoyant ever is the wounded mind—
 I never would replace thee in this scene
 Of pride and vanity; and selfish spite;
 Now, thou art gone in innocence and peace:
 And when my worldly mission is fulfilled,
 In indivisible re-union
 To meet once more, will be for evermore.!

June, 22; 1847.

ON THE NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF THE BREAD NOW IN USE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHNSTON.

A few plain words on this subject may not be unacceptable to the popular reader at the present time.

We are fond of what is agreeable to the eye as well as pleasant to the taste, and therefore we love to have our bread made of the whitest and finest of the wheat.—Attaching superior excellence to what thus pleases the eye, we call the good Scotch bannock an inferior food, and the wholesome black bread of the North of Europe a disgusting article of diet. When our experience and knowledge are local and confined, our opinions necessarily partake of a similar character.

In regard to the different qualities of wheaten flour, our judgments are not so severe. All things which pertain to this aristocratic grain—this staff of English life—like the liveries and horses of a great man—are treated with a certain degree of respect. Still, they are only the appendages of the noble seed, and the more thoroughly they are got rid of, the better the kernel is supposed to become.

In many of our old-fashioned families, indeed, the practice still lingers of baking bread from the whole meal of wheat for common use in the kitchen or hall, and for occasional consumption on the master's table. An enthusiastic physician also now and then rouses himself, and does battle with the national organ of taste on behalf of the darker bread and browner flour—and dyspeptic old gentleman or mammas who have over pampered their sickly darlings, listen to his fervid warning, and the star of the brown loaf is for a month or two in the ascendant.

But gradually the warning sound is lost to the alarmed ear, and the pulses of the commoved air waft it on to mingle with the thousand and other long-quenched voices which people the distant realms of space, and form together that unutterable harmony which, by consent of the poets, is named the music of the spheres.

There are times, however, when good men, though aware of this passing tendency of human efforts, and of the thankless impotency of a struggle against the public voice—that *vox populi* which wise men (so-called) have pronounced to be also *vox Dei*—will nevertheless return to what they believe to be a useful though unvalued labour. The present is one in which any thing which can be said in favour of the less-valued parts of our imperial grain, will be more readily listened to than at any other period in the lifetime of the existing generation; and being listened to, may be productive of the greatest national good.

I propose therefore, to show, in an intelligible manner, that whole meal flour is really more nourishing, as well as more wholesome than fine white flour as food for man.

The solid parts of the human body consist principally of three several portions: the fat, the muscle, and the bone. These three substances are liable to constant waste in the living body, and therefore must be constantly renewed from the food that we eat. The vegetable food we consume contains these three substances almost ready formed. The plant is the brick-maker. The animal voluntarily introduces these bricks into the stomach, and then involuntarily—through the operation of the mysterious machinery within—picks out these bricks, transports them to the different parts of the body, and builds them into their appropriate places. As the miller at his mill throws into the hopper the unground grain, and forthwith, by the involuntary movements of the machinery, receives in his several sacks the fine flour, the seconds, the middlings, the pollard, and the bran; so in the human body, by a still more refined separation, the fat is extracted and deposited here, the muscular matter there, and the bony material in a third locality, where it can not only be stored up, but where its presence is actually at the moment necessary.

Again, the fluid parts of the body contain the same substances in a liquid form, on their way to or from the several parts of the body in which they are required.—They include also a portion of salt or saline matter which is dissolved in them, as we dissolve common salt in our soup, or Epsom salts in the pleasant draughts with which our doctors delight to vex us. This saline matter is also obtained from the food.

Now, it is self-evident, that food must be the most nourishing which supplies all these ingredients of the body most abundantly on the whole, or in proportions most suited to the actual wants of the individual animal to which it is given.

How stands the question, then, in regard to this point between the brown bread and the white—the fine flour, and the whole meal of wheat?

The grain of wheat consists of two parts, with which the miller is familiar—the inner grain and the skin that covers it. The inner grain gives the pure wheat flour; the skin, when separated, forms the bran. The miller cannot entirely peel off the skin from his grain, and thus some of it is unavoidably ground up with his flour.—By sifting, he separates it more or less completely: his seconds, middlings, &c., owing their colour to the proportion of brown bran that has passed through the sieve along with the flour. The whole meal, as it is called, of which the so-named brown *household bread* is made, consists of the entire grain ground up together—used as it comes from the mill-stones unsifted, and therefore containing all the bran.

The first white flour, therefore, may be said to contain no bran, while the whole meal contains all that grew naturally upon the grain.

What is the composition of these two portions of the seed? How much do they respectively contain of the several constituents of the animal body? How much of each is contained also in the whole grain?

1. *The fat.* Of this ingredient a thousand pounds of the

Whole grain contain,	28 lbs.
Fine Flour, "	20 "
Bran, "	60 "

So that the bran is much richer in fat than the interior part of the grain, and the whole grain ground together (whole meal) richer than the finer part of the flour in the proportion of nearly one half.

2. *The muscular matter.* I have had no opportunity as yet of ascertaining the relative proportions of this ingredient in the bran and fine flour of the same sample of grain. Numerous experiments, however, have been made in my laboratory, to determine these proportions in the fine flour and whole seed of several varieties of grain. The general result of these is, that the whole grain uniformly contains a larger quantity, weight for weight, than the fine flour extracted from it does. The particular results in the case of wheat and Indian corn were as follows:—A thousand pounds of the whole grain and of the fine flour contained of muscular matter respectively,—

	Whole grain.	Fine Flour.
Wheat,	156 lbs.	130 lbs.
Indian Corn,	140	110

Of the material out of which the animal muscle is to be formed, the whole meal or grain of wheat contains one-fifth more than the finest flour does. For maintaining muscular strength therefore, it must be more valuable in an equal proportion.

3. *Bone material and Saline matter.* Of these mineral constituents, as they may be called, of the animal body, a thousand pounds of bran, whole meal, and fine flour, contain respectively,—

Bran,	700 lbs.
Whole Meal,	170 "
Fine Flour,	60 "

So that in regard to this important part of our food necessary to all living animals, but especially to the young who are growing, and to the mother who is giving milk—the whole meal is three times more nourishing than the fine flour.

Our case is now made out. Weight for weight, the whole grain or meal is more rich in all these three essential elements of a nutritive food, than the fine flour of wheat. By those whose only desire is to sustain their health and strength by the food they eat, ought not the whole meal to be preferred? To children who are rapidly growing, the browner the bread they eat, the more abundant the supply of the materials from which their increasing bones and muscles are to be produced. To the milk-giving mother, the same food, and for a similar reason, is the most appropriate.

A glance at their mutual relations in regard to the three substances, presented in one view, will show this more clearly. A thousand pounds of each contain of the three several ingredients the following proportions.

	Whole meal.	Fine flour.
Muscular matter,	156 lbs.	130 lbs.
Bone material,	170 "	60 "
Fat,	23 "	20 "
Total in each,	354	210

Taking the three ingredients therefore, together, the whole meal is one-half more valuable for fulfilling all the purposes of nutrition than the fine flour—and especially it is so in regard to the feeding of the young, the pregnant, and those who undergo much bodily fatigue.

It will not be denied that it is for a wise purpose that the Deity has so intimately associated, in the grain, the several substances which are necessary for the complete nutrition of animal bodies. The above considerations show how unwise we are in attempting to undo this natural collocation of materials. To please the eye and the palate, we sift out a less generally nutritive food,—and, to make up for what we have removed, experience teaches us to have recourse to animal food of various descriptions.

It is interesting to remark, even in apparently trivial things, how all nature is full of compensating processes. We give our servants household bread, while we live on the finest of the wheat ourselves. The mistress eats that which pleases the eye more, the maid what sustains and nourishes the body better.

But the whole meal is more wholesome, as well as more nutritive. It is on account of its superior wholesomeness, that those who are experienced in medicine usually recommend it to our attention. Experience in the laws of digestion brings us back to the simple admixture found in the natural seed. It is not an accidental thing that the proportions in which the ingredients of a truly sustaining food take their places in the seeds on which we live, should be best fitted at once to promote the health of the sedentary scholar, and to reinvigorate the strength of the active man when exhausted by bodily labour.

Some may say that the preceding observations are merely theoretical; and may demand the support of actual trial, before they will concede that the selection of the most nourishing and wholesome diet is hereafter to be regulated by the results of chemical analysis. The demand is reasonable in itself, and the so-called deductions of theory are entitled only to the rank of probable conjectures, till they have been tested by exact and repeated trials.

But such in this case have been made; and our theoretical considerations come in only to confirm the results of previous experiments,—to explain why these results

should have been obtained, and to extend and enforce the practical lessons which the results themselves appeared to inculcate.

Thus, from the experiments of Majendie and others, it was known that animals which in a few weeks died if fed only upon fine flour, lived long upon whole meal bread. The reason appears from our analytical investigations. The whole meal contains in large quantity the three forms of matter by which the several parts of the body are sustained, or successively renewed. We may feed a man long upon bread and water only, but unless we wish to kill him also, we must have the apparent cruelty to restrict him to the coarser kinds of bread. The charity which should supply him with fine white loaves instead, would in effect kill him by a lingering starvation.

Again, the pork-grower, who buys bran from the miller, wonders at the remarkable feeding and fattening effect which this apparently woody and useless material has upon his animals. The surprise ceases, however, and the practice is encouraged, and extended to other creatures, when the researches of the laboratory explain to him what the food itself contains, and what his growing animal requires.

Economy as well as comfort follow from an exact acquaintance with the wants of our bodies in their several conditions, and with the compositions of the various articles of diet which are at our command. In the present condition of the country, this economy has become a vital question. It is a kind of Christian duty in every one to practice it as far as his means and his knowledge enable him.

Perhaps the whole amount of the economy which would follow the use of whole meal instead of fine flour, may not strike every one who reads the above observations. The saving arises from two sources.

First, The amount of husk, separated by the miller from the wheat which he grinds, and which is not sold for human use, varies very much. I think we do not over-estimate it when we consider it as forming one-eighth of the whole. On this supposition eight pounds of wheat yield seven of flour consumed by man, and one of pollard and bran which are given to animals—chiefly to poultry and pigs. If the whole meal be used, however, eight pounds of flour will be obtained, or eight people will be fed by the same weight of grain which only fed seven before.

Again we have seen that the whole meal is more nutritious—so that this coarser flour will go farther than an equal weight of the finer. The numbers at which we arrived, from the results of the analysis, show that, taking all the three sustaining elements of the food into consideration, the coarse is one-half more nutritive than the fine. Leaving a wide margin for the influence of circumstances, let us suppose it only one-eighth more nutritive, and we shall have now nine people nourished equally by the same weight of grain, which, when eaten as fine flour, would support only seven. *The wheat of the country, in other words, would in this form go one fourth farther than at present.*

But some one may remark, if all this good is to come from the mere use of the bran, why not recommend it to be withheld from the pigs, and consume it by the man in some way alone? This would involve no change in the practice of our millers, and little in the habits and bread of the great mass of the population.

But such a course, if possible, would not bring us to the economical end we wish to attain. Suppose it could be made palatable and eaten by man, little comparative saving would be effected.

First, Because, when eaten alone, the fine flour will not go so far as when mixed with a certain proportion of bran: that is to say— a given weight of fine flour will produce an increased nutritive effect when mixed with the bran: greater than is due to the constituents of the bran taken alone. The mixture of the two in reality increases the virtues of both. Again, if eaten alone, bran would prove too difficult, and therefore slow of digestion in most stomachs. Much would thus pass, unexhausted of its nutritive matter, through the alimentary canal, as whole oats often do through that of horses, and thus a considerable waste would ensue.

And further, supposing all to be dissolved in the stomach, there would still, of necessity, be a waste of material, since the bran actually contains a larger proportion of bone material and saline matter compared with its own ingredients, than the body, in its natural healthy state, can make use of. All this excess must therefore, be rejected by the body, and, as nutritive matter, for the time be wasted.

Lastly, it is doubtful if bran alone contains enough of starch, or of any substitute for

it, to meet the other demands of the human system. I have not spoken of the use of the starch of the grain in the preceding observations, because, as both whole meal and fine flour contain a sufficient quantity of it to supply the wants of the living animal, it was unnecessary to the main object of this paper. But with bran the case is different. It is doubtful if the purposes of the starch could be fully, and with sufficient speed, fulfilled by the ingredients which, in the bran, take the place of starch in the flour. The cellular fibre or woody matter, of which it contains a considerable proportion, is too slowly soluble in the stomachs of ordinary men. While therefore much of it would pass through the body undigested, it would require to be eaten in far larger proportions than its compositions indicates, if the body was to be supported, and thus a further waste would be incurred.

On the whole, therefore, we come back to the whole meal, as the most economical as well as the most nutritive and wholesome form in which the grain of wheat can be consumed. The Deity has done far better for us, by the natural mixtures to be found in the whole seed, than we can do for ourselves. The materials, both in form and in proportion, are adjusted in each seed, as wheat, in a way more suitable to us than any which with our present knowledge, we appear able to devise.

A word to our Scottish readers, before we conclude. We do not recommend to you even the whole meal of wheat as a substitute for your oatmeal or oaten-cake. The oat is more nutritive even than the whole grain of wheat, taken weight for weight. For the growing boy, for the hard working man, and for the portly matron, oatmeal contains the materials of the most hearty nourishment. This it owes in part to its peculiar chemical composition, and in part to its being, as it is used in Scotland, a kind of whole meal. The finely sifted oatmeal of Yorkshire and Lancashire is not so agreeable to a Scottish taste, and, I believe, is not so nutritious, as the rounder and coarser meal of the more northern counties.

While, therefore, the whole meal of wheat is superior to the fine flour, in economy, in nutritive power, and in wholesomeness, and therefore should be preferred by those who *must* live upon wheat,—in all these respects the oat has still the advantage, and therefore ought religiously to be adhered to. You owe it to the experience of your forefathers, for a thousand years, not to forsake it.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FELON'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

It was the Eden hour of eve, in the balmy month of June,
And in her gleaming bark of pearl, out sailed the crescent moon,
O'er the amber clouds, that came like waves from the bright sea in the west,
Where the banners of the sun were furled, like a conqueror's at rest.
I gazed from out my woodland home, and blest the lovely scene,
And the bliss of prayer came o'er my heart, so tranquil and serene,
That in the sweet and holy trance, earth's glories lost their sway,
And my wing'd spirit sought that home where all griefs are wiped away.
I looked to my young bride's blue eyes, they shone through joyous tears,—
How beautiful in women's glance that hallowed light appears.
In woman's heart how deeply pure, how tenderly divine,
Is the worship offer'd up to heaven, from its soft and quiet shrine.
How sweetly from her lips of love, the prophet monarch's words
With a gush of silvery melody, came like the song of birds;
It breath'd of peace, and that bright land which grief shall never dim;
When the voice of man and man's despair broke on the vesper hymn—

" Let me not hear those words again—that consecrated song—
 For *she* is gone that loved it once, and I—through wrath and wrong,
 Through guilt and shame have still survived,—the accursed one is here !—
 But, oh ! that wild and thrilling hymn, he dares not, must not hear !—
 Look on me—thou hast lived in peace, but has thy heart forgot ?
 To say I snatched thee from the waves, I know avails me not.
 Didst thou not curse me like the rest ?—Didst thou not smile in joy,
 To know the brand had seared the brow of the lost felon boy ?
 I have return'd, return'd once more—the prison and the chain,
 The far land of my banishment, have given me back again.
 My course is *free* upon the earth—but who is there to share
 The *branded felon's* loneliness—the outcast one's despair ?
 Toil—fetters—time, have pass'd away, like day dreams from my brain,
 But deeper on my forehead burns the accursed mark of Cain ;
 My heart, my heart was wither'd up in that wild day of shame
 When I shrunk amid a thousand eyes beneath its torch of flame !
 I sought but death—they bade me live—a fiercer punishment
 Than Indian death fires ! yes, 'twas said they left me to repent—
 From brand and scourge that last release in *pity* they denied ;
 And I—the guilty—still lived on—to know my *mother* died !
 At once to crush her widow'd heart, the fearful tidings came,
 The dark, wild story of my guilt—my sorrow and my shame,—
 Against all other ills of life that heart had struggled on,
 But at those fatal words it broke—broke for her felon son !
 Perchance as the wild words were spoke, breath'd only to destroy,
 Her heart still trembled with a prayer for her far distant boy !
 Or traced in a vain dream of love how bright my course should be,
 When the *scaffold* and the *scourge* were all that life had left for me !
 I have no tears—with that last grief their very source was dried ;
 I cannot weep—and yet for me that tender mother died :
 The sweet forgiving voice is hush'd that blest my earliest years,
 The gentle eyes no more for me shall gleam with silent tears.
 I dared to seek her lonely home—yes that last silent one
 Where in the summer of her life she perished for her son.
 But there was none to place a stone above the broken heart,
 And with the nameless dead she lies forgotten and apart ;—
 I sought in vain to find the spot where that fond martyr lies,
 Perchance my feet have spurn'd the dust of the guiltless sacrifice !
 But what of that ?—in life I spurn'd the heart that broke for me,
Oh, mother, wert thou but alive, or could I look on thee !"
 The deep wild voice was hush'd at once as that despairing cry
 Had broken the proud heart of him, whose wish was but to die ;
 It recks not now to tell thee all that outcast wanderer's fate ;
 I knew him once in purer years, and sooth'd the desolate.
 Alas ! that sin should have the power the brightness to destroy,
 The gallant beauty of the fair and fearless hunter boy !—
 Long years had darken'd o'er his fate, and his forgotten name,
 When with the red brand on his brow, to his own land he came ;
 To seek in vain his boyhood-haunts that like himself were changed,
 To find all hearts that once were his—dead, *faithless*, or estranged ;
 That even the *wreck* of his youth's home had perish'd from the earth,
 For the plough had traced its furrows where once gleamed the cheerful hearth.
 There is a sweet—a quiet spot, where the yew tree branches close,
 A green and dewy grave, that seems in its undisturbed repose,
 As if the heart that slumbers there, though nameless and alone,
 Must be at rest from all the wrongs, the griefs it may have known.
 There, ere the roses and the blooms of sparkling June were past,
 The wanderer's heart had found that rest—the longest and the last.
 And in the hope that heaven he sought in penitence, forgave,
 The voice of prayer was breath'd in peace above the Felon's Grave.

PAGES FOR THE MANY.

EARLY RISING.—There cannot be a grosser transgression of the laws of the animal economy, than the habit of lying in the morning after the sun has risen, and remaining up during the night, the season which nature has especially appointed for repose. Both these unnatural practices are in an almost incalculable degree productive of debility, and a variety of affections of the nervous system. And nothing tends more to the disorder of the body than too much sleep, or the inversion of the ordained seasons of labour and rest. With regard to exercise, the same delusions prevail as with regard to early rising; and persons resident in cities and large towns appear to consider the walk to and from the places of their avocations, sufficient exercise for the day, be the distance ever so trifling. When persons of habits such as these become sensible of the least disorder, as they very frequently must, they immediately betake themselves to medicine, instead of exercise, for relief; whereas, would they be but obedient to the laws of their organization, they would seldom experience derangement, or suffer pain. All necessity for any other doctor would be superseded.—*Alternative by J. Pinney.*

EXERCISE.—The next thing to be considered is the sort of exercise best calculated to effect this grand object, and to what extent it should be used. Where the necessity of bodily labour as the means of obtaining a livelihood does not exist, walking, riding on horseback or in carriages, fencing, gardening, cowing, skating, tennis, cricket, dumb bells, Indian sceptres, and various others, are the exercises generally resorted to; and they are doubtless all in a greater or less degree beneficial. But of these walking is indisputably the most natural, effective and salutary, and should be adopted by all who are in a state of health not too much impaired to endure it. It is indeed admitted to be that which most equally and most completely exercises every part of the system, even the most minute. The most troublesome disorders have frequently been cured by perseverance in this species of exercise. Next to walking, I deem riding on horseback most beneficial and salubrious. Riding in carriages scarcely deserves the name of exercise.—*Ibid.*

OUR BED ROOMS.—A bed-room cannot be too airy; yet, in direct violation of the fundamental laws of respiration, we surround our bed with heavy curtains, as if for the express purpose of confining the impure air, thus commanding all the advantages of a spacious apartment. One third part of our existence, and in many cases more, is passed in our bed rooms; ought we not, then, to adopt measures for expelling, instead of preserving, the insidious influence of impure air, rendered so by being impregnated with the noxious effluvia of hot and putrescent vapours exhaled from our bodies? Do we not sleep with doors closed for hours together, and not unfrequently without the usual channels of ventilation? Nay, do we not even study to obstruct the free ingress of the external atmosphere? It should be remembered, that the same air cannot enter the lungs more than four times without carrying with it properties hostile to the principles of life. A moment's consideration of the state in which the air must be that is confined all night within bed curtains, and is respired innumerable times, will explain how it is that we rise in the morning with pale and emaciated faces; it is of much greater importance to preserve a current of air in the bed room than in the drawing-room. The oxygen of a gallon of air, it is calculated, is consumed by one person each minute; if, therefore, our ordinary rooms are not furnished with some means whereby the air may be constantly renewed, they will in a very short time be charged with a fluid unfit for respiration. A lighted candle is found to require about the same quantity of oxygen in the same time, which evinces the evil of burning it all night. These facts show how essential it is to have our rooms, and particularly our bed-rooms, thoroughly ventilated.—*Ibid.*

VEGETABLE FOOD.—It is at least certain, that animal food, to the exclusion of vegetables, has a tendency to render the body liable to putrefaction. Man could not, therefore, long exist entirely upon flesh; but there are well known examples to

prove that he can exist solely upon vegetable food, without incurring any danger or injurious effects whatever, except occasionally, trifling affections of the stomach, never extending to the system generally. The intermixture of vegetables corrects the putrefactive tendency of animal food; and, perhaps, upon the whole, a combination of the two is most conducive to health and the prolongation of life.—*Ibid.*

ANTIPATHIES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—Almost every person who has lived in history has had some particular antipathy. Julius Cæsar couldn't eat aperiwinkle, and Alexander always fainted at the sight of a blackbeetle.

Chaucer would be unwell for several days if he heard the cry of "mackerel!" and Spencer never saw a leg of mutton without shivering all over.

Boadicea hated red whiskers: it nearly cost Caractacus his life because he came into her presence with a tremendous pair on.

The smell of pickles always sent Cardinal Wolsey into hysterical fits. He called upon Henry the Eighth once while the Monarch was lunching off some cold meat, and Wolsey fell down under the table as soon as he smelt there was pickled cabbage in the room. Henry, thinking the Cardinal was intoxicated, had him locked up in the Tower immediately.

Cleopatra couldn't look at a person with freckles: Antony had all his soldiers who were at all freckled painted black to please her.

Napoleon took a violent hatred against any one who didn't take snuff: it is said the cause of his separation from Josephine was because she would never take a pinch from him.

Alfred the great could not bear the taste of suet dumplings.

Artaxerxes had such an intense horror of fleas that he could not go to bed without a suit of armour, made like a night gown to fit close to his skin. He would lose his reason for several days when bitten by one. There was a reward of ten talents, during his reign, for the apprehension of every flea, dead or alive, and merchants would come far and near to claim the reward.

Queen Elizabeth had the strongest antipathy to a Sheriff's Officer: she would run away as fast as she could directly she saw one, and continued running for miles, until her guards who knew her weakness, stopped her.

Old Parr would turn pale if he touched a piece of soap: this is the reason he never shaved. Cicero had such an antipathy to the Wednesday that he used to remain in bed all that day; and Anna Bolena could not hear the word "potato" pronounced without turning violently red, and feeling low-spirited for weeks afterwards.

Charles the Second never could go through Temple Bar.—It used to take the whole strength of Villiers, with Rochester and Nell Gwynn, to push him through it. Cromwell never could pass a tripe shop without bursting immediately into tears.—*Comic Almanac.*

UNDER THE ROSE.—A singular statement, if true—and it is presented as a common fact—is made by Mr. Miller, in the "Poetical Language of Flowers," respecting the secret-keeping influence of the white rose. Many of our readers will perhaps understand for the first time the superstition which has left a mere phrase—"under the rose"—to represent it to the present day:—The white rose has long been considered as sacred to silence: over whatever company it was suspended, no secrets were ever revealed, for it hung only above the festal board of sworn friendship. No matter how deep they might drink, or how long the wine-cup might circulate round the table, so long as the white rose hung over their heads, every secret was considered inviolable; no matter how trivial, or how important the trust, beneath that flower it was never betrayed, for around it was written the sentence:—

"He who doth secrets reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live."

What faith and what confidence must there have been between man and man in the olden time, when only the presence of a flower was needed to prevent the maligning whisper—to freeze up slander's hateful slime—and destroy the venom which,

when once circulated, proves so fatal to human happiness. Beyond the circle to which the expressive text was assigned, that wound about the rose, not a whisper wandered; the pleasure only was remembered, the painful word forgotten ere it had gathered utterance—or if remembered at all, it was only as having existed for a moment “under the rose.” Truest test of friendship—inviolable bond of brotherhood—sacred altar on which heart was sworn to heart, thou did'st need no golden chains to bind thee to thy trust—no solemn vow, sworn but to be broken—nothing but a simple white rose to bind these men of true hearts and strong faith together.

THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS A LINE.—James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated “Rejected Addresses,” was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Strahan, the King's printer, at a dinner-party, whom he found suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; and the next morning he transmitted him the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

“Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.”

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

SAMUEL ROGER'S HOUSE.—Mr. Rogers, with a facility rare in a poet's lot, has had the good fortune, in his house in this street, to be able to exemplify the taste which he evinced in such matters in his “Epistle to a Friend.” Mr. Smith informs us that it was even built for him; and several writers have recorded the elegance of the interior, of its pictures and prints, the chimney-pieces designed by Flaxman, and the cabinets decorated by Stothard. The house too is pitched, just as the poet might desire, in one of the quietest nooks of an elegant quarter, with a park in front of it and London at the back; so that he may turn to the country or town as the mood inclines him. It is pleasant to see house and inmate so well suited. It is consolatory, at the same time, to reflect, that if Mr. Rogers had been unable to possess so charming an abode, he is poet enough to have made a good case out of an humbler one. The only thing to be regretted in the lots of poets is when they are enabled to possess neither real nor ideal elegancies in peace, but must have their fairy palaces crushed by the rudest heels of necessity. In St. James's Place lived Warren Hastings, and Henry Grattan. Wilkes also had lodgings there; and at No. 13, resided poor Mrs. Robinson, who fancied that to be a prince's mistress was to be loved for life. She had probably indulged in a consequent tone of exaction, not calculated to lengthen the dream.—Cleveland Row derives its ignoble name from the “beautiful fury,” Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, so made by Charles the Second, whose mistress she became the first day of the “Blessed Restoration,” and whose mistress she continued to be (among others), during his whole reign, not by reason of her continued delightfulness, but of his Sacred Majesty's fear of her scolding and violence. She often put him in such a flustered state of mind that he could not conceal it at the council board. Her life was one selfish round of incontinence of every sort, worthily closed by such a dropsy as destroyed all her beauty and rendered her a sight. She appears to have felt so little for other people, that it provokes one to feel nothing for herself.

GILT BUTTONS.—Looking at the brilliant appearance of a gilt button, the substance of the gold which covers it is by no means obvious to us; but, when it is proved that five grains of gold, worth 15d., will gild 144 buttons an inch in diameter, the amazing ductility of the metal no longer surprises us, and we can easily credit that its thickness does not exceed more than the 214,600th part of an inch in the coarser branches of this manufacture.

MATTHEW'S AND THE IRISHMAN.—An Irish Surgeon named M., who kept a running horse, applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race. "Now sur," commenced the gentleman, "Mr. Matthews, as you say you understand horse-racing, and so you do, I'll just thank you to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you'll mind me, sur, my horse had won the first *hate*, well, sur, then he'd won the second *hate*, well—" "Why sir," said Matthews, "if he won both hates he won the race." "Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that's not himself but the other) came up"—"And passed him I suppose," said Matthews. "Not at all, sur; not at all; you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate*"—"Won it you mean; at least won it you said." "Won it, of course I said won it; that is, the other horse won it; and the other horse, that is *my* horse, won the second *hate*, when another, not himself, comes up, and tumbles down—but stop! I'll demonstrate the subject occularly—There—you'll keep your eye on that decanter; now, mighty well; now you'll remember, that's *my* horse; that is, I mane it's not my horse, its the other, and this cork—you observe this cork, this cork's my horse, and my horse, that is this cork, had won the first *hate*." "Lost it, you said, sir, just now," groaned Matthews, rapidly approaching to a state of complete bewilderment. "Lost it, sur, by no manes; won it sur, I maintain ('pon my soul your friend there, that's grinning so, is a mighty bad specimen of an American), no sir, won it, I said; and now I want your opinion about the *hate*, that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know, not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*, that would be the race when it was won." "Why, really my dear sir," replied the referee, "I don't precisely see the point upon which"—"God bless you sur! do ye pretend to understand horse-racing, and can't give a plain opinion upon a simple matter of *hates*? Now, sur, I'll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse, but the other horse—that is the other *man's* horse, &c., &c. And so poor M. went on for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he won the first *hate* or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was upon which Mr. M., wanted an opinion.—*Memoir of the Rev. Mr. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby)*.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—There are in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania, at present, nine Daily Newspapers. Fifty years ago the place was a wilderness.

REASON WHY THE POPES CHANGE THEIR NAMES.—The reason of the Popes changing their names on their advancement to the Holy See, was, that they desired to imitate St. Peter, who received the name of Cephas (afterwards changed to Peter) from our Lord, instead of Simon, which he had before borne. The first pontiff who altered his name was Sergius the Second, in 884. He was before called Peter, but it is said, that, thinking it presumptuous to bear the same name as the Prince of Apostles, he abandoned it for that of Sergius. Roman Catholics assume a new name at baptism, and sometimes at confirmation, and also when they enter into a religious state; partly to express their obligation of becoming new men, and partly to place themselves under the special patronage of certain saints whose lives they propose for example and imitation.—*Butler's Lives of the Saints*.

HINTS TO ALL RAILWAY TRAVELERS.—Pack up your luggage in such order that you can readily carry with you the small matters you may want on your journey, or immediately on your arrival; let the rest be put in such trunks, cases, boxes, or other packages as will either effectually protect it, or show at first sight that it must be handled carefully; remembering that at railway stations a great deal of business must be done in a little time, and, therefore, luggage, which seems able to bear it, sometimes gets rough usage.

Let your name and designation appear legibly on your luggage; and if you wish to be safe against all chances of loss, put your name and address also inside of each package. Picture to yourself, your trunk lying on the road, left in the corner of an office, or sent out to a wrong direction, and imagine what you would then wish should be on it or in it, that it might be correctly and speedily sent to you. What you would then wish you had done, do before you start. Let the label be of a strong material, and firmly attached to the package.

Be at the station some minutes before the time; if you do not resolve to be so, expect to see the train on its way without you.

Get your ticket (by paying your fare), and be careful to understand exactly how far that ticket frees you. On some railways you keep that ticket to the end of your journey; on others you are called for it at starting. In either case be ready with it, remember that if you cannot produce it, you may be called upon to pay your fare again.

See where your luggage is placed on the carriage, and prefer that it should be on that in which you are to be seated, if practicable; see also that the company's ticket or luggage number be affixed to each package, or you may be called upon to pay the carriage of it.

Expect to pay for the carriage of all your luggage above 56lbs. weight.

Take the best care you can to prevent the necessity of your leaving the carriage before you reach the refreshment station at the end of your journey.

Take your seat as soon as you have made all necessary arrangements; you may have with you a carpet bag, hat box, or other luggage, if it be not so bulky as to annoy your fellow passengers.

Do not open the carriage doors yourself; and do not at any station, except those where refreshments are provided, attempt to leave the carriage for any reason whatever, without the knowledge of the conductor, lest you be injured by some accident, or left behind.

Neither smoking nor dogs are allowed in the carriages; the latter are conveyed under proper arrangements, and at a small charge, which may easily be learned at each station.

Female attendants will be found at each terminus, and at the refreshment station, to wait on ladies and children.

Children under ten years of age are conveyed at half price; only infants unable to walk are carried without charge.

Invalids and decrepid persons commonly receive very considerable attention from the persons employed at the stations on the line; but they must calculate on none which would materially interfere with the general working of the establishment, except they have expressly applied for and been assured of it beforehand.

Carriages of various kinds, special and public, suitable to the different localities, will be found at both termini, and at nearly all the stations.

On change of carriage, leaving the train, be careful to see what becomes of your luggage.

Each person employed on the line has a distinguishing number on the collar of his coat; if you have any complaint to make, write to the secretary, designating the offender by his number.

Railway servants are enjoined to the observance of civility and attention to all passengers, and they usually fulfil these duties very cheerfully when treated with common propriety. They are forbidden to receive any fee or gratuity.

THE HUMAN TEETH.—This beautiful organ not only forms the main point in our personal appearance, but is also chiefly the instrument to cause perfect articulation, so as to give a distinct sound and utterance to our vocal expressions; it is the masticating apparatus, or grinding-mill, for our food and nourishment, and without the functions of it, we should be most miserably situated in respect to preparing our food previous to its being sent to the stomach for nutrition. A perfect, healthy set of teeth is the sure indication of youth, health, and vigour; the means of a clear and audible delivery of speech—the cause of an even and gradual digestion—necessary to our health—and last, not least, one of the most prominent and striking features in the beauty of the human countenance; for no matter whom, be the figure ever so graceful, the body all symmetry, the cheeks tinted like the rose, the eyes sparkling with intellectual lustre, the hair in locks of gold or raven black ringlets on the alabaster neck of female beauty—if all this exist, and to the mouth be wanting its pearly row of teeth, we shrink with repugnance, and pity the being whom a few moments before we were gazing on with delight. And yet, convinced and aware of the absolute necessity of those indispensable auxiliaries, is not the unpardonable neglect surprising, which so many individuals of both sexes are guilty of bestowing on this most important and beautifully constructed organ; particularly when all have it greatly in their power, with a little attention and care, to have, if not beautiful, at least clean and somewhat more regular teeth, by avoiding disease and a train of unpleasant attendant conse-

quences? Scarcely is there a house containing a number of inmates, where either neglect, immoderate use of animal food, or frequent resort to quack medicines, most of them containing great abundance of calomel, has not caused to most of them, if not to all, despoliation in the mouth, gums, or teeth; fetid breath or spungy gums, which when touched begin to bleed, if not to emit matter; the teeth loose in their sockets, loaded with offensive concretions of tartar, and if not totally lost, most of them decayed; showing their sooty or coal-black rottenness every time the mouth is opened. What an unpardonable neglect! Individuals, perhaps in every other respect cleanly in their persons, to be thus careless in their mouths. Yet all this may be remedied, and properly put right again, by applying to a skilful dentist, who will in a short time give ease and comfort to the sufferer.—*De Loude's Lecture on the Teeth.*

Presentations.

June 18th, 1847, a beautiful carved and pierced silver Ink Stand, valued at thirteen guineas, to Dr. Scoresby, by the Bradford district. The presentation took place in the presence of about six hundred persons. The Ink Stand bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Brother William Scoresby, D. D. F. R. S. (late vicar of Bradford), by the members of the Bradford district of I. O. O. F. (M. U.) in affectionate acknowledgment of the many kind services rendered to the Order during his residence amongst them."—July 5th, 1847, a purse of gold to P. P. G. M. Thomas Wrigley, by the members of the Salford district, as a token of esteem, and in consideration of his valuable services to the district. The presentation was made by P. G. M. John Dickinson, in a most appropriate and feeling style, and many of the principal officers of the Order, and the Manchester and Salford Districts were present on the occasion.—June 26th, 1847, a Silver Cup, to P. P. G. M. John Hill, by the Ludlow district. The Cup bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P. P. G. M. John Hill, by the Ludlow district of Odd Fellows, M. U. in testimony of their respect for him as a man, and estimation of his exertions in the cause of the Order. Ludlow, 26th June, 1847."—August 17th, 1847, a Gold Watch, Gold Guard, and Pencil Case, to P. P. G. M. William Aitken, by the Ashton-Under-Lyne district. On the Watch was engraved the following inscription:—"Presented to P. Pro. G. M., William Aitken, by the members of the I. O. of O. F. Ashton-Under-Lyne district, M. U., as a token of esteem, for services rendered to the district and Order. August 17, 1847." The presentation was made by Charles Hindley, Esq. M.P., who spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Aitken as a man and an Odd Fellow, and stated that he had travelled 150 miles to be present on the occasion. Amongst the company were the G. M., and the C. S. of the Order, nine of the directors, several past officers of the Order, and a number of past and present officers from other districts, who had assembled in honour of the presentation, and to testify to Mr. Aitken, their estimation of his character as a friend and brother.—April 5th, 1847, by the Nelson Lodge No. 831, Nottingham district, a handsome Rosewood Writing Desk, to P. G. Edwin Elliott, per. sec.

Marriages.

February 3rd, 1847, P. Prov. C. S. William Hawley, of the Grassington district, to Miss Rachael Woodrup, of Moorhouse, near Middlesbrough.—May 20th, 1847, at the parish church of Aberystwith, by the Rev. L. T. Lewis, Mr. Herbert Williams, of the Loyal Friendship Lodge, (Lantillo Crossenny), and grand master of the Kentchurch district, to Miss Eliza Edwards of Lanvapley.

Deaths.

June 1847, P. G. Nathaniel Knowles, of the Wellington Lodge, Manchester District.—Brother George Dodds, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mitcham District.

END OF VOLUME NINE.

MARK WARDLE, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.



